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SOME LESSONS OF THE ELECTION

BY EDWARD G. LOWRY

HAPPILY, the causes of the great overturn are not far to seek. It does not require the seventh son of a seventh son to interpret the defeat of Republicans in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, Massachusetts, Indiana, and the election of a Democratic House of Representatives. Colonel Roosevelt, the Payne-Aldrich law and Republican dissensions and factional quarrels all played a part in the general result. Dissatisfaction with the new tariff law would have sufficed to turn the House over to the Democrats. Had Colonel Roosevelt not projected himself and his New Nationalism into the campaign, the single issue in the Congressional districts would have been the Payne-Aldrich schedules. There can be no doubt what the decision of the country would have been.

A Democratic House was foreseen. When the members of Congress went home after the special session at which the Dingley tariff was revised they knew what the verdict of the country would be on their handiwork. President Taft knew what it would be. Even so long ago as last June he made no secret of his apprehension that the Republican control of Congress would be broken. The President knew that to the country the Payne-Aldrich law was a broken pledge. But none of the prophets peered far enough into

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the future to discern clearly Democratic Governors in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Ohio, and Democratic Senators from West Virginia, Indiana, Nebraska, Ohio, New Jersey, New York and possibly Montana and Massachusetts in the seats of Scott, Beveridge, Burkett, Dick, Kean, Depew, Carter and Lodge. It was hardly believed even by the most hopeful that the election of a Democratic Governor and Legislature in Maine in September foreshadowed similar overturns in States that have come to be regarded since 1896 as normally Republican.

No honest Democrat with any sense of gratitude withholds from Colonel Roosevelt the credit that is due him for his share in bringing about the expulsion of the Republicans from power in these several States. Nothing more curious, more puzzling and more interesting has developed in Mr. Roosevelt's entire public career than his absolute flat failure this year to diagnose correctly the state of mind and the temper of the great mass of the voters all over the country. In previous campaigns in which he has been the chief figure, and at all other times in the past, he has shown an intuitive perception that amounted to genius for reading the general mind. Himself an articulate emotionalist, he has always been able to formulate in striking simple phrases the current thought of the electorate.

When Mr. Roosevelt landed in New York, in June, from the African game trails and his tour through Europe his prestige was never greater, and his hold on his great personal following in his own country was never stronger. Almost from the very beginning he began to conduct himself in a way to excite the suspicion and distrust of the "Roosevelt vote." As the campaign progressed he went further and further astray, and now that the returns are in it is clearly shown that the net result of his personal campaign was to drive Republicans temporarily over to the support of Democratic candidates. Every one of the Republican nominees Mr. Roosevelt sought to help was defeated. Every one of the Democrats he urged the electors to reject was elected. This might have happened, of course, had Mr. Roosevelt stayed out of the campaign, but the present point is that he could not prevent it; that apparently he could not turn a single vote away from the Democrats, but, on the contrary, his actions and his methods caused Republicans to vote against the men the ex-President urged upon them.

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Political inquirers who travelled about the country during the progress of the campaign quickly discovered that the most impressive and important factor in the Middle Western States was the Roosevelt secession. The great body of the Insurgent Republicans in these States had either become openly and bitterly hostile to the ex-President or were shocked, disheartened and discouraged by his course since he returned from Africa. A journey through and a survey of political conditions in Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri and Iowa revealed that but two States remained true to their old idol.

In Iowa the dissatisfaction among the old Roosevelt partisans and followers was the one great overshadowing political fact. The Republican Progressives of Iowa were as bitter and thoroughgoing in their antagonism to Mr. Roosevelt as were the members of the Union League Club of New York to Mr. Bryan in 1896. They felt that they had been betrayed and that Mr. Roosevelt had greatly set back the movement which they began — namely, to reorganize and recreate the Republican party. They declared that they had done with him for good and for all; that for the sake of his personal advantage and gain, and to become boss of the New York State Republican machine, he had checked a great national movement within the Republican party and thrown away a leadership which might have been his and which might have been used, had he so desired, to make him the Republican nominee for the Presidency in 1912.

The more radical of the Progressive Republicans in Iowa and elsewhere began watching Mr. Roosevelt very closely as soon as he landed in New York last June. As they put it, there was but one political question at that time: Will the Colonel align himself with the Progressive radicals like Cummins, La Follette, Dolliver, Bristow, Beveridge and Clapp, who are seeking to overthrow the old selfish control of the Republican party, or will he align himself with the old wing? That was the question that was squarely put before him. The Western radicals expected Mr. Roosevelt to answer it instantly and declare himself with the Progressives. They became distrustful when the Colonel began holding conferences with all manner of politicians and trying to sense the situation before he declared himself. When he started on his first Western trip his position was still

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obscure, and one was told that the distrust then beginning to be felt in these States manifested itself at some of the Roosevelt meetings; notably at Omaha, where there were calls for Senator Dolliver even before Mr. Roosevelt had concluded his speech.

After the Osawatomie speech the radical Progressive Republicans were reassured, Mr. Roosevelt had shown himself willing to go even further than they were willing to follow. On that speech they accepted him as one of themselves. The Colonel went back East with his Middle Western popularity and prestige apparently unimpaired. The "Roosevelt country" awaited the outcome of his contest for control at Saratoga and was delighted when the news came that he had been successful against Barnes, Woodruff and the others and that he would control the convention. Then they awaited the platform. They were keenly interested in what would be said about the Taft Administration, the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and Conservation.

They confidently looked forward to a platform drawn under Mr. Roosevelt's guidance and adopted by a convention dominated by him which would closely resemble the declaration of principles made by the Republicans of Indiana, of Kansas and of Iowa. They never imagined that the platform would be anything but Progressive. Hence the platform which Mr. Roosevelt accepted at Saratoga, with its praise of the tariff bill and of Mr. Taft, came to these idolatrous partisans in the West like a blow between the eyes.

It now seems that everywhere Colonel Roosevelt went, except New Hampshire, and every candidate he spoke for was defeated. He went out to Iowa at the very close of the campaign to speak for Charles Grilk, a Progressive candidate for Congress in the Davenport district. But it appears that Grilk was one of the few Progressive Republican candidates for Congress who were defeated. The Colonel made two trips to Indiana to speak for Beveridge and Beveridge lost. He spoke in Ohio, and Harmon carried the State and the Democrats gained seats in Congress. He made charges against Judge Baldwin in Connecticut, and that rock-ribbed Republican State went Democratic. First and foremost, and above all, he exercised every bit of his skill as a politician and threw all of his prestige into the balance to carry New York for Stimson and failed overwhelmingly.

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It seems clear that the reports of disaffection toward Mr. Roosevelt in the Middle West and elsewhere which became current during the campaign were understated rather than overstated. Two years ago it would not have been necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to have travelled to Iowa less than a week before the election to help elect a Republican candidate for Congress. It would have been only necessary for him to have written a letter to the candidate and his election would have been assured. This year, though he went out and made a personal appeal to the voters, his candidate lost.

That is a fair measure of the present eclipse of Mr. Roosevelt's prestige and influence with voters who for a good many years now have done his bidding. The last time Hepburn of Iowa came to Congress he came on the strength of a letter which Mr. Roosevelt wrote. When Mr. Dix can carry Roosevelt's own election district at Oyster Bay, and Cocks, his particular protégé in Congress, also from the Oyster Bay district, loses his seat in the House which he carried last time by nearly 10,000 plurality, another indication is discerned of waning prestige. The verdict of the vicinage always has been held to be conclusive.

The Insurgents seem to have fared extraordinarily well in the reversal of popular sentiment which swept so many of their party associates out of office. Beveridge of Indiana appears to have been the only one of them of any consequence in either branch of Congress who was defeated. The refusal of the Indiana voters to return him to the Senate proves that the State is essentially Democratic; that it was Democratic before it was Insurgent. By turning Insurgent and by making the Republican nominee in the State Insurgent Mr. Beveridge made Indiana a close and doubtful State this year, but he was not able to turn it over. The State has been coming back to the Democratic party slowly but surely ever since the Parker campaign. Two years ago it elected a Democratic Governor, a Democratic Senator, and nine out of eleven Congress districts went to the Democrats.

This year it completed the work begun then by again electing a Democratic Legislature and by defeating one of the Republican Congressmen and barely electing the other. Had Mr. Beveridge remained regular and had the party organization in the State remained regular the result would have been the same, but the Democratic victory would have

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been decisive and overwhelming instead of narrow as it is. Republican Insurgents in Iowa and Wisconsin were defeated by Democrats and Socialists, but they were not Insurgents who had won their title in the field of House or Senate by actually voting and working against their party colleagues. They were not true Insurgents, but simply what they called themselves, Progressives.

The election of Democratic Governors in five politically important States and of nine or ten Democratic Senators to take the places of Republicans, and the repudiation of Colonel Roosevelt and the doctrines of his New Nationalism have a meaning and a value not yet to be completely measured. The whole aspect and face of national politics are completely changed. Mr. Roosevelt is not eliminated as a factor in national affairs and as a force to be reckoned with in Republican politics, but seemingly he is eliminated as a candidate for President in 1912 or as a designator of a candidate for the Presidency. It hardly seems probable that he will be able to do in 1912 what he did in 1908, when his choice of Mr. Taft was ratified by the Republican National Convention at Chicago.

Two Democrats, Woodrow Wilson and Judson Harmon, are to-day the strongest two Democratic "possibilities" for the Presidency. If in the coming two years the Democrats who have been elected this month do not abuse the responsibilities intrusted to them, and if their administration of public affairs meets with general confidence and approval, the probabilities will all be on the side of the election of a Democratic President. The circumstance has been almost overlooked that this year's campaign has been the first since 1896 in which Mr. Bryan has not been a factor. He did not figure at all in the general campaign, and in Nebraska, where he took a part, the candidates he favored were defeated. Elsewhere there was no division among the Democrats as between Bryan men and anti-Bryan men or Bryan men and Cleveland men or silver men and "gold-bugs." The factional divisions were all on the other side. It is commonly known that many Republicans now fear that Mr. Roosevelt will come to occupy the same place in their party that Mr. Bryan for so long occupied in the Democratic organization.

There must be brought forth now from the responsible and able Democrats who have been brought to the fore at

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this election the formulation of a progresive, coherent national policy. This is clearly understood. The first and most important problem that the newly elected Democrats have to face is what shall be done with the present tariff schedules. There can be no doubt on that point. The election was an unmistakable mandate. The present concern of the Democratic leaders is how revision shall be accomplished. Woodrow Wilson, who thinks clearly, said just before his election in a message which he sent to the "Evening Post" of New York:

"What we need is knowledge of the actual facts in respect to each industry, and honesty to act upon those facts when we have ascertained them. But how shall we act upon them? Certainly not by rapid and radical changes in our present tariffs, but by such a prolonged and steady change as will bring about an adaptation of the fiscal policy of the government to the real needs and circumstances of our manufacturing and laboring classes, with a view ultimately to get upon this basis: the taxation for the support of the government of those things for which it will not be a real hardship to pay high prices; if taxes upon these do not suffice, the taxation of those things which it will least burden the people to pay for, things not absolute necessaries, things which they can do without suffering or privation, and throughout the whole process an honest seeking for the things which will yield the most revenue with the least burden to the people."

Eugene Foss, who has just been elected Governor of Massachusetts, sees just as clearly what the Democrats must do. Just before his election he said:

"Immediately upon the passage of the Payne-Aldrich act prices began to rise, until to-day in every home in the land the question of how to make both ends meet is a most serious one. The food-supply of the people was never included in the tax. The protected tariff was enacted to protect manufacturers from unfair foreign competition, not to allow food trusts or any other trusts to be sheltered by a high tariff wall that they could take the people by the throats and rob them. Under schedule K, the wool and woollen schedule, which President Taft declared was 'indefensible,' the duties were placed so high that pure woollen cloth costs twice as much here as abroad, and as a result the great masses of the American people are forced to wear cotton worsteds and sleazy, miserable fabrics made of cotton, and poor American shoddy in the place of warm wool. It deprives the majority of American people of the warm clothing so essential to health and comfort."

Tariff revision piecemeal may be essayed. There would hardly follow any great outburst of indignation if the woollen schedule, for example, should be taken up next winter and radically modified and revised downward. Other schedules of duties in the present law easily could be found

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that are equally as indefensible. It will be instructive and interesting to watch Democratic sentiment in Congress crystallizing about the framing of a new tariff law. If the new Democratic House makes an honest and sincere attempt to correct some of the present glaring inequalities and iniquities of the import duties, there is no apparent reason why the bill should not be passed by the Senate. At the present time the Republican majority in the Senate is twenty-six. Ten new Democratic Senators will reduce that majority to six. Five Republican Insurgent Senators who voted against the Aldrich-Payne law will be in the Senate next winter. They could scarcely refuse to vote for a tariff-reduction measure, from whatever source, that carried in it the provisions and the rates of duty which they so ably and strongly urged when the present tariff law was under discussion in Congress. It seems inevitable that the first test of the new Congress will be the tariff. How will it be met?

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LYOF N. TOLSTOY *

BY W. D. HOWELLS

At eighty a man has so well-nigh finished his work that it may be considered as something definite. He then "has lived," as the Romans preferred to phrase the great final fact, and if he continues to exist, it is because his work lives for him in such praise and blame as the nearer future may then give it as fitly as the further future.

The century in which Tolstoy mostly lived and mostly wrought had among its many great names few more memorable than his, if it had any. There was Napoleon and there was Lincoln, and then there was Tolstoy in an order which time may change, though it appears to me certain that time will not change the number of these supreme names.

Since I have set them down here they have suggested to me a sort of representative unity in their relation to one another. If you fancy Napoleon the incarnation of the selfish force which inspired and supported his own triumphant enemies in their reaction against progress; if you suppose Lincoln the type of humanity struggling toward the ideal in the regeneration of the world's polity, you may well conceive of Tolstoy as the soul's criticism of the evil and the good which, however wholly or partially they knew it, the others imperfectly did. The work of Lincoln was no more final than the work of Napoleon; and like Napoleon's and like Lincoln's, Tolstoy's work has been without finality. So far as I can perceive, it has even been without effect in a civilization which calls itself Christian, but which has apparently been no more moved by the human soul as it was in Tolstoy than by the divine spirit as it was in Christ. At first, indeed, the world was startled by the spectacle of a man of the highest rank, of a most ancient lineage, of great wealth, of renown in arms and in letters, putting from him fame and ease and honor, and proposing literally to obey the

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word of God, by making himself as one of the least of the brethren of Christ. It was a very curious sight, a bit droll, rather mad, wholly extraordinary. The world could hardly believe its eyes. It rubbed the sleep of two thousand years out of them at the sound of this voice crying in the wilderness, this voice that had so charmed it in fable, and bidding it prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths straight. Some tears came into its eyes, and some smiles; but after a while its lids fell again, and all was as before. The event, one of the greatest in the history of mankind, has been without perceptible effect in civilization.

On this side the teaching and the living of Tolstoy have been a failure so utter, so abject, that the heart sickens in considering it. An enemy might say that it could come to nothing better, for it was altogether lacking in originality; it was merely the living and the teaching of Christ over again, or if it had initiative in anything it was in the eschewment of some eases and pleasures in life which Christ permitted himself, or others, as harmless. An enemy might reason that this new ascetic was as illogical in the terms upon which he proposed regeneration as he was in the means he employed; and, in fact, the position of Tolstoy was full of illogicality. He proposed to himself poverty, but poverty without the fear of want is the least of hardships; he would give himself to work with his hands, but that was, so far as it went, taking the bread out of the mouths of those who needed the pay for the work of their hands; he dedicated himself to the good of others, as if it could be well to bestow the happiness which he refused; he would deny himself a soft bed and a luxurious board, but how many in all ages had fared simply and lain hard! He was defended from the consequences of his precept and his practice by the inalienable wealth of his family, the inalienable affection of the sovereign for the name and memory of his race. He was safe amidst his renunciations and his protestations; he could freely do and say things for which the really poor and humble must suffer hunger and prison and exile. It was undeniably grotesque, but it was also pathetic, almost the most pathetic predicament in history for a noble and sincere and unselfish man. Yet it excited mainly derision, though the actor in the involuntary drama again and again disclaimed and deplored it, and humbly besought those who witnessed it at close range not to regard it as his ideal.

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Once, to an interviewer, out of those scores and hundreds of interviewers who have swarmed upon him and reported his willing or unwilling words, he turned with the entreaty that he should not be taken as supposing that his life was comformable to his doctrine. It was what he could make it, the best he could make it, on the conditions he had accepted. He has said that he sometimes regretted not having really impoverished himself, though to do it he must have compelled the assent of those whom he had not the heart or perhaps the right to compel. He asked to be regarded as a man staggering through the dark, and often stumbling and falling down, but struggling up and staggering on again.

In this he showed a humility more genuine and precious than all that his simplification, his vowed and voluntary poverty, had graced him with. But the prophet who owns to human weakness, to human frailty of will and action, while he preaches fortitude and renunciation, will hardly have a following. There is no sect of Tolstoyans, there are no disciples or apostles. A few just people in England have gathered in a small community for the practice and the publication of his teaching, his interpretation and application of the Doctrine of Christ. But I know of no other embodied acceptance of Tolstoy in an age when Mormonism holds its own, and Eddyism spreads among millions of comfortable people, cheerful in the least and lowest of the least spiritual precepts of the gospel, and more eager to save their bodies than their souls alive. There may be, indeed, a tacit and occult effect from the Tolstoyan morality for which it is yet too early to look, but which may hereafter show itself in a renewed and revitalized Christianity. That end is all that he could hope or wish; and there must have come to him from many hearts a response, oftenest despairing and self-accusing, where his words have awakened a conscience which—

> "Not poppy or madragora
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
> Can ever medicine to that sweet sleep"

which they "owed yesterday." This conscience is the sense of fealty to the eternal and universal human brotherhood, in which there is no high, no low, no better, no worse, no worthy, no unworthy, but only the bond of duty and the tie of love; and in whomsoever Tolstoy's words have

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awakened it, there is awakened the wish to do plainly and simply the plain and simple will of Christ.

In the hours of disappointment and impatience which he must have passed through, such a result, if he had been aware of it, must have been his sufficient consolation. Being supported in his self-sacrifice and his mission of self-sacrifice by no fanatical frenzy, by no pretence to divine authority which the gospel of Christ does not confer upon all, he doubtless needed this consolation. It has been stupendous, but not wonderful, how his precept and his practice have been misconstrued. Some such misconstruction is the lot of all the prophets, whether they convince or confound their time. The greatest of them, Christ Himself, was misconstrued, first in His defeat and then in His triumph. The earliest Christians, who endeavored only for a life of love, peace and purity, were reputed guilty of every wickedness and filthiness. The world has got so far beyond this shabby state of suspicion and accusal, that nothing wrong could be believed of the life of this latest of the earliest Christians, but of his faith all things were misimagined. If any one, with the cloudy impression which most people have of this, will go to Tolstoy's books, he will be hardly less than astonished to find how little is expected of him there in the much that is asked of him. What Tolstoy asks of any one is that he shall keep trying to be like Christ; that he shall make this his ideal and perpetually endeavor to realize it in his conduct, though he shall and needs must fail to attain it. He asks this as Christ Himself asked His followers to be perfect even as their Father in heaven was perfect, knowing that more than the constant endeavor for that perfection was impossible. Tolstoy is otherwise apparently self-contradictory enough. In one place he supposes a devoted pair, who dedicate themselves to a life of good works, renouncing their worldly wealth and going down among the very poorest and foulest and basest, whom in the relentless logic of their self-sacrifice, they suffer to prey upon them and befoul them and infect them, till they end by being effectively in hell: hell here, though heaven hereafter. In another place he declares that he "peacefully and joyously lives, and peacefully and joyously is approaching death" because he professes the Christianity which coincides with truth; yet so far as he may he is practising the precepts by which that devoted pair end in hell

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upon earth: the hell of futile endeavor for the good of others, which still he urges as the supreme object of the Christian life. That is, he urges it as the ideal, which must never be lost sight of though it may never be attained.

If you will read this saying in the light of his essay on "Life" it will not be hard, for there he shows the impossibility of the personal happiness which we are always longing for and striving for. Personal happiness is an unworthy end, which you fail of as you fail of personal righteousness, the worthiest end, the supreme ideal, the identification of the human with the divine. Yet this identification will be the destiny of the righteous man after death, when his human shall be merged in the divine; though what becomes of the unrighteous man we are not told. Perhaps it is felt that we are not concerned with the bad, the good being bad enough. Perhaps the way of the unrighteous man to such immortality is through his identification with all humanity first, and in his unity with the worst or the indifferent good, the righteous will prevail for the unrighteous. Tolstoy does not say that; he is chary of promising reward; but he says and he shows that the selfish life, the individual, the personal life, is always misery and despair, and, except for some moments of mad oblivion, is constant suffering. Some of the most beautiful, the most wonderful, passages of his fiction, both that which is real and that which is ideal in terms, embody events in which he seizes and perpetuates the heavenly rapture of a supreme act of self-sacrifice, of identification. The imagination has never gone farther than in these portrayals of mystical ecstasy; in them, indeed, the human consciousness of the original and final divine is suggested as no polemic could urge it.

Those who with Tourguénief regret that Tolstoy did not leave prophesying and resume imagining may say that here is proof of the greater power he could have had even for righteousness if he would have stayed to sugar his unpalatable truth with fiction. I do not think so, though I do not think that in fiction he has any peer or even any rival, because from the beginning he "took truth for his sole hero," and would have no other in any extremity or for any end. But even with his devotion to reality in the study of life, which, so far as I can note, was absolute, the prime affair was to captivate the reader, to lead his fancy, not to convince and persuade his reason. A great gulf, never to be

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bridged, divides the ethical and the æsthetical intention, though,—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—

and though when the æsthetic intention presently becomes unconscious, and the creation of the truly beautiful may make for righteousness, still it is latent, still it serves two masters with the effect declared of old. But when once the call of Religion came to Tolstoy it came so powerfully, so loudly, that it must shut from his senses every voice that called before; there he stood; so help him God, he could no other than obey it, and it alone, testifying for it with all his heart and all his soul and all his mind. The moral spectacle is of unsurpassed sublimity, and no riches of fiction is conceivable, fiction even from him, the supreme master, which would console our poverty if we had failed of such books as "My Confession," "My Religion," "The Kingdom of God," "What is Art?" "What is Religion?" "Life," "What is to be Done?" and the many briefer essays, and occasional appeals to the world in signal events and emergencies against its blindness and cruelty and folly.

Suppose that he had never written these things, or such novels as "Resurrection" and "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" where the purpose of captivating the imagination is renounced from the outset and a terrible story is nakedly told, with no ray of the prettiness or lure to curiosity in which the fictionist clothes his invention, and there is no appeal but to the agonizing conscience, would the world even of literature now be the better? I do not believe it. Before he came to his awakening Tolstoy had done enough for fiction and the art of it, for he had done incomparably more for it than any other master of it. He himself says that "War and Peace" is like Stendhal's "*Chartreuse de Parme*" in some of its battle-pieces, and he would not say that if it were not his belief; but Stendhal was to Tolstoy, in the ripeness of his art, as a beginner, and of the effect of some anterior imitator. Above all, he lacked Tolstoy's abounding and abiding moral sense, which is so one with that qualifying all human experience that in Tolstoy's work it needs no explicit application; it is interwoven there with the tissue of every motive and every action for the reader to feel and own.

Yet it is not enough. The prodigious fascination of the

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tale is such, its interest is so powerful, its current is so compelling, that the inner purpose and meaning are hidden from some at times, and perceptible only to a few at all times. The escape from the exercise of his power upon the fancy is vital to the wizard himself. If he would become and remain a human being, in obedience to the call that he heard above the applause of his admirers, and the sighs and sobs of the hearts he wrung, he must renounce his world of art, the world he had won and held subject to his spell, and seek only that other world in which he must be as the least of the brethren except in the power to bear and to transmit its heavenly light.

No doubt Tolstoy was qualified and fortified for his ethical work by his æsthetic achievement. But he descended to the labor of teaching from such heights of art in fiction as no man had reached before. From "War and Peace," from "Anna Karénina," he humbled his art to such 'prentice-work as those little fables and allegories and sketches adapted to the understanding of peasants and peasants' children, as he humbled his life to the level of theirs. But he could not keep his charm out of the least of his writings, and he could not remain within the bounds of the narrow duteousness that he had set himself. From time to time he rose out of his self-prescribed limit, and then the whole world had masterpieces from him again: such masterpieces as "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," as "Master and Man," as "The Kreutzer Sonata," as "Resurrection." He could not put his gift away; his mastery mastered even him; his own power made him its instrument, so that if he had continued directly to exercise his art we might not have had greater effects from it. His will was overruled in the simplification of his literature as in the simplification of his life; he could not make himself one with the lowliest in either. The event was in his literature a compromise as it was in his life, when he sat in a ploughman's dress eating a ploughman's fare at one end of the table, and at the other the world, economic and æsthetic, sat served with costly viands. Midway, the succession of interviewing and reviewing witnesses criticised and censured his hospitality and acclaimed or condemned according to their respective make, while in the hours saved from his rude toil he continued his sublime work. The event was a compromise or it was a defeat, if you choose to think it so; but it was no more a compromise

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or a defeat than that of any other human career. Compared with the event of any other career in this time, the career of the greatest warrior, statesman, king, priest or poet, it is a flawless triumph.

Tolstoy's example is of the quality of his precept, which with the will to be all positive is first notable for what is negative in it. To have renounced pride and luxury and idleness, and the vain indulgence of the tastes and passions, but not to have known want or the fear of it, not to have felt cold, hunger, houselessness, friendliness, is to have done something which for the spectator lacks its corollary in practice, as the proposition of certain truths lacks its corollary in precept. That is, your reason is convinced and your soul is moved by what you are persuaded is right in the one as in the other, while as yet the necessary deduction from either does not enforce itself. Tolstoy says, in summing up the results of his gospel studies, that he "believes in Christ's teachings," and that "happiness on earth is possible only when all men fulfil Christ's teaching," which is "possible, easy and pleasant." "I understand now," he says, "that he alone is above others who humbles himself before others, and makes himself the servant of all. I understand now how those that are great in the sight of men are an abomination to God. . . . Everything that once seemed to me right and important—honor, glory, civilization, wealth, the complications and refinements of life, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette—has become for me wrong and despicable. Rusticity, obscurity, poverty, austerity, simplicity of surroundings, of food, of clothing, of manners, all have become right and important to me. . . . Now I can no longer give my support to anything that lifts me above, or separates me from, others. I cannot, as I once did, recognize in myself or others titles or ranks or qualities aside from the title or quality of man. . . . I cannot help striving for what will not separate me from others in knowledge, fame and riches, but will unite me to the majority of men. . . . I cannot encourage or take part in licentious pastimes, novels, plays, operas, balls and the like, which are so many snares for myself and for others. I cannot favor the celibacy of persons fitted for the marriage relation. . . . I cannot help considering as sacred and absolute the sole and unique union by which a man is once for all indissolubly bound to the woman with whom he has

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been united," for this union he deems the sole marriage, whatever it is called. He cannot discriminate between his own country and others, or maintain his rights of property, or obey the authorities against his conscience, or take oaths, or resist evil with violence, or fail to work hard with his hands for his bread and for the subjection of his flesh and its lusts.

The catalogue of what he may not do, and does not believe, is longer than that of the things which he believes and may do; for as I have more than once noted, the variety of evil in this strangely constituted world of ours is far greater than the variety of good; the vices outnumber the virtues two to one. His precept, therefore, is mainly negative, as his practice is mainly negative, and the corollary of the good life is wanting as it is not wanting in the gospel creed, for there is implicated in this the promise of everlasting happiness, of personal, individual happiness such as we long for here all our hungry, disappointed lives, but shall elsewhere have our fill of with rest to our souls.

In the Tolstoyan interpretation of the gospel religion this promise is not implicit. What we are to hope for is reunion with the divine source of our being; which may suffice the self-wearied worldling turned peasant, but which is not the simple hope of the peasant born, who has never yet had enough of himself in even those commonest things which constitute the bliss of conscious being, the every-day joys, the delight of beauty, the rapture of repose, even the low content of a full stomach.

"It cannot be that the instincts which are implanted in us and which are in themselves not more vicious than virtuous shall become and forever remain the means of our mortification and disappointment," the reader of Tolstoy says. He feels without impiety that he may not regard ultimate absorption into the source of being as the supreme end of being, and that in so far as he has lived rightly and cleanly he may justly hope for a future life of conscious blessedness. All the more simply and fully does he hope for this if his life on earth has involuntarily been that ideal of life of toil, hardship, denial, which Tolstoy sought when he left the world. The reader, even if he is not of that level, but some level nearer the intellectual and social level of the prophet, feels like asking him whether he has not made a mistake in his premise. He follows him consentingly enough

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in his "Confession," and he owns tacitly to many, or most, or all of Tolstoy's transgressions, according as he knows himself to have lived selfishly. But at the same time, unless he is of an exceptionally gloomy temperament he is aware of living in a world which at its worst is not hopelessly wicked or unhappy. In the midst of its immoralities he believes that he has known many who were true and kind and chaste, but who had yet no thought of abandoning it to its comforts and conventions and seeking salvation at the plough-tail. "Salvation," he would say, "is indeed there; but it is also here in the midst of the easy-going world in which some things seem almost innocuous even when not innocent." He would say that the moral universe was not governed by logic in its events; that consequences often failed to follow causes, and that there was a divine unreason in the Oversoul which was supreme in the affairs of men. He might say that grapes from thorns and figs from thistles were necessarily no more impossible in the divine economy than the entry of a rich man into the kingdom of heaven. He might say with Tolstoy himself that if it was a question of ideal perfection at which we were to aim, though we knew we could never attain it, then neither were we without this aim, and that far or near was the same if the intent was the same.

All this, however, is something aside from the literary inquiry which I proposed to myself in writing about Tolstoy. The excuse for such an excursion is that the literature, especially the critical literature of Tolstoy, is not separable from the religion of Tolstoy, in whom ethics and æsthetics are one. This is apparent in all that he has written, so far as I know it, and there is but little of his writing that I do not know, that I have not felt to the full depth of my being. His literature both in its ethics and æsthetics, or its union of them, was an experience for me somewhat comparable to the old-fashioned religious experience of people converted at revivals. Things that were dark or dim before were shone upon by a light so clear and strong that I needed no longer to grope my way to them. Being and doing had a new meaning and a new motive, and I should be an ingrate unworthy of the help I had if I did not own it, or if I made little of it. The voluntary and involuntary allegiance I had been paying to the truth which is beauty and beyond art, and to an ideal of goodness and loveliness in the commonest and cheapest

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lives, was here reasoned and exampled in things beyond refutation or comparison. What I had instinctively known before, I now knew rationally. I need never again look for a theme of fiction; I saw life swarming with themes that filled my imagination and pressed into my hands. I had but to look about me, and there was my drama, comic or tragic, here, yonder and everywhere, with the meaning that could not fail my inquiry.

I first saw his book, "My Religion," in the house of two valued friends who spoke of it bewilderedly, as something very strange, which they could not quite make out. They were far too good to deny its strong appeal, but they were too spiritually humble, with all their reason for intellectual pride, to be quite sure of themselves in its seemingly new and bold postulates, which were, after all, really so old and meek. They showed me at the same time the closely printed volumes of the French version of "War and Peace," for it was long before its translation into English, and they were again apparently baffled, for a novel so vast in scale, and so simple and sincere in the handling of its thronging events and characters, was something almost as alien to modern experience as the absolute truthfulness of "My Religion." The incident was quite forgotten, and seven or eight years passed, in which I had for four or five years "The Cossacks" of Tolstoy on my shelves, unread and almost unlooked at. One day I took it down, wholly oblivious of the Russian author who had bewildered and baffled my friends, and dipped into it. To dip into it was to pass through its mystical depths, but I do not know that I yet received a definite impression of the greatness of a novelist who wrote so unlike other novelists, even other Russian novelists. By that time I had long known nearly all of Tourguénief, and something of his master Pushkin, but Tolstoy was a new name to me, and presently again it was a forgotten name. It was recalled to me by yet another friend, who lent me "Anna Karénina" with the remark: "It is the old Seventh Commandment business, but it is not treated as the French treat it. You will be interested." The word was poor and pale for the effect of the book with me. The effect was as if I had never read a work of the imagination before. Now for the first time I was acquainted with the work of an imagination which had consecrated itself, as by fasting and prayer, to its creative office and vowed itself

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to none other service than the service of the truth. Here was nothing blinked or shirked or glossed, nothing hidden or flattered, in the deepest tragedy of civilized life. It was indeed the old Seventh Commandment business, not only not treated as the French treat it, but rightly placed as to the prime fact in its relation to all the other experiences of a sinning and agonizing soul. Nothing was disproportionately insisted upon; the story moved forward as with the steady pace of time, and the capital events in its progress were no more distinguished from the minor events by the author than the hours are distinguished from one another by the mechanism of a clock. It would be hard to say what was most searching in it; one scene, one incident, was as penetrating as another. If I name the moment when Anna defiantly, recklessly declares her love for Vronsky to her husband; or the moment when she steals into his house after she had abandoned it to wreak her mother soul in hopeless tenderness upon their child; or the moment of sleep when she escapes the agony of her guilt in the dream that she has two husbands and is crazily happy in it; or the moment in which she begins to be jealous of Vronsky and to suffer not only the ignominy of her social rejection, but the fear that he will leave her, and yet cannot help tormenting him out of sufferance; or that final moment when she lays herself down before the heavy train, and when its wheels crush over her breast would have saved herself from the death she sought; if I name these moments it is because they recur to me at random and not because I esteem them the effect of greater art than some others. I am not sure that the supreme effect of art in the book is not that moment when the dull, antipathetic Karenin perceives that he cannot forgive with dignity and yet forgives. Such a drama within the soul where the actor is the only spectator is something in its powerfulness beyond any overt action or experience.

It is now long since I read that story, and no doubt if I now looked into it instance upon instance would start from its page to make me think my remembrance of the particulars of its greatness had served me ill. But I cannot be mistaken as to the greatness of its art as a whole; I recall no flaw in it, and its negative perfection is a truer witness of its art than anything positive could be. The happy story of the Levines in its parallel current with the dark stream of Anna's and Vronsky's tragical love is not to my sense the

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rift or seam in the perfection which some feel it. Rather it is an effect of the author's full sense of life, in which many diverse fates move parallel and inevitably contrast in the significance, the obviousness, which only a supreme artist can keep from seeming mechanical.

But I wish, in paying my eager homage to Tolstoy as an artist, not to appear only to treat of his art as technique. It is, so far as I know it, and I think I have left none of his fiction unread, always most spiritual; it is so far from seeking beauty, or adorning itself with style, as to be almost bare and plain. His art is from his conscience, and you feel his conscience in it at every moment. This was perhaps only implicit in his earlier work, but in his later work it becomes more and more explicit. He is never false to his reader because he is never false to himself; it would be foolish to suppose that he could not misrepresent or wrongly color a given motive or action in his tale, but you may trust your soul to him in the assurance that he will not.

Since I began to write these pages, I have read his critical study of De Maupassant, and though I cannot say that it has heightened my sense of his æsthetics, I cannot deny that it has clarified my knowledge. In this piece of criticism he tells us how, as he read the tales and novels of that great talent, who, he says, could consider of any piece of life so closely and long and deeply, as to see it in the "light that never was" before, he perceived a very great difference in the author's relations to his subjects and his characters. The subjects were, as we know, nearly always the old Seventh Commandment business, and the characters were the guilty lovers, the more guilty who overcame, and the less guilty who succumbed. In some cases, in some books, De Maupassant hated the evil in the seducers, and portrayed them with truth and conscience; in others he rather liked it and amused himself with their pleasures; in others he attempted to be Greek, as the Greek is supposed to have been, but probably was not, to regard good and evil with a conscienceless indifference, and in the "creation of beauty" to be immoral, or as we vainly try to call it, unmoral. It is only when he was true to himself, to the sense of right and wrong which is innate in a man with his spiritual birth, that De Maupassant is capable of that penetrating and absorbing attention which discovers the new meaning in things, and constitutes him to Tolstoy's mind a "genius."

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Apparently from the very beginning of his fiction Tolstoy was capable of this penetrating and absorbing attention. From the beginning, therefore, he had but two questions to ask himself: is this the fact? and, have I represented the fact truly? If he had represented the fact truly, as in his conscience and intelligence he had known it really to be, he had treated it ethically and of necessity æsthetically; for as you cannot fail to feel in every piece of his fiction, the perfect æsthetics result from the perfect ethics. I cannot otherwise explain that greatness which I recognize in every page of his where he has not wilfully abdicated his artistry to do the work of the allegorist. Where the artist and the moralist work together for righteousness, there is the true art; for it is the business of the moralist to feel and the business of the artist to portray. Otherwise you have a sermon, or you have a romance, and not the homily in which your own soul is mirrored in that of some fellow man. When he had recognized and appropriated the principle that to see the fact clearly by the inner light, and to show it as he saw it, was his prime office, all other things were added unto Tolstoy. In the presence of his masterpiece, you forget to ask for beauty, for style, for color, for drama; they are there, so far as they are not of naughtiness, in such measure as no other novelist has compassed. Every other novelist, therefore, shrinks and dwindles beside him; behind him, in the same perception, but not the full perception or the constant perception, come De Maupassant and Zola and Flaubert, Galdós and Pardo-Bazan, Verga, Björnsen, and perhaps Hardy—yes, certainly, Hardy in "Jude,"—with, of course, Hawthorne from a wholy different air.

I like to call the names of his stories for the pleasure of recalling the pleasure I have had in them; it was oftenest the pleasure-pain which the truth gives; but I cannot call them in the order of my reading or of their relative greatness. I remember as paramount, of course, "War and Peace," and "Anna Karénina"; but only of less scope and not less truth, to my feeling and thinking, were "The Cossacks," "Kostia," "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," "Two Generations," "Polikushkta," "Master and Man," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Resurrection," "Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol," "The Invaders," "The Russian Proprietor." Some of these are scarcely more than short stories, and there are other short stories, mere sketches, such as

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left the wide and deep impression of masterpieces, alike whether they were large masterpieces or little masterpieces. The equality of their art is wonderful, for it is always the same, through the æsthetics deriving from the ethics with the clear insight and the truthful utterance. For this, I have never, in my profoundest gratitude for it, thought that Tolstoy was to be praised any more than most other artists, his inferiors, were to be blamed for their mechanical obtuseness. The world is full of ugly things made for people who seem to want ugly things; and literature abounds in foolish and futile fiction because the vast majority of readers seem sure to want foolish and futile fiction. Perhaps their systems need it; they might revolt, in their mental infancy, from the food that nourishes the minds of grown men and women. But for art's sake, criticism should recognize the supreme value, the prime quality, of the art which comes purified and strengthened to its office through the devout scrutiny of life and the religious will to tell the truth of it.

If one were called upon to say in a word what Tolstoy and what his art were, one could not do better than to say that they were religious: the man, and the art that was the man. The art was more the man than the man knew. Out of the twelve volumes which represent his activity in the edition before me, nine are works of fiction, that is, works of art, and in the remaining three the artistic nature of the man is recurrently, if not constantly, shaping the religious utterances of his spirit. To enforce this point or that, he supposes a case so vividly that it lives at his touch; he invents a parable; he recalls an incident, an experience which he involuntarily clothes in drama, but so as to show its human reality the more and not to hide or to disqualify it. When he halts wilfully in this natural tendency and holds stubbornly to the business of laying down the law, or the gospel, he repeats himself again and again, both in theme and in phrase; he addresses himself to compelling rather than persuading his reader.

It is then that, ceasing to take the natural, the spiritual view of the world and its waywardness, he takes the temperamental view, and in the gloom of his mood gropes for a hopeless reversion to innocence through individual renunciation of society instead of pressing forward to the social redemption which the very ecstasy of error must help effect. The state of mankind is bad, but it is not so bad as

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he sees it in this temperamental view, for then he sees it within and not without, and though the world is within each of us, it is always a little different in each one from the world in another. Essentially it is the same, its good and its evil are always the same; these divinely established constituents of our being no human difference can change; but from youth to manhood, from manhood to age, the world within changes, so that evil will be more at one time and less at another, or if not that, then more or less pardonable; and good will be more or less virtuous. As for the great world without, which is the sum of all the little worlds within, we judge it temperamentally and provisionally as we do these.

It is impossible not to believe what Tolstoy in his primarily ethical works tells us is the fact; he shows it, he proves it; he traces the cause, he points the consequences; you cannot refuse your assent. Those books, "My Confession," "My Religion," "Life," "What is to be Done?" and the rest, if you have once read them, may have passed out of your surface memory, and they may have seemed as dead as the hundreds and thousands of other books which you have read; but open one of them and you find it all alive, glowing with the fire in which your irresponsibility was consumed, and the light from which you hid yourself, but which again shines unquenched around you. Undeniably, however, the second effect of the ethical books is not as powerful as the first. They have changed you; never can you look on life as you looked on it before you read them; but it must be that in the nature of it the ethics which are not æstheticized are of less permanent impression than the æsthetics which are ethicized. Very likely few of my readers are such inveterate readers of "War and Peace" as I am, but there must be one or two among them who have read it half a score of times and who yet come to it with an unjaded sense of its beauty and truth. If such a one will take, say, "My Religion" and contrast its effect upon him with the effect of "War and Peace," I think he will own the more lasting power of the fiction. It is not only as a drama incomparably vaster than has filled the imagination before, but as a homily, comprehensive and penetrating beyond any direct sermoning, that it moves and stirs the heart. It is one of Tolstoy's earliest books, but already his ethics were realized if not formulated. He already hated the evil in his characters and loved the good, but with an artistic toleration

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which was also an ethical tolerance of the evil-doers. It appears fatalistic, but it does not, in its panoramic view of the vast trend of human affairs, ignore the personal responsibility of every actor in the spectacle, great or small: you are made to feel that there was a moment in the history of each when he or she, pressed but not forced by destiny, consciously lent himself or herself to the evil done in them. We behold a multitudinous movement of human beings, each of whom is a strongly defined character in himself and is a type of innumerable like characters. Every passion is portrayed, every affection, every propensity, not because the author wished to include all in his scheme, but because the scheme was so vast that they could not be excluded. It is as if the story were built upon the divination of atomic activity in the moral as in the material universe where stocks and stones are the centres of motion as unceasing, unresting, as blind, as that of the stars in their courses, but not less guided and intended. Where from time to time the author pauses and tries to tell why the things happened that he makes us see happening, neither he nor we are the wiser for his exegesis. What we do seem to be the wiser for is a toleration for the actors, not the actions, of the drama commensurate with the scene of the drama.

This toleration is what stays us and consoles us for the sorrows and sins of people who seem so terribly like ourselves, but for whose evils we are much abler to forgive ourselves than we are for those evils which in his religious books Tolstoy brings home to our own doors. It was inevitable that he should finally do this; it was the logic of what he had already done. For him it was not enough that he should create fiction far beyond his preaching in its appeal; he must tell us what he was doing and leave us to determine what in view of the facts enforced we mean to do.

Probably we mean to do very little, however much we have determined. In the mean time he has given many of his readers a bad conscience, and a bad conscience is the best thing a man can have. It may be the best thing that the world can have. At any rate, it can never be the same world it was before Tolstoy lived in it. Worse it may be, in mere shame and despair, or better in mere shame, but not imaginably the same. Such men do not die for all time. To the end of time they have their recurring palingenesis.

W. D. Howells.

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THE LAND MOVEMENT AND WESTERN FINANCE

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

Not since the notable collapse of land values in the early nineties has there come from the interior so striking an influence on financial conditions as during the past twelve months. Curiously, the former was the result of meagre crops and low prices, while the latter has grown out of liberal yields and high values for everything the farmer has to sell. The former carried in its train a remarkable series of political eruptions and involved losses that brought into disrepute for a time every sort of investment in the prairie States; the latter has been a bankers' problem felt almost exclusively in the counting-houses. It has presented a situation unforeseen and has included the whole range of the land movement, a popular form of speculation from the Alleghanies to the Pacific coast for a half-decade.

The outgrowth of prosperity in the West was an eager enthusiasm regarding the future of land values. The farmer who came into the beginning of the decade with a 160-acre farm worth $4,000, and a slow sale at that, marvelled to see the value rise until $12,000 to $16,000 became the price at which such properties sold two hundred miles west of the Missouri River. It did not come suddenly. The crop yields of the years following 1900 did not at once raise land values. The farmer with a mortgage used his profits to pay off or reduce it and did not consider greatly the selling value of his land. When the debts were cared for, the surplus heaped up in the banks and the earning capacity of the farm began to be manifest.

Shrewd landowners in Illinois, Iowa and other States in the eastern section of the interior saw their opportunity.

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They sold their farms at $150 to $200 an acre and went West. They did not make the journey in a prairie-schooner, but in a Pullman car. They went to the older settled sections of the prairie States where agriculture had been tried out and where the prices for real estate ranged from $50 to $60 an acre. This, compared with previous values, seemed to the owners very high and they were eager to sell, but the newcomers realized what could be done if the seasons remained favorable. Hence, they invested. Many went into debt; but for the most part they paid cash, and had some money left to place in the banks. This movement continuing for five years has been one influence that has swollen the bank deposits of the interior and has been responsible for the starting of new banks by the hundred.

These new investors made quick returns, for they sold out to others who followed, and the values in each case rose higher. One instance is recorded where a farm of 240 acres, selling first eight years ago for $5,000 and changing hands each twelve months since, has risen in value until the latest purchaser paid for it $30,400. The Western settlers did not take much part in this speculative movement; they had not faith necessary to assume risks. They waited until the newcomers from farther East had reaped handsome profits and then began to realize what might be accomplished.

Along with this demand for farm land came, in the spring of 1909, the rise in wheat prices. For years the Western farmer had been receiving fifty to seventy cents a bushel for his grain. In some years he had been compelled to heap it on the ground in great open piles because he could not secure cars for shipment and the elevators and mill storehouses were filled to the eaves. The sudden advance in price, growing out of the Chicago " corner " and sustained by the abnormal conditions that followed short crops abroad and a reduced surplus in the farmers' hands of the country was a revelation to the wheat-raisers—and that means much to most Western farmers, for practically all are more or less partakers in that sort of crop production. Hundreds of them kept liberal quantities stored in their bins from the last year's yield. When, suddenly, the price went to $1.25 at primary markets in the interior it seemed a miracle, and the farmer at once awoke to the wonderful possibilities that lay before him. It is easy to figure out: An acre of wheat costs about seven dollars to sow and harvest. Many fields

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produce as high as thirty bushels to the acre, although the average is about fifteen bushels. In the older and better-tilled sections the average is nearer twenty to twenty-five bushels than the lower figure. Even when wheat dropped back to one dollar a bushel, where it remained for a year—and that figure is the ideal price from the farmer's point of view—there was a clear profit of fifteen dollars an acre on every foot of wheat land. That means six per cent. on $250 an acre, and, though no such figure for farm land was reached, there was positive encouragement toward taking good chances in buying realty. This was not all. Corn went to sixty cents, almost an equally profitable crop in good years; cattle rose to nine dollars a hundred pounds; hogs to eleven dollars a hundred, and alfalfa, yielding three crops to five crops a year, was worth eight dollars a ton.

This condition was the basis for the land boom—and it was so definite and concrete in its possibilities that even the most conservative investors yielded to the seductive prospect. Not only did the buyers from the farther East invest liberally, but the entire prairie region felt the call, and there was during the year 1909 a demand for land that had been unknown since the days of early pioneer settlement.

Naturally, from being a cash transaction, the buying of land expanded into the mortgaging field, and with money at five to six per cent. on farm loans there was a good profit in sight, especially as the lure of a quick resale at increased price was always present. Three sources furnished the funds to handle these transactions: The life-insurance companies, with their well-systematized loan agencies, that placed their assets in immense sums over the agricultural States; the private investors, both of New England and the West, who bought their loans from local brokers; the State banks with willingness to place a large part of their surplus in realty loans.

The insurance companies have become a material resource for the borrower. Six leading companies make a specialty of this kind of investment. One company has $138,000,000 thus invested; another has $55,000,000; others have smaller amounts; and the total, placed principally in the States between the Rocky Mountains and the Eastern Illinois line, is over $300,000,000. The detailed reports of the two leading companies show these figures for the one group of Western States:

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Alabama	$820,000
Arkansas	477,000
California	771,000
Colorado	4,523,000
Georgia	1,515,000
Idaho	725,000
Illinois	27,512,000
Indiana	11,610,000
Iowa	22,452,000
Kansas	11,680,000
Kentucky	3,339,000
Louisiana	997,000
Michigan	3,690,000
Minnesota	16,397,000
Mississippi	1,230,000
Missouri	23,913,000
Montana	384,000
Nebraska	11,073,000
New Mexico	317,000
North Carolina	143,000
North Dakota	6,756,000
Ohio	13,467,000
Oklahoma	2,676,000
Oregon	812,000
Porto Rico	211,000
South Dakota	6,067,000
Tennessee	4,460,000
Texas	4,782,000
Utah	351,000
Virginia	65,000
Washington	5,987,000
West Virginia	4,000
Wisconsin	5,549,000
Total	$194,755,000

A dozen other States have borrowed from these companies alone from $300,000 to $5,000,000 each. How much the banks and private investors hold is not obtainable, but it is probable that, taken as a whole, they have almost an equal amount. These loans are not all made in a single year. Most of them are for five years with privilege of partial payment at the end of any interest period. To finance the land deals under the new conditions meant that a greater volume of money was needed, for values were higher, also the number of applications was greatly increased. Applications were made to the agents of the insurance companies; these were approved at headquarters and the drafts deposited in local banks, payable on a fixed date when the companies

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were to pay over the money. As the first of March—the West's farm settlement day—approached the applications were overtaxed and there came a sudden realization on the part of the loan departments of the tremendous volume of the land movement. The agents were notified to send no more applications for a time. Special investigations were made by some companies to ascertain if the values were not exceeding the legitimate figures on which loans should be made. Restrictions as to appraisals and the amounts to be loaned per acre under any conditions were imposed. It was all an effort to halt the demand for money. Stiffening of rates with the same object in view was resorted to by some companies.

The influence of all this was immediate. The agents were compelled to tell the borrowers to wait until the loans could be disposed of, and the land-buyers found themselves without facilities for continuing the promising operations.

To the banks the problem was of another sort. They had also been liberal in their accommodations, and as the demand increased many of the smaller institutions found themselves with too much money tied up in long-time paper, which in the congested condition of the market could not be readily negotiated. A backward spring made their commercial customers call for liberal accommodations, and instances were numerous where the banks themselves borrowed money with which to keep their supply of funds sufficient for the requirements of their business. The number of small banks in the West is remarkable, growing out of the prosperity of the agricultural sections and the desire of the farming communities to organize institutions that would not only give better facilities for business, but would return good profits in dividends. Through the Middle West the average number of families to each bank is 350. In some of the older settled counties it is as high as one bank to 300 families. The State of Iowa has a bank for every 1,450 of its population. Naturally the resources of these small banks for financing a large number of operations of moment are limited, and it does not take many transactions of $5,000 each to absorb their surplus.

Take a concrete instance of just what happened: A farmer in Iowa sold his farm for $15,000 and placed the money in the bank until he could find a new location. He went on a home-seekers' excursion to Texas; he travelled out into

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Kansas and Nebraska; he looked over the prospects in Oklahoma. While he was doing this his neighbor, the owner of two or three farms and with undoubted credit, went on a prospecting trip to Western Canada. There he found cheap lands that, in the light of the rapid immigration from the States, seemed likely to increase in value. He contracted to buy $15,000 worth and went back to his local bank to get the money. He gave his note, secured by a mortgage on one of his fine farms, and completed the new purchase. By this time the first farmer had found a farm in Central Kansas that suited him. It had twice as many acres as the one he had sold and was of as good soil and raised practically as good crops per acre. He drew a check on his home bank for $15,000 and paid for it. The local banker in Iowa, when the check came in, found that he had loaned that $15,000. It had gone to Canada. In its place he had a long-time note, perfectly good, but which was not readily negotiable. To pay the $15,000 check meant to reduce his surplus below the safety point. He sent to Chicago or New York and drew down some of his deposit in the reserve bank, or he borrowed on his own note with paper from his vault as security enough to keep his working funds intact. The money had been drained out of the Middle West; the reserve centres had suffered. This repeated in thousands of cases and in hundreds of banks meant a change in the financial conditions that could but bring sharp effect. It meant that there was a lessened ability to care for regular commercial operations and brought a tight money-market where sixteen months before had been most liberal terms.

The realization came when the bank statement last winter showed that, while the national banks of New York had contracted their loans $72,000,000, the country as a whole had expanded nearly $462,000,000. This translated into a summary of the condition meant that there had been going on a heavy loan movement in the interior, and naturally much of it was charged directly to the land movement. This was in the main correct, although other elements entered into the situation. It was, for instance, found that there had been a wide-spread purchase by farmers of what are classed as luxuries. The automobile had entered into their life. Counties in the high plains country, where live only 10,000 persons, boast of 200 to 300 cars. To be sure, these are not high-priced motors—mostly the farmer buys machines that

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sell at $1,000 to $1,500 each, but the number in the prairie States is astonishing. The largest market for this sort of product has for two years been in the Middle West. Along with this have gone improvements of every sort, ranging from bath-tubs to pianos, books to phonographs. It has taken a great deal of money, and the farmer, looking at the increased value of his farm, considered himself able to expand his possessions, borrowing money at the bank if needed. The interior bankers were two years ago in the position of loan brokers, seeking customers rather than acting as agents of accommodation. They invested in commercial paper because the local demand did not utilize their loan fund. From that condition they passed to one in which all their loan fund was needed at home and the financing of industrial concerns was left to the East.

It is one of the notable changes in the condition of the West that the small bank has become a large factor in financial affairs. For many years the farmer was the one individual to whom the West looked for its prosperity and for management of its business. Upon him everything seemed to depend, but as the small bank developed it placed in a prominent position in Western finance thousands of men whose attention was given entirely to the handling of the farmers' savings. In consequence they have become to a large extent the balance-wheel that maintains a steady condition for the financial situation.

It was the banker who called a halt on the land speculation. The farmer himself had no idea in that direction. He was ambitious to extend his properties and acquire new holdings without considering what might be the effect upon business or the supply of money. The banker, however, realized that it would not do to keep up this inflation, and he demanded that the land-buyers use more caution.

This feeling on the part of the bankers had a direct, positive effect upon the land movement and called a halt in speculative land-buying. It did not, of course, immediately depress prices of real estate, nor is it probable that any such effect will take place over the West generally unless there should be a series of crop failures.

The West bases its prosperity upon things much different from those that were counted of importance twenty years ago. The settlers in the early days figured their profits with very enthusiastic anticipations from productions secured

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from a minimum of labor. It was believed that all the Western land needed was the most meagre cultivation and the planting of seed—the soil and the climate would do the rest. As a result there was a rush toward wheat and corn and every farmer tilled more acres than he could handle with thorough cultivation. When there came unfavorable seasons all his year's labor was lost and he found himself in debt for his living expenses.

This, it was, that in the nineties drained deposits from the banks and made it impossible for the borrower to meet his obligations. In this lesson he learned that in order to succeed permanently he must understand how to farm. Deep ploughing and thorough cultivation, together with careful selection of seed, transformed his operations from guesswork to a semblance of science. Agricultural colleges and experiment stations added to his information, and new crops, such as alfalfa, speltz and kaffir corn, enabled him so to divide his sowing that in any average year he would be certain of at least an average income. This has gone on with a constantly increasing tendency in this direction until the Western farmer has to a degree mastered the art of agriculture, and even in years of insufficient rainfall he is practically certain of securing enough from his fields to support the family. In good years he makes a handsome profit.

Because he has learned this he has ventured farther in the field of speculation than he would have dared to do in the earlier period of the West's history, while cheap money aided materially in his ambitions. He did not realize, nor did the banker comprehend, that it would eventually result in tying up a great deal of capital and that the money-supply could not always be maintained.

This was exactly what happened and interest rates have been steadily climbing for the past two years. While it was once easy to obtain farm loans at five per cent., they have risen little by little until in the early summer of 1910 the leading insurance companies making a specialty of farm mortgages, raised their rates to seven per cent. in the Middle West territory. This is the highest rate that has been charged on real-estate loans in that section of the country since 1894.

The effect has been felt not only in the West itself, but naturally the Eastern reserve centres have found that their

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customers in the prairie States have needed a much larger portion of their surplus than formerly. Bank clearings have grown to notable proportions.

The Western cities that handled the business of the interior have shown such increases as have astonished the bankers of the East. This has come not alone from the large number of transactions, but because it takes a great deal more money to handle the West's products than ever before. A milling company that could handle 60,000 bushels of wheat with $30,000 a few years ago needed, under the new conditions, $60,000. Every check given to the farmer for his wagon-load of grain was double the amount paid for the same quantity a decade since.

This, of course, was taken as a remarkable evidence of Western prosperity, and in a sense it was so, but it all tended toward a rapid expansion of figures and the heaping up of financial burdens. Western trade did not increase in the same proportion as the farmers' income. Following the depression of 1907, there was a waiting period of nearly two years during which the country merchants bought with great caution, and not until 1909 did they get back to their normal purchases.

Out of all this the conservative bankers have awakened to their part in maintaining a stability of conditions. They have realized the need of caution and the preparation necessary. The comprehension of the function of the small bank as a regulator of finance has come to them in a constantly increasing degree, and they have learned how, by a somewhat conservative action, they can regulate speculative tendencies and modify financial conditions. The day has passed when the customer can dictate to the bank, and the small Western bank is beginning to dictate in a helpful way to the customer. This brings to the situation a large conservative force whose influence is certain to be valuable.

The constant menace that hangs over agricultural communities is that of the possibility of shortened crop years. It is recognized that any material decrease in the farmer's income will be directly felt by the finances of the bank and thus react upon the general prosperity of the country.

It is unlikely that there will ever be so serious a period of crop failure as occurred two decades ago, because the farmer understands better how to till his land and what crops to grow. Diversified agriculture and stock-raising are going

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hand in hand to maintain a high average of annual income, and this is the strongest feature in the land situation of the West. The three great booms that have affected land sales during the past five years have all settled down to a more moderate course.

The Texas land movement has subsided into a steady immigration of actual settlers and has lost a great deal of its purely speculative feature. In the older settled sections of the Middle West the land values are too high for the promise of immediate profits in reselling. The movement to Western Canada continues with unabated force and will do so while the vast areas of rich wheat lands continue to beckon the settler and the investor. It is, however, based upon an outlook for liberal crop returns, and settlers will long continue to seek the fields of the Dominion.

On the whole, the land movement has assumed a much more substantial and sane basis and one which gives less concern to the banking interests, though it has not yet returned to the complete normal condition that bankers desire.

The good prices for crops of all kinds if maintained will rapidly accomplish this, and if the banking interests and the loan companies maintain their present plan of conservative action and discourage speculation in every form there ought soon to be a modification of present financial conditions.

This is the encouraging feature in the West's financial progress, and if it works out it will be a tribute to the good sense of the managers of finance in the agricultural States. No reason exists for some pessimistic and fearful predictions that have been made regarding the future. The West is exceedingly prosperous and exceedingly intelligent. While it has, perhaps, indulged in some risky undertakings and has been free to borrow liberally when it saw a profit in so doing, it has never lost sight of the fact that it has a real basis of steady income that with care will meet its obligations and return its financial affairs to a normal condition.

Never in its history was there a time when it had so sound a financial situation. The West is too far advanced and too thoroughly familiar with its possibilities to undertake any endangering enterprises. With a rich soil and with a people that has thoroughly mastered many of the most serious problems in crop production, it needs only time and good judgment to work out a satisfactory solution.

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

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THE CLEW TO MODERN ITALY

BY WILLIAM R. THAYER

I.

MANY travellers in Italy still regard the Modern as an intrusion. With their knowledge, profound or shallow, of the Ancient they would be less surprised to see Cæsar's legions tramping along the Flaminian Way than they are at the scorching automobile. Or, if they are weak on antiquity, they have their inspiring smattering of the Republics, or of Dante, or of the Renaissance, and they wish and expect to find only what refers to their special subject. For most of them dusk set in at Raphael's death and night fell when Michael Angelo died. Thenceforward they groped through darkness without a moon, lighted only here and there by some isolated star—Galileo, Alfieri, Leopardi, Manzoni, even tremulous Silvio Pellico—until they reach the present, garish in its noontide sun. The light is unbecoming; it banishes glamour; it prevents picturesqueness and beauty; it shows up the actual life of to-day with uncompromising distinctness. For the unfortunate persons who lack knowledge, sympathy and imagination—three indispensable gifts of the historian—the Present is like one of those painters who seem to flay their subjects alive and expose all their unloveliness. Such travellers visit Italy to dream over the past or to study it brick by brick: who are these moderns who come between them and their dream? Evidently they are human beings, undeniably alive, bent on the pursuit of happiness and of wealth, and responsive after their fashion to the same social incentives as their trans-Alpine neighbors. But they shock the stranger, who looks upon Italy as a vast museum. Suppose the forty royal mummies at Bulak should suddenly rise up from their pictured coffins and demand to be treated with the homage that accompanied their Pharaonic majesties three thousand

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years ago; would not the visitors and students resent the innovation? Would they not feel defrauded, having come so far to peer at dead curiosities, at being bidden to waste their time in salaaming to live Pharaohs? In Italy, it is not even the resurrection of dead celebrities, but the intrusion of living contemporaries that offends.

And yet, good archæologist, dreamer, globe-trotter or whoever you are, these Italians of to-day, whose presence annoys you, are themselves worthy of your study. Where in all the chronicles of Ancient Rome or of the Medieval Republics or of the Renaissance shall you find the story of a nobler enterprise achieved or of men more heroic than the older of these living Italians remember? Those heroic men were their fathers; that noble achievement was the winning of Italy's national existence. Through sacrifice and revolution, against great odds, Modern Italy rose into being. Her very past—so glorious under many aspects, so precious for what it contributed to civilization — was a hindrance. For youth to start on the new life amid fresh, unpolluted conditions is easy; but for age to lead the new life amid the old conditions, and to lead it victoriously in spite of them—this is a task for heroes. This is what Italy accomplished; if you would realize that these moderns whom you deem intruders dwell here by the best right, you must learn how United Italy came to be at all; you must understand the nature of that inheritance which she had to be rid of before she could become independent, united and free.

II.

The flood of European revolution in 1848 was fed by two great streams which, slowly rising during the previous half-century, in that year broke through every barrier from Pomerania to the Pyrenees. One of these streams was the ideal of Nationality, the other the ideal of Liberty. In countries like France, where the nation had long existed, the revolution took the form of a struggle for larger political liberty; but in countries where the principle of nationality had not yet been strong enough to weld the divers elements of the same race into a compact nation, or where they had been kept from uniting by a foreign oppressor, the revolution aimed either at racial union, as in Germany, or at independence from foreign rule, as in Hungary and Italy. In all cases, moreover, whether men were battling for civic free-

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dom, for national independence or for racial unity, the establishment of constitutional government was held to be essential. Before the Italians lay the threefold task: for they were neither independent, nor free, nor united.

Many causes had contributed to prevent Italy from becoming an independent nation at the time when the other great States of modern Europe, after emerging from the chaos of the Dark and Middle Ages, began to cohere on national lines. In the first place, the barbarian invasions never destroyed in Italy, as they did elsewhere, the old Roman civilization. A new people, a mixed people, sprang up; but in the mixture the Latin strain prevailed over the Teutonic. Roman institutions, customs and traditions, although modified, were not blotted out; and their continuance promoted, especially in the cities, an activity out of which grew a company of small states, each strong enough to maintain its independence, but too weak to subdue its neighbors and form a single nation.

The physical character of the Peninsula was a second cause in keeping the Italians asunder. Not only did the Apennines part the North from the South, and the dwellers on the Adriatic from the dwellers on the Tyrrhenian Sea, but they also created the widest diversity in conditions, whence arose a corresponding variety in the occupations of the people. The farmers who tilled the rich valley of the Po had little in common with the shepherds who pastured their flocks on the slopes of the Abruzzi; nor did the manufacturers of Florence and Milan feel mutual interests with the sailors of Pisa and Tarentum or with the miners of Elba and Sicily. And as the wonderful fertility of Italy supplied the inhabitants of almost every district with at least the necessaries of life, so each town or city, with the few square leagues round it, could dwell in isolated independence. Its nearest neighbors were its most pressing enemies, being its most evident rivals. Thus all things tended very early to develop an individualism which it had required in ancient times the vast centralizing force of Imperial Rome to counteract. Medieval Italy flourished as a collection of busy, nervous communities, mutually jealous, if not hostile, differing in dialect, in employment, in point of view. Like so many swarms of bees, they collected, each swarm in its own hive, spoils which should be sweet to coveting depredators.

The Papacy was the third foe to Italian unity. Had Italy

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from the ninth century onward been united under a single strong monarch, it is not at all likely that the Roman Pontiff would have become the spiritual head of Western Christendom; for he would necessarily have been second to the temporal sovereign at home, and as such he might not have extended his supremacy over the churches of other lands, whose rulers and peoples would naturally have regarded him as a foreigner. National churches, each bearing the characteristics of the race from which it sprang, would have developed; as actually happened centuries later in those countries which adopted Protestantism. But destiny willed otherwise. The Roman Church — the ghost of Imperial Rome—was to continue among the peoples of the West that unifying mission which Imperial Rome herself had pursued during twenty generations among the people of antiquity. The Popes no sooner began to acquire temporal power than they entered upon a policy from which they never afterwards departed—the policy, that is, of sacrificing Italy to the interests of the Papacy. A Pope it was who, in order to keep the Lombards from conquering Rome, invited the Frankish ruler to cross the Alps; and that invitation, renewed century after century by successive pontiffs, who had no longer the excuse that they wished to save the Christian city from heathen invaders, left Italy the prey of foreign greed and the object of foreign ambition. No Pope ever succeeded in making himself the temporal master of the Peninsula, but every Pope did succeed in preventing any other ruler from wearing the crown which would have been the symbol of Italian unity.

This temporal weakness of the Papacy was the chief source of the spiritual strength of the Church. It allowed Romish prelates to establish their ecclesiastical supremacy in every country west of the Baltic and the Balkans; kings and peoples alike accepted the guidance of the Church even when they resisted the encroachments or presumption of individual churchmen. But if the Pope had been also king of all Italy, or if he had been simply the chief bishop in an Italian kingdom, it is as improbable that Western Christendom would have acknowledged his spiritual lordship as that the Gallican Church would have bowed to the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury or that the Catholics of Bohemia would have knelt to the Archbishop of Cologne. In denying to worldly-minded Popes the full measure of tem-

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poral power which they hankered after, fate served them better than they schemed: for the spiritual influence of Rome has always been potent in inverse ratio to the temporal expansion of Rome. That spiritual influence never extended further than under Hildebrand, a fugitive, and under Innocent III, the temporal lord of a precarious State: whereas, it was during the period when the Papacy reached the top of its splendor that half of Catholic Christendom renounced forever its fealty to the Holy See. But pontifical ambition, refusing age after age to be taught by experience, persisted in its attempt to serve God and Mammon, to make the Pope the King of earthly Kings and the Vicar of God, and so persisting it maintained the policy of keeping Italy divided.

The stimulus to municipal activity through the survival of old Roman civilization, the striking variety of physical conditions and the permanent anti-national policy of the Papacy — these were causes sufficient to explain why the Italians remained politically disunited, whilst other countries were being moulded, by dynastic interests or by racial affinities, into compact States. The very influences which deprived Italy of national existence made her the pioneer of modern civilization. During five centuries, from Hildebrand to Tintoret, she bore masters in every field. She formulated the religion of Christendom; she revived classical learning; she carried painting to its highest point; she surpassed all other moderns in sculpture; she gave architecture new grace and majesty and called modern music into being; she was the mother of Dante. It was the eye of a steadfast Italian that first discerned the shores of the New World through the dimness of an October dawn; it was an Italian that first penetrated the Tartar wilderness and beheld the wonders of Cathay. In commerce and industry she led the world; she taught it manners; she set the seal of art on all her products, touching with beauty the meanest utensil and finding a use for the most beautiful things —if it were simply in enjoying them. Mankind has never seen another people which, during so many generations together, poured forth like the Italians its genius in so many directions, and attained in each direction pre-eminence often without a peer.

III.

But at last Italy's fertility seemed to be exhausted. She lived upon her past—a pitiful sort of cannibalism. She be-

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held the nations she had educated rise into power one by one, and, having risen, spurn her. The Church, through which she still had a considerable though diminished influence on the outer world, tyrannized at home over the minds of her children while foreign despots tyrannized over their bodies and estates. A new epoch was at hand in which national unity was as indispensable to the welfare of a country as was personal liberty to the best development of an individual. Italy had neither. She possessed, instead, those matchless treasures of art and that wealth-giving soil which the foreigner coveted; amid these she lived by memory an antiquarian life; even her emotions, her cravings, her dissipations had the flaccidity of reminiscence.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century Italy, with a population exceeding that of France or England, exerted less weight than tiny Portugal on the politics of Europe. Her provinces passed from one foreign ruler to another, regardless of the wishes of the inhabitants affected by the transfer. Those inhabitants, indeed, were rarely called Italians, but Venetians or Lombards, Tuscans, Romans or Neapolitans, according to their native province. The individualism, which in an earlier age had stamped on even the smallest State a distinction of its own, now survived in the form of inherited jealousy and prejudices which had neither the excuse nor the dramatic impressiveness of their origin. A decayed aristocracy, wearing the names of ancestors who had won a splendid renown, bore the marks of a degenerate caste; for they displayed arrogance without force, and they consented to enjoy privileges without feeling a noble obligation therefor. The middle classes, composed of professional men, of tradesfolk and merchants, and of small landholders, lacked incentives to energy, because they were hampered by the ruling classes above them with which the hierarchy allied itself. The populace in the towns and the peasants in the country had no more influence on government than had the sheep whose fleeces supplied wigs for the privileged heads.

Nevertheless, although so completely removed from political life, Italy did not escape the effects of that general illumination which, about the middle of the eighteenth century, began to irradiate Europe. Her dilettanti interspersed their empty discussions of art and rhetoric with debates over the theories which, originating in France, had not yet disclosed

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the terrific realities wrapped up in them. Here and there an enlightened prince actually introduced reforms in his administration. A sudden outburst of popular vigor indicated now and then that the race still preserved latent stores of energy. The worship of the past, as of a Golden Age when the Italians were glorious and independent and free, became more sincere. They suffered the hallucination, common among peoples to whom the present is irksome, of magnifying the blessings of bygone days, but this did them no harm. On the contrary, it indicated that they were at last conscious that freedom and unity and independence might be blessings which they too could secure.

IV.

How long it would have taken in quiet times for this pleasant wish to intensify into a controlling desire, and the controlling desire to assume the imperative aspect of duty, can only be conjectured: for the French Revolution broke in upon the regular course of events in Italy as in the rest of Europe. First, the doctrines of the Paris clubs came roaring over the Alps to agitate all parts of the Peninsula; then followed the army of the French Republic, led by a masterful Italian, who drove out the Austrians from the North, quenched the last spark of life in the Venetian State and rapidly extended his conquests, until he had converted the entire mainland into a province of his Empire. For a moment the most sanguine Italians imagined that the irresistible conqueror would give them independence; but, although they soon learned that his ambition was selfish, they and their fellow countrymen were to benefit in ways they little suspected by the Napoleonic régime.

Among the many results of Napoleon's conquest of Italy, none surpassed in importance his demonstration to a society which had come to believe any change impossible that the most radical changes could be wrought in a few years by a single will. He swept away the Venetian Republic, whose glory had filled a millennium. He strangled Genoa. He chased the Austrians from Lombardy and the Bourbons from Naples. He scared the Pope out of Rome. He levelled barriers and abolished customs which had long seemed a part of the cosmic order. Had a magician, by waving his wand, conjured up a mountain range out of the plains of the Po, or flattened the Umbrian Apennines into a prairie, the

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Italians could scarcely have been more astonished than they were when they saw social and political fixtures dissolve before Napoleon's wizardry. From a change thus complete they surmised the possibility of all other changes.

But the effect of Napoleon's domination did not stop here. It was something to read the words, "The Kingdom of Italy," printed on the new maps, even though that kingdom were governed by Frenchmen in the interest of the French Emperor; it was still more that the French, in order to govern effectively, introduced an improved system of administration. The taxes might fall as before, but they fell uniformly. The courts of justice might punish political offenders with swift severity, but they at least maintained a show of regular procedure, and towards ordinary litigants their action was usually fair. Centralization, which has been the bane of the Napoleonic system in France, could not fail to prove beneficial in a country which had been split up into half a score of petty political sections and which immemorial discords and rivalries helped further to divide. The military conscription, which in the course of twenty years contributed 350,000 Italian recruits to Napoleon's armies, taught the world and the Italians themselves that the Italian race, long scoffed at as effeminate, could produce soldiers worthy to fight alongside of the best in Europe. For the first time in many generations preferment sometimes went by merit.

Thus was Italy brought once more into the current of European progress; thus was she revitalized by new ideas and remodelled after new patterns. The stimulation came from without, but nothing more surely proves that the strength it evoked in her was her own than the fact that she refused to be satisfied with the improvement in her lot. In 1790 the most patriotic Italian hardly dreamed of such changes as the French were erelong to introduce; in 1810 every patriotic Italian regarded those ameliorations as but the stepping-stone to something immeasurably better. Napoleon, pursuing universal empire, had parcelled out the countries of Europe with as little concern for the wishes of their inhabitants as even a Charles the Fifth could have shown. Thereby he unintentionally rendered the cause of freedom inestimable service; first, by teaching the peoples of Europe that no condition could be permanent, and, next, by awakening in them the conviction that their salvation lay

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in national union. With all his political genius he undervalued the principle of nationality and erelong that outraged principle rose up to smite him. In only seven years the Prussians whom he had humbled at Jena emancipated themselves at Leipsic. Even the Spaniards, a waning and semi-civilized race, were roused by this same spirit to throw off his yoke. And the Italians, although not yet strong enough to imitate Prussia and Spain,—which, it should be remembered, were aided to victory by powerful allies,—were so far kindled by national feeling as to chafe under Napoleon's splendid despotism and to await impatiently the time when at his death or defeat they might reasonably strike for independence.

V.

Napoleon fell, the opportunity came, but the Italians could not seize it. They lacked leaders, organization, a common purpose. Only a small fraction of the population would have known how to use constitutional self-government if it had been set up. But the Congress of Vienna (1814) left the Italians no choice. The English and the Austrians had deceitfully promised them liberty if they would abstain from helping Napoleon in his last desperate struggle: at the Congress these promises were ignored. Prince Metternich and his colleagues repartitioned Europe without respect for nationalities. While pretending to revere the principle of legitimacy, they spurned it at their pleasure. The principle of legitimacy required that the Republics of Venice and Genoa should be restored; but Austria kept Venice for herself and handed Genoa over to the King of Piedmont. The protests of the Italians, unfortified by the support of a single Power, produced no more effect than if they had been made to Harpies. When the Congress adjourned, Italy found the Bourbon King restored to Naples, the Pope back in Rome and Victor Emmanuel I in Piedmont; a Spanish Bourbon Duke in Lucca; an Austrian Grand-Duke in Tuscany; an Austrian Duke in Modena; an Austrian Archduchess in Parma; an Austrian viceroy in Lombardy and Venetia. And as if the Austrian predominance were not sufficiently assured by this division, Metternich quickly formed an alliance with the King of Naples and came to an understanding with the Pope, which virtually gave Austria the right to oversee their political affairs.

The restored princes construed restoration most literally.

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Making believe that the events of the twenty-five years, from 1790 to 1815, had never occurred, they destroyed to the utmost of their ability all traces of that abhorred interregnum, revived whatever they still remembered of pre-Revolutionary government and customs, and declared that thenceforth there should be no progress. Here was a strange resurrection of the mummies of dead and obsolete systems to rule twenty millions of living Italians. Here was the inevitable clashing between the Old and the New! The living refused to call the dead alive; the restored princes refused to recognize the right of their subjects to form any opinions about either life or death. Throughout Europe the Restoration agreed to treat politics as a malady which, like the bubonic plague, could be held in check only by the strictest measures of quarantine and of disinfection. In Italy, Church and State united to stamp out not only sporadic cases as they appeared, but even to isolate persons whom they suspected of being predisposed to catch the disease.

Within a year after Waterloo the Italians understood that they had nothing to hope for from any of their rulers, whose promises of Liberal institutions had been intentionally deceitful. A large part of the population acquiesced in the new despotism, because they were tired of turmoil or were cautious or indifferent. After all, if they would abstain from political discussions they might expect to live unmolested; and even in the freest countries few persons allow their zeal for civic reform to interfere with their business or their pleasure.

But there was in every city and town a minority, often insignificant in numbers but formidable by its energy and daring, which swore undying opposition to the Restoration. This minority was composed of men of all classes—of political dreamers and of doctrinaires, of intelligent patriots, of impressionable youths, of old soldiers, of former officials now thrown out of employment, of a few priests, of the discontented who had some personal grudge or ambition to satisfy, and of adventurers ever ready for a change. Despite the motley motives which prevailed in any particular group, a common object bound these men together; they all agreed on constitutional government as the first indispensable good to be striven for. Beyond that they differed widely, some desiring a limited monarchy, others a republic, others still a confederacy whether monarchical or republi-

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can. Being denied free speech, they organized secret societies, the largest of which, that of the Carbonari, or Charcoal Burners, borrowing its forms from the ritual of Freemasonry and from the Scriptures, soon dotted the Kingdom of Naples with its lodges and had close relations with similar sects throughout Central and Northern Italy. By the year 1820 the membership in these secret societies could not have been less than one hundred thousand.

In that year the Carbonari effected a bloodless revolution in Naples, where the mutiny of a few soldiers quickly spread to several regiments and from the army to the capital. Shaking with fear, the craven King, Ferdinand I, granted a constitution and during several weeks his subjects indulged in extravagant rejoicings. They permitted him to go to Laybach to beg the Holy Alliance to consent to the constitution he had sworn to uphold. Once there, screened from bodily danger, he gave his perfidious soul full scope, and instead of interceding for the Neapolitans he implored the Allied Powers to furnish troops for restoring him and his despotism. Early in the following spring he was escorted home by an Austrian army, which easily routed the undisciplined forces of the Carbonari.

Almost at that very moment another Austrian army marched into Piedmont and suppressed a similar revolution led by Santorre di Santa Rosa and supported by many conspicuous nobles and officers. And before the end of 1821 the Austrian police, having stumbled on the trail of a widespread conspiracy in Lombardy and Venetia, made scores of arrests, which resulted in the sending of a batch of prisoners to undergo the horrors of the Spielberg—horrors by merely revealing which one of the victims, Silvio Pellico, touched the heart and roused the conscience of the civilized world.

These revolutions showed that the Italian rulers not only had no popular backing, but that, without foreign aid, they could not even maintain their authority. Austria and not the native governments stood as the real enemy to Italian Liberalism. So long as Lombardy and Venetia remained Austrian provinces, Chancellor Metternich would never allow a constitutional régime to be set up in the neighboring Italian States. Reactionary Europe acknowledged Austria's right to keep the peace in the Italian Peninsula, where Austrian interests predominated. But although sober men

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did not blink these stern facts, the great body of conspirators would not learn the lesson. They preferred to believe that their attempts had failed through some avoidable blunder: had this regiment been better drilled, had that captain been less dilatory, had a hesitating province risen at the concerted time, the revolution must have prospered. So the conspirators renewed their secret agitation undismayed, confident that by a more alert organization they could guard against the possibility of future disaster.

The ferocity with which the governments of Naples, Piedmont and Austria punished everybody whom they knew or chose to think had been privy to the insurrection only gave the conspirators fresh motives for persevering. To every State belongs the unquestioned right of punishing rebels; but punishment loses its moral justification when it is administered in a spirit of vindictiveness or in a frenzy of fear. The persecution to which the despots resorted, instead of terrorizing their enemies, showed that they themselves were terrified. It made them odious, where they had merely been unpopular. Hitherto the party of action had conspired to attain certain political ends in which, they assumed, their rulers would acquiesce if they could be persuaded that such ends were desirable; henceforth multitudes plotted not only to bring about political reforms, but to avenge personal grievances. Each of the hundreds of victims who perished on the scaffold, each of the thousands who were pining in loathsome prisons or groaning in the galleys or leading forlorn lives in banishment, had relatives and friends who thirsted for retribution. The incompetence of the despotic governments, growing year by year more evident, exasperated many other persons who desired neither to avenge a friend nor to realize a political ideal, but complained that while the administration devoted its entire energy to persecuting agitators, their own lives and property had no protection against brigands, robbers and thieves,—that unequal taxation and capricious laws almost smothered business,—that justice was a luxury which the rich alone could afford,—that the means to a livelihood came not through industry, but through privilege, and that the dispensers of privilege must be appeased by blackmail,—that for all these evils there was no redress. In this wise did a blundering and incapable despotism alienate even that class of persons who care little whether the system they live under be autocratic

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or liberal, provided it guards their lives and property and lets them transact their affairs undisturbed. At the same time there was growing up outside the circle of avowed conspirators a body of citizens whose discontent caused them to sympathize with conspiracy, although they refused to run its risks.

Early in 1831 the party of action set off another insurrection. They got control of Modena and Parma almost without resistance; they swept on victoriously through Romagna and the Marches; they overran Umbria and seemed destined to capture Rome itself. As in 1820 and 1821, they demonstrated that the Italian princes had no popular support; and now, trusting in the promise of France to enforce the principle of non-intervention, the elated patriots did not expect to see Austrian regiments break in and undo their work. But the government of Louis Philippe betrayed them, and when Austria, in defiance of the French boast, despatched her army to put down the revolt France ordered a fleet, not to aid the insurgents, but to bombard Ancona, which they had captured. Louis Philippe, who owed his crown to a revolution, knew no better way of allaying the suspicions of his reactionary fellow sovereigns than by helping to crush a revolution; and, incidentally, he gained thereby a foothold for French influence in Italy.

The failure of the patriotic attempt in 1831 emphasized the lesson of the preceding failures: Austria must be expelled from the Peninsula before the Italians could hope to keep the freedom which they so easily wrested from their rulers. But without foreign assistance Austria could not be expelled, while the recent action of the French showed that foreigners might interfere to share Austria's Italian spoils, but not to liberate Italy. This abortive revolution further discredited the Carbonari and their affiliated secret societies. The impression began to gain ground, not that conspiracy was futile, but that the form it had taken and the leaders who directed it were inadequate. Its machinery had grown cumbersome. Its mummeries, intended to be awful, excited the contempt of some of its votaries. Neither the tremendous oaths, nor the pledges signed in blood, deterred traitors, to whom its unwise organization gave an immense deal of power for harm. As the names of all the members of all the lodges in a large city might be known by each member, a single informer could jeopard the lives of hun-

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dreds or of thousands. Treachery, it must be said, was very rare, but the possibility that it might work in so large a field was a serious defect in Carbonarism. The virtual irresponsibility of the chiefs, who from the impenetrable secrecy of their Grand Lodge handed down orders which every Good Cousin must obey, deprived the movement of one essential to success: for no enterprise can prosper in which the leaders may be suspected of unwillingness to share the dangers to which they urge on their followers. Suspicion, the product of ignoble or envious minds, may malign the most honorable motives: but when it casts doubts on the personal courage of a leader he needs only to head the vanguard in the next assault in order to shame these doubters. Heroism has no counterfeit. But not all the most worshipful grand masters of the Carbonari seem to have cared to avail themselves of this antidote to calumny.

VI.

The same year that discredited the old political sects saw the birth of a far more efficient society. Joseph Mazzini, a Genoese exile only twenty-six years old, having felt the inadequacy of the Carbonari founded "Young Italy" to supersede it. The Carbonari represented the ideas of the Napoleonic era; Mazzini proposed to draw into Young Italy the rising generation, youths whose zeal was still teachable and whose hopes were not weighed down by past failures or associations. The Carbonari had come to set the good of their organization above the attainment of the object for which they existed; Mazzini, whose nature was primarily religious, intended that Young Italy should not only guide the political activity of its disciples, but also supply them with regenerating moral truths. Assuming that the Roman Church had ceased to influence the conduct of all but a few intelligent Italians, and feeling that a people without a strong faith can never achieve noble ends, he strove to substitute enlightened, rational motives for the withering dogmas of supernaturalism. He preached the supremacy of duty. Political independence, he insisted, was a moral obligation; Italians could, therefore they must, strive for liberty. They must struggle for independence, not merely because they craved the satisfaction of governing themselves or for any material advantage, but because without independence Italy could not contribute her due quota to the

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welfare of mankind. He preached the gospel of collective humanity, and in his comprehensive scheme the moral, political, social and economical regeneration of the world were not disjoined.

In thus lifting the ideals of the Italian revolutionists from the plane of insurrectionary politics to the plane of morals Mazzini conferred an inestimable benefit on his countrymen. As the responsible head of Young Italy he engaged in some enterprises which proved not less rash than those of the elder conspirators; his enemies arraigned him for tolerating methods from which all but tyrannicides recoil; they accused him of personal cowardice; and as time went on he came to display both the fanaticism of the professional agitator and the imperiousness of the autocrat: but he quickened millions of Italians to feel patriotism as an instant duty and that, let us repeat, was an inestimable benefit.

While Young Italy had this moral basis, its practical activity centred inevitably in the domain of politics. Mazzini took care, in organizing it, to avoid the obvious defects of the Carbonari. Each of his groups as originally formed consisted of only ten members and only one of these knew one member in the next group: whereby the chance of treachery was diminished. Young Italy, instead of pretending that the rulers were ready to grant Liberal reforms if the Holy Alliance would permit, declared a republic to be the only government consistent with the dignity of a free people, and it utterly repudiated all princely promises.

For fifteen years Young Italy burrowed under the surface of Italian life. During that time there was no great explosion; but the Italian princes paid their tribute of fear to Mazzini by imputing every local outbreak to his agency. Mazzini, on his side, plotted incessantly and more than once believed that a general revolution was about to rage from the Alps to Sicily. His faith in conspiracy never slackened, nor did his scorn for those Liberals who held tyrants and conspirators in equal aversion. Their prudence he branded as timidity; their pursuit of the possible good instead of the impossible best seemed to him a base compromise with evil; and he suspected that a selfish dread of losing all made them ignobly consent to measures which might leave them half.

Nevertheless, the patriotism of this middle body of Italians was genuine and consistent. Differing widely as to

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details, they agreed that local insurrections sacrificed the lives of enthusiasts without promoting the great cause. They believed that reforms must come from above and not from below. They knew that rulers could not be expected to treat graciously any plan which rebels urged. Contrary to Mazzini, they held that the expulsion of the Austrians, which must precede radical readjustments, could not be accomplished by the Italians alone. Italy must either secure the aid of one of the great Powers or wait until a European war offered her a favorable ally. For the present official Europe, bent on maintaining the existing equilibrium, had no sympathy for oppressed peoples; unofficial public opinion, though it might sympathize, had no armies behind it and was certain to be chilled by each rash outburst of conspiracy.

VII.

Towards the middle of the fifth decade the Italian Question, in spite of censorship, got into print. Books by Gioberti and Balbo, pamphlets by Massimo d'Azeglio and Durando, the discussion of the railway system and of free trade by Pettiti and Cavour marked the beginning of a new era: for some of these books circulated widely either with the permission of the censors or through the tacit connivance of the police. Of them all Gioberti's "Primacy of the Italians" produced the most extraordinary effect. Gioberti proposed that the States of Italy should form a political and commercial league under the nominal presidency of the Pope. By this arrangement all questions of precedence would be removed, since the Holy Father, as spiritual head of Catholic Christendom, occupied a unique position from which he would show equal impartiality to all the Italian princes. The King of Naples would naturally refuse to enter a league over which the King of Piedmont was to preside; the Grand-Duke of Tuscany could not be asked to accept the leadership of the Duke of Modena: but with the Pope they all stood in the relation of sons to a common father, and even the Austrian Emperor, who boasted his title of Most Catholic and Apostolic Majesty, could hardly refuse to allow his Italian provinces to enter such a confederation.

Gioberti's dream might be dismissed as Utopian by matter-of-fact men. Any one could discover the paradox in proposing that the Papacy, whose purpose had been for a

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thousand years to keep Italy disunited, should now be her bond of union. Nevertheless, Giobertianism had a great vogue: and when, in June, 1846, Gregory XVI, one of the pettiest of modern Popes, died and Pius IX succeeded him even the doubters hailed Gioberti as a true prophet and Pius as the long-expected Messiah. For Pius was known by reputation as a genial man, and he began his reign by granting a partial amnesty and by other acts which the Italians construed as patriotism. Few sovereigns have ever been greedier than Pius of adulation and few have ever been so surfeited with it as he was. Not only his own subjects, but Italians everywhere showered praises on him. There seems almost to have been a collusion to make him believe that he was a passionate Liberal. In truth, he never contemplated a concession which should diminish by an iota the traditional authority of the Holy See. But his countrymen went on idolizing an imaginary Pope—one who was waiting for a favorable moment to proclaim a new crusade for the liberation of Italy, a reformer whose desire for improvement was held in check by the reactionary prelates who surrounded him.

With consummate adroitness the Italians made this fiction serve the patriotic cause. All over the Peninsula multitudes cheered Pius IX on every occasion; their despotic rulers could not punish the cheerers without insulting the Holy Father himself; but if they did not punish they virtually abetted the real purpose which underlay the agitation. Confronted by this dilemma, the despots all the more willingly inclined to mildness, because they, too, thirsted for some of the applause poured out for Pius; and naturally they could not imagine that the head of the most conservative institution in Christendom would accept a plan dangerous for them to follow. Pius's example had a profound influence on the King of Piedmont, than whom no more devout Catholic existed. In Charles Albert's creed absolutism was so essential a dogma that only the sanction of the Pope could quiet his scruples against granting political innovations in which he feared perils to religion might lurk. But at last even he, whom his people nicknamed "King See-Saw," could hesitate no longer; and in the autumn of 1847 he consented to some tentative changes which the Piedmontese greeted as the earnest of a complete reformation.

The close of the year 1847 saw Italy in a state of exhilara-

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tion which pervaded all classes. Everybody wore a wishing-cap. Difficulties seemed unworthy of being reckoned with: the only thing needful was to concentrate on one of the thousand wishes and it would certainly come true. Throughout Europe signs of unrest were multiplying. Constitutionalism and nationality "were in the air." And the Italians advanced to meet the change most light-heartedly of all, since they least of all could estimate the uncertainty, the difficulties, the cost. For months they had been living in an enchanted world, where the Pope discoursed patriotism, where the King of Piedmont seemed eager to enter the lists against Austria, where cardinals coquetted with Liberal ideas, and where petty autocrats and ministers talked blandly of reforms. If so much had come about without effort, no wonder that the rest seemed easy: in the matter of miracles one is as easy as another.

On the 9th of January, 1848, the walls of Palermo bore a mysterious placard, announcing that on the 12th the glorious epoch of universal regeneration would dawn. There would be no disorder, but instead fraternity, justice and peace. "The uniting of the Peoples," said the manifesto, "means the downfall of the Kings." From that spark was kindled the swift-spreading revolution, which, leaping from city to city and from state to state, overran Europe with its purifying flames. On that 9th of January, 1848, Modern Italy—whose presence to-day the foreigner would treat as an intrusion—had its birth.

William Roscoe Thayer.

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DARKENERS OF COUNSEL

BY BEULAH B. AMRAM

"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."
—BUTLER'S "*Hudibras.*"

IN that lovely land where odes hang on hawthorns and elegies on brambles, where, under the greenwood tree, wandering lovers mingle happily with philosophical Touchstones and wise Corins and accommodating Williams, it is easy to agree with the good banished Duke that there is good in everything. In our more prosaic world the difficulty is greater; yet we, too, are busily seeking that one good thing even in things most evil. We have gone beyond the Pagan view of considering everything human to be interesting and consider everything natural not only interesting, but beautiful. We no longer condemn to an arid death a glowing poppy that has so far forgotten its humble origin as to seed itself among the aristocrats of the garden, spoiling with untutored and primitive beauty an artistically modulated color scheme. Indeed, if we are inclined to be philosophical, we may even moralize over its simple-minded obliteration of class distinctions. Furthermore, we have learned to consider everything, even sin, as natural. Christianity, as Anatole France points out, loved the sinner's foundation of very big sins as the first condition of repentance, without which there could be no Christian. We, on the other hand, accept the sinner as the inevitable and, therefore, natural product of immensely powerful forces. Agreeing that we are what earth and sky and air have made us, we like to account for the criminal's inconvenient propensities by remembering that he usually has had no earth at all, entirely too little sky, and a very bad kind of air. We are coming at last to

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consider the sorry psychology of the weak quite as important a study as the perfected morality of the strong, and the criminal is receiving his share of attention and sympathy. We punish less; we reform more; we try to make over again the faulty product, and as one of the means to this end we encourage, in our social derelicts, the appreciation of the "best literature."

What shall be done for the reformation of that class of confirmed malefactor whose crime consists in slandering the dead and misleading the living, the critics, who, to add to their offence, have been brought up on the best literature? What hope is there for a man who confesses that he has spent three decades in a "critical" reading of literature, who admits that "the gods have made him critical," over whose pages "critical" dicta are thickly sprinkled? What shall be done to the critic who considers the thought of the Olympian Landor, the god-like giant, whose tongue was touched "with honey and with fire," as "never good for much, being at its best only not contemptible"? What shall be done to the man who, capable himself of saying, "He died (as men go) young," speaks of "the cockney level of Mrs. Browning at her unintelligible worst," of the woman who could feel and, feeling, could write, "The Cry of the Children," "Mother and Poet" and "Sonnets from the Portuguese"? And, head and front of his offending, what shall be done to the man who divides the admirers of George Eliot's genius—"coterie admiration," he calls their interest—into the æsthetics, who admired the creator of Tito, and the agnostics, who admired the translator of Strauss and the irregular partner of Lewes, and under these heads presumes to include all that went to make up that *grand' anima*? What shall be thought of the "critical acumen" of a man who, conceding that "Adam Bede" is extremely clever, assures us that no man who calls himself a critic can afford to ignore the fact that "Adam Bede" could scarcely be expected to fail, coming as it did at a time when Dickens's best work was done, Thackeray not yet come to full popularity, and Charlotte Brontë dead or dying? A man may be forgiven for being so mastered by his disapproval of priestless marriages as to depart from his ideal of being "*huebsch objectiv*." But no writer who pretends to understand the conditions under which such work as George Eliot's is produced dare call the seclusion of her life, sensitive in spirit, delicate in

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health as she was, the morbid and unnatural atmosphere of a close conservatory that could produce only flowers of inherent weakness. May Fortune send us soon again such "dead" blossoms as "Romola" and "Middlemarch"! No critic that pretends to understand humanity can with impunity call the result of the universal spontaneous recognition of George Eliot's genius "a well-engineered fame"—can assume to see in George Lewes's worship of her and her supreme intellectual and artistic gifts the shrewd admiration of "a literary trainer with a view to present success." Perhaps on that Parnassus that Lewes's devotion, if not his talents, have gained, on that sacred mount where she sits among her peers, he may still hold before her the shield of his love. Many a man has gained heaven for less! No writer who addresses himself to the mind or the heart of his readers can afford to be "*gemein*" or carelessly to dim the glory of a well-deserving fame. Pentheus died at the Mænads' hands, amid the deep dark woods of Cithæron, not because his ignorance did not recognize the god Dionysus, but because his godlessness mocked the service of the god and saw only shameful motives in the mystic exultation of the circling Mænads on the mountain.

It is not adverse criticism that a great man fears. He who writes many books invites many judges, says St. Jerome. Keats did not die because the Review did not appreciate the beauties of "Endymion." It was cynical brutality, made all the coarser by the pathetic modesty of his apologia, that broke his heart and deprived us of who knows what poetic treasures. "Go up, thou bald-head," cried the poor little city boys as Elijah went up to Beth-el. And "there came forth two she-bears out of the woods and tare forty and two children of them." So that we see that mockery even by the innocent is punishable. "*Die Göttin,*" says Juno in Schiller's "Semele," "*rächt nichts so sehr als höhnisch Nasenrümpfen.*" We may pity without condemning the man who admits that he has never been able to read through one of George Eliot's books with genuine and wholehearted admiration. We may think it scarcely decent to flaunt such poverty. We may prefer the view that Lord Acton shared with M. Edmond Scherer that she was the most considerable literary personality that has appeared since the death of Goethe. It is the scornfully turned-up critical nose that arouses our ire.

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Wordsworth advised the critics to spend on original work the time spent in writing critiques, arguing that, whereas a malicious criticism may do much harm, a stupid invention is harmless and useful in helping the critic to find his own level. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any one incapable himself of creation is fitted to criticise the work of others. It may be that only he who has known through what travail thought is born in words, who has subjected himself to the discipline of art, the constraint of form, the "*forma rigida e severa,*" can appreciate, through knowledge of difficulties overcome, the value and meaning of any artistic production. The man who knows from his own failures how inadequately thought can be packed into a narrow phrase can read again into the written word of another the power that eluded and escaped the snare of language. It is just as difficult for the uninitiated to feel the significance of the fine points of a craft as for a foreigner to learn all the nuances of a foreign idiom. We may learnedly announce that Horace's verse is made up of three asclepiads and a cataletic trochaic tetrapody called a gliconic, but the knowledge cannot make us feel the fluent suavity of that verse as it is felt by the Italian poets who have adopted its metre and applied the ancient form to the expression of modern ideas. The criticism of such men as Horace, Boileau, Dryden, Johnson, Voltaire, Goethe, Heine, Carducci, have always been as invaluable as their distinctively creative work. We listen and rejoice when Browning writes of Shelley, when Swinburne writes of Meredith. Who can doubt that Carducci, to whom Virgil's verse was the stream murmuring in the white moonlight that floods the summer fields, the nightingale who pours his melody from the thicket, "*empie il vasto seren di melodia,*" while the traveller pauses, forgetting time as he thinks of the golden hair of his beloved—who can doubt that he has reached nearer to the soul of the real Virgil than the glib young critics who tell us that Virgil has really been very much overrated, being at best but a weak imitation of Homer? Any schoolboy may tell us that it is "old fogey" to admire Carlyle, any art student can tell us that Ruskin did not know how to draw. They can be judged only by their peers.

It has been said that it is no harder to grow an oak than a violet. With the proper elements in the soil, the proper degree of heat and moisture, the seed, once germinated, will

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grow of itself. The miracle lies in what is stored within that seed. The visible world lies equally before all of us. The elements to whose existence most of us are oblivious are to the artist the agencies that nourish the power that lies hidden in the mysterious reaches of his brain. The miracle lies in the stored-up capacity that we call the creative faculty. As in the plant, it is the germination that is the important step. It is the mysterious action by which what has existed as dim *Ahnungen* in the soul takes form and shape and grows of itself from the first desire for expression. And so the beauty and the power are liberated and made real for all of us. We can analyze the splendor of the iris whose stately head crowns the reedy growth beside the stream in June; we can classify its structure, discover the elements of its color, explore the secret chamber where its odor hides, but by no effort can we produce it or explain the mystery of its overpowering appeal. The psychologist can measure with his instruments the most delicate emotions. Only the artist can reproduce them. We cannot enough admire, we cannot enough wonder at this wonderful faculty. The observant student may be content to see what lies before him with the passionless eyes of the analyst. The great scientist is always alive to the miracle of creation.

It seems to me that if our critics had not, with their youth and their simplicity, lost their faculty of admiration we should have less of the kind of criticism that too often arouses our ire and, beguiling us to write criticisms of criticisms, spreads further the evil we bewail. Evil begets evil. Our economists lay many of our national ills to the fact that men take too little for themselves out of the inexhaustible earth and live too much on each other. Likewise while true creative work finds its material in the infinite treasure-house of the visible and invisible world, false criticism lives on the blood of other men's brains.

Poets, perhaps because of their child-like natures, may be forgiven for much "uncritical admiration." Things have changed since Hesiod's day, and though potter may still hate potter, poet no longer hates poet. Most great writers have had enthusiastic admirations, worshipping each other's great gifts and allowing the stimulus of this admiration to react on their own work. Robert Browning admired them all and was loved by all, even by such vigorous thinkers and haters as Carlyle and Landor and Ruskin and Swinburne, esteem-

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ing each rightly because esteeming highly. The poet whose function it is to see in the finite the germ of the infinite, in the accidental the root of the essential, can be forgiven for worshipping Victor Hugo as "the father of all souls that look upon the sun"—Giuseppe Mazzini as the man

> "whose praise no thought may reach,
> No words may weigh."

The critic whose Olympian function it is to weigh, to estimate, sees much more calmly, much more judicially—how much less truly!—the one as "a great though not rationally great Frenchman," the other as a "remarkably dull Italian." Yet in the long run it may be almost as important to mould the thought of a nation as to write a flawless lyric.

A man who satirically admits that his admiration for his subject never reaches boiling-point is, by that very moderation, disqualified to get at the heart of his subject. Stevenson regretted having written on François Villon, because "by the principle of the art" as he put it, his low opinion of Villon unfitted him to judge the picturesque vagabond. Admiration need not become a disease, as Macaulay called it, nor prevent a critic from being humanly at home with his subject. Mr. Chesterton worships Browning and Dickens; yet he is terribly at his ease in Zion in his treatment of them, as the Italians are familiarly at home in their churches, yet not blind to their beauty. And his books on those two delightful subjects are the best that have yet been done. Not for nothing do our dictionaries give us as synonyms "critic" and "amateur." Browning loved his star that dartled the red and blue, because it opened its heart to him. Rather, his star opened its heart to him because he loved it, as in that garden where the Sensitive Plant grew, all the flowers gave their sweetest perfume to the Spirit of Love that tended them.

A woman once told me that she thought the adoring attitude one to be discouraged in young people as tending to interfere with their development by making them too chameleon-like. Is it not better, as being more modest, to take color from brilliant surroundings than to retain unglorified the drab of a mediocre individuality? The only thing that redeems mediocrity is its modesty, its capacity for admiration. Some may be quite sure that they never mistook Mr. Trollope for one of the immortals, may be proud to remem-

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ber that in early youth they had an inkling of Tennyson's defects, or came to a conclusion about Thackeray that they never have had occasion to change. Huxley says somewhere that men ought to be strangled at a certain age to prevent them from becoming impervious to new impressions; and few men would like to admit that thirty years had not altered the inspired views of their youth. Although I admit that to-day the pathos of Sidney Carton is less heartbreaking to me than when I shed buckets of tears over his heroic end, though I agree that Stephen Guest was not worthy of Maggie Tulliver and used more attar-of-roses than a gentleman should, I am proud to remember that at the age of twelve I saw no fault in either Charles Dickens or George Eliot.

The attitude of the humble worshipper is much healthier as it is much rarer than that of the mortal hunting for spots on the sun. After all, it is so much easier to sympathize with failure than with success. It takes only common humanity to weep with our bereaved neighbor. It takes real bigness and generosity to rejoice without envy in our neighbor's happiness. Athens found insupportable the praise of Aristides's perfection. We are still very far from the hope that Mr. Meredith expresses in "The Lark Ascending," of a day when the millions shall rejoice in "the voice of one for millions," that gives "their spirit voice."

Appreciation, however, is a purely personal question, a matter of taste, that far from setting up any standard of judgment is merely an admission that all books are not for all men at all times. Especially is this true of poetry, which, by its short and complete forms, offers the poet the opportunity for presenting countless moments of his experience, each complete in itself, from which each may seek and find for himself what suits his taste. Some one has said that a difference of taste in jokes is productive of much domestic discord. Perhaps this comes painfully home to those of us that are condemned to see our unregenerate children prefer the humor of the so-called comic newspaper supplements to that of—Shakespeare's clowns, for instance. In all the ways of thought the same diversity of taste exists and our problem is to accept all tastes with equanimity. The strong meat of Whitman is poison to those of weaker digestion. Shakespeare, "our monarch of poets," is violent to Taine, not to be endured by Tolstoi. Maeterlinck, the exquisite dream-

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er, is only short of insane to Nordau. Ruskin hated the splendors of Ghirlandajo that most of us return many times to see again in their dim chapel in Santa Maria Novella. Many even get less pleasure out of the stupendous "Last Judgment" that fills the great wall in the Sistine Chapel than in those lightly moulded, delicately tinted pictures Simone Memmi painted, that all the world might know the faces of Laura and Petrarca. How many moods are there in each mind! The poem that was enclosed in a prickly burr before the winter fire may open its heart to us under blossoming laburnums. The essay that delighted us in the shaded place where the fish were biting may seem very puerile by the study table. How many moods are there in the universal mind of which each man is but a facet!

In the great world of letters many voices call with many different burdens. There is place for all—for Homer and Aristophanes, Cicero and Juvenal, Petrarca and Leopardi, Shakespeare and Shelley, Racine and Voltaire, Lessing and Heine, Emerson and Mark Twain. From their secured eminence, no violence or treachery shall displace them. Only we do not put Goethe in our pocket to fill in the waits at the circus, nor declaim Dante at a wedding breakfast, nor Lucian at a funeral. Not all are fitted to carry the world on their shoulders or to bring the light of a new era. All may not hear from the sea and the forest the voice that spoke to Shelley, all may not re-echo the cries of universal life that called to Shakespeare. Some must content themselves with but the faint reflection of those lofty and pensive visions. Yet in the Temple of the Arts there is a place and need for all that write out of sincerity. Who knows what may be the fruit of their sowing? A place for all, except the presumptuous and arrogant critic. Yet even he has his use. For by his example he may teach us to avoid that critical attitude toward masterpieces that Mr. Mahaffy traces from its birth in Alexandria to its culmination in the criticism that he calls the bane of modern life.

We need men who, through much study and thought, can tell us the background against which a work of art stands out, what Taine calls "the race, the surroundings and the epoch." We need men who can trace the development and relation of ideas, the development of the technique of art. Above all, we need men who, through their feeling for sincerity, their insight into meaning, their sense of form,

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can appreciate and interpret, who, adding to their keenness of perception the self-consciousness of apperception, fulfil Sainte-Beuve's ideal of a critic, as a man who knows how to read and to teach others to read.

> "God uses us to help each other so;
> Lending our minds out,"

says Fra Lippi. But we do not need men to tell us what a thing is *not*. In the whole of Matthew Arnold's beautiful essay on Heine he gives only sixteen lines to the consideration of what Heine lacked. He does not tell us that Heine undoubtedly possessed a mordant wit, but that he lacked the Olympian calm of Goethe. Nor that Mr. Swinburne has a fine sense of rhythm, but is without the restraint of Tennyson. Nor that Mr. Pater is scholarly and delicate, but lacks the ruggedness of Landor. Nor that while Charles Dickens has a certain, though limited, view of the irony of life he is deficient in the psychological subtlety that marks George Eliot. Nor that "if Browning had not the finest seventeenth-century magic of remoteness of matter and melody of form he had the queer mixture of ore and dross, the want of criticism, the incompleteness which mark all but one or two of our seventeenth-century men." *Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus.*

There is a legend that when Adam was barely an hour old God called together all the animals, that Adam might name them. And Adam, filled with the holy spirit, named all in turn, suiting each name to the peculiarity of the animal. The application of the legend lies in its comprehension of the manifold diversities of Nature. Sir Thomas Browne protested against the logic of calling an elephant or a toad ugly, since each in its outward shape expressed "the actions of its inward form," understanding in the correspondence of spirit and form the beauty that follows when each fulfils the law of its nature. We do not reproach the hollyhock for its height nor the snowdrop for its modesty. No wise man complains that the lion does not sing his heart out to the roses in the moonlight. Yet we are solemnly assured that George Eliot — Evangelical, Positivist, philosophical George Eliot—was "insufficiently devoted to the great god Nonsense." This kind of criticism reminds me of Touchstone's delightful view of life in the Forest of Arden:

> "In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it

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pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach."

Nor do we need to be reminded again and again of those things that are as obvious as that the buds swell in springtime and that the clouds fill themselves with their mist buckets from the sea. What new thing do we learn when we are told that "Tristram of Lyonesse" is long, that "The Ring and the Book" is voluble, that "Sweetness and Light" is full of repetitions of phrase, that Pickwick and his friends are types, not men, that Dorothea Brooke is very solemn? All this is for the simplest to see, like Corin's natural philosophy that taught him that it is the property of rain to wet and of fire to burn, and that a great cause of the night is lack of light. That Swinburne, despite the seeming richness of his vocabulary, has, after all, a limited number of rhymes, that he too often rhymes "laughter" and "after" as too often Carducci says, "*Tutt' ora tace*"—does that make one any the less the supreme master of English song, the other the greatest Italian poet of his century? Such judgments are but weak handles to catch great men by. The faults are open to all. "Theophrastus Such" and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" are judged in that they are not read. But not forty thousand critics could convince us that "Mrs. Poyser" and "Pompilia" are not writ clear for all eternity. What we want to be made to feel is the character and significance of the gift that each original genius bears within him, the gift that special circumstances have developed into something that is the man himself, not to be compared, certainly not to be confused, with any other. That we can do only when we shall have dropped the habit of seeking confirmation of our own beliefs in the works of others and have sought to know what the artist had to say, what excuse he had for breaking the natural reserve of the soul.

"Stat magni nominis umbra
Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro."

Like a lofty oak in a fruitful field! Which of our sacrilegious critics hesitates, with weak arm, to attempt to fell the lofty oaks that spring up so thickly in the fruitful field of our literature? The passion for rehabilitation is growing and, truly, it is a worthy thing to recall the forgotten words of men not fit for the grand first ranks, yet not meriting

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oblivion. But still stronger is the passion for lessening the glamour that clings to great names, for determining the exact reasons why what the world has been content to consider masterpieces fall "just short of the highest," to determine the exact point at which they "simulate if they do not possess immortal qualities." That, I think, would take all the natural skill of a prophet and the acquired skill of a son of a prophet. Oh, for the faculty to determine all these delicate points, to compass all the complexities of thought and feeling with foot-rules and test-tubes! Just as the complexity of our life is not to be bound by maxims, just so little is the expression of that varied life to be judged and weighed by critical formulas and estimated by generalities. Consider the mystery that hides behind the barrier of personality in ourselves, in those nearest to us. Yet our critics hesitate little to estimate by one rapid glance, to reproduce in one sweeping phrase the personality that hides among the printed pages. To be told that Robert Browning is broad and long—oh, very long—but not deep, is to be told nothing. To be assured that there is nothing in Swinburne that resembles a thought judges not the poet, but the critic who cannot see that such a poem as "The Last Oracle" tells us more than pages of comparative mythology.

A scientist can construct a prehistoric monster from a few fossilized bones, a whole civilization from a few scattered utensils. In the whole of nature, each little object bears its definite relation to the whole great scheme and contains in itself the secret of the whole. "In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea," sang Robert Browning. Mme. Curie must test fifteen tons of pitch-blende to secure one-hundredth of a milligram of precious polonium. Winter's haze must die before the might of the returning sun, all the reawakened hues of earth and sky must mingle in one splendid weft shot through with golden light before one yellow bell can break from the bare wood of the forsythia. All the thoughts and impressions of years must be sifted and analyzed and compared and blended before the artist shall produce the work that is to be disposed of in one comprehensive critical phrase. It is not to be wondered at that artists have always hated the critics. It is strange that Dante did not discover an especially unpleasant corner of the Inferno for them. George Lewes kept them and their praise and blame from the "close

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conservatory '' where Tito grew. Dumas hurled his choicest invectives at their unhappy heads. To Shelley, the critic of Keats was merely " a noteless blot on a remembered name.'' Heine thought criticism no longer the occupation even of the devil.

> " Doch will er nicht mehr mit Kritik sich befassen
> Die hat er jetzt gänzlich überlassen
> Der teuren Grossmutter, Hecate."

And Heine's Hecate was not that Homeric figure suggestive of Maeterlinck, of a Hecate sitting in her cave, veiled in a shining mist, thinking delicate thoughts, but the fearful Hecate, " the close contriver of all harms,'' that commends the pains of the secret, black and midnight hags who brew their shuddering potion in " Macbeth.''

In the ballad " Der Zauberlehrling '' Goethe tells the story of the magician's apprentice, who, proud in his knowledge of signs and words, sends the old broomstick to the stream for water. But the spirit whom he summons he cannot dismiss, because he has forgotten the word, and not until he is almost drowned does the master return with the warning:

> " Denn als Geister
> Ruft euch nur zu seinem Zwecke
> Erst hervor der alte Meister."

Just such spirits are many of our vaunted critical theories —magical when controlled by the master, rebellious and destructive when used by the ambitious apprentice who knows all the signs and magic words. In the hands of a master all the disorderly and turbulent array of contradictory facts and irrelevant details of history fall into their assigned places, leaving one clear view of order and significance. But the sad history of the world has shown how harmful is the use of their thaumaturgic paraphernalia by unskilled and proud apprentices. Racial distinctions discovered by the genius of philologists become instruments of wrath in the hands of nationalists, to whom the love of mine means the hatred of what is not mine. Evolutionary doctrines which gave definite form and meaning to pantheistic ideas of unity in nature are called in to settle the question of woman suffrage by referring to the biology of the amœba. Loving our theories and our labels, we confidently distinguish between the creative and the critical faculties. As if creation were not the conscious and unconscious critical selection of

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the fit, critical rejection of the unfit. As if criticism that explains underlying laws, that absorbs and transforms into something new in form and spirit, were not performing the creative function of being articulate. The power of the critic who pierces to the heart of a subject is closely allied to the power of the poet who plucks out the heart of mankind's mystery. Such pieces of analysis and summing-up as the chapter in Taine's "English Literature" called "Ideas and Productions" or any of the wonderful chapters of Buckle's "History of Civilization," are no different in their effect from the monologues of Hamlet or Caponsacchi. We talk glibly about the masculine faculty of creation and judgment, the feminine faculty of receiving, assimilating and reproducing. Yet, if Mrs. Poyser is merely the reproduction of George Eliot's mother, Sairey Gamp is no less the reproduction of Charles Dickens's nurse. Unfortunately, in criticism we have not yet adopted the scientist's habit of making his working hypothesis into law only on the support of cumulative and incontrovertible evidence.

We are told that the arts should under no circumstances be permitted to encroach on each other's provinces. Long ago Lucian advised the same sort of specializing. At a legitimately convoked Popular Assembly of the Gods it was enacted that "each god employ himself solely about his own proper business: that neither Athena practise medicine, nor Asklepius trade in oracles, nor Apollo have all to himself so many departments, but choose some one—either be a prophet or a professor of music or a physician." Pictures should not tell stories, prose should not be poetic, poetry certainly not be prose, music not be constrained to express definite dramatic meaning. Yet are we grateful for Botticelli and Ruskin and Walt Whitman and Richard Wagner, who do all these proscribed things. If theories were infallible, life's problems had all been solved long ago. On the other hand, the very theories that sound indefensible as such may be most acceptable when made practical in the arts. When Richard Wagner solemnly undertakes to prove that the music drama shall concentrate in itself all the arts —when he proposes, as George Moore puts it in "Evelyn Inness," that the Venus de Milo shall shrink away before Frau Sucher in beer-garden attitudes—we smile or sigh, according to the nature and degree of our philosophy. But

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when Siegfried is carried on the shoulders of his men over the darkened hills, while that solemn music sounds, with memories of his sunny youth and promise of heroic apotheosis, all the arts seem merged in the wonder of such music. Perhaps we feel it to be "antecedently improbable" that there should be warrant for the claim of modern Hellenes, that there lie miraculous powers in the reviving art of dancing. But when one single delicate figure walking slowly up and down a stage, against a draped background of neutral gray, can make her meaning so real that, looking back, we feel that we have actually seen that procession of stately Greek priestesses bearing their gifts into the shrine into whose mists they seem to fade, we forget our theories and feel that not too much has been claimed for the wonders of the art of dancing.

It may be true in the field of ethics that that is immoral in the individual which, followed by the majority, would lead to dissolution. In the field of art, it is true that many a characteristic that is made charming by the originality and sincerity of the artist becomes weak or artificial in the hands of imitators. But no great artist works with his eye on the effect on the vulgar. It is not a fault in Michelangelo that the fruits of his power and colossal imagination became to lesser minds models for sculpture, which substituted size for grandeur, for painting, which put contortion in the place of tragic emotion. It is not a fault in Matthew Arnold that his love of repetition and his suave urbanity may become tiresome and affected in a writer less anxious than he to impress what he considers to be an important point, less determined to refrain from vulgarity. It is not a fault in Walter Pater that his delicacy of thought and perfection of style may become affectation and preciosity in the hands of a writer in whom exquisiteness and finish are not essential parts of character and mental habit. Restraint is easy enough for most of us that can so easily exhaust an idea, that have difficulty enough in seeing *one* point of view clearly. Any child can drive old Dobbin who has seen a lifetime of patient service behind the plough. But what of a Pegasus that cannot bear a bridle, that rears and leaps and flies? What of those unfortunate geniuses that do not know when to stop, that, not fortunate enough to think in one image and one phrase, must see so primitive an emotion as Love, for instance, in half a hundred different images as in

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Swinburne's prelude to "Tristram of Lyonesse"—that, not able to tell a simple story of murder with the directness of a chronicler, must tell it from ten points of view in four hundred and eighty-one pages? Yet we all love energy and endurance. Why should that long-windedness that is so admirable in an acrobat be so reprehensibe in a poet? Enjoy and admire, the critics tell us, but be careful how you imitate. Well may we be careful with our weak powers to imitate the inimitable. Let them look to their laurels!

Indeed, we have too much imitation. The time will never come again when the people will march in joy to see the masterpiece carried to its place in the Cathedral, proud that they have bought some part of that gold that shines so wonderfully from angel's wing or bishop's stole. Each one of us is too anxious to prove that, though he cannot plan the whole, he can paint one smallest section and sign it with his own name. Perhaps it cannot be otherwise in a democratic world, where the high must be levelled that all may be equal, like the grass blades on a flawless lawn. Perhaps it is not even desirable that it should be otherwise. It may be short-sighted to confuse the vulgarization of art with its popularization. But sometimes it seems as if the nightingale's voice were lost in the clamor of the sparrows. Sometimes it seems that the wonders of the florist's art, which gives us jonquils in January, had spoiled us for the miracle of that first golden cup breaking out of the wintry earth.

In the mosaics that fill the gilded apses of old Italian churches, we do not exclaim at the woodenness of the little lambs like none that ever lived. We wonder rather that with such means there could be produced what should look at all like a lamb. Most of us are but as workers in mosaic, carefully joining the fragments of our thought, happy if our finished work bears any resemblance to the life it would portray. Let us not prescribe rules to the genius that works above our head, whose broad, free strokes make clear the vision that he sees of sibyls, prophets and divinities.

Beulah B. Amram.

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THE CHILD AND SOCIAL REFORM

BY THE REV. DR. PHILIP S. MOXOM

In all work for the moralization of human life, the workers are confronted by the disturbing fact of large and continuous waste. In the midst of the broad stream of general development there is a persistent counter-current of degeneration. The waste of life is represented, but not wholly comprehended, by what has been picturesquely called "the submerged tenth." With all the good work carried on in the world by Churches, Missions, Rescue Homes, Schools, Temperance and other reform societies — an innumerable multitude of remedial agencies—there is a constant production of "the bad." I use this term, not in the sense made familiar to us by narrow sympathies and ill-instructed moral judgment, but as one would use it who judges castings: some are defective and go into the old-iron heap to be broken up for remelting. There are the shiftless, the incompetent, the confirmed drunkards, the tramps, the vicious, the unproductive and the criminals of all grades. Not all of these are among the poor; wealth is no sure preventive of waste, and the wealthy furnish their quota for the old-iron heap.

In every centre of population, and even in many rural districts, specimens of this motley class are to be found. To some extent, the Church works upon it, and not entirely in vain, but with very limited success. The various enterprises for reform accomplish somewhat, but only a very little and in a very costly way. Society is like a leaking ship. The Church and kindred organizations are at the pumps, but the hold is not cleared. It would seem as if the most important task in which benevolent people can engage is that of stopping the leak. Of course the question will rise, "Can it be done?" Many say, "No." Others doubtfully ask, "How can it be done?" The problem of stopping the waste should be attacked on its least difficult side, and it has such

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a side. The saying, "The best way to do anything is to do it," is often pertinent, because almost any right endeavor is better than doing nothing while discussing the question of ways and means.

Is the submerged tenth a necessary and inevitable feature of society? That is a question which earnest and thoughtful men and women are asking more insistently every day. Whence come "the bad"? They are recruited from the ranks of childhood. Are they the product of heredity? Perhaps to a very limited extent, though that is a word with which we hide our ignorance while flattering ourselves with a feeling of important knowledge. Much more are they the product of environment.

Modern psychology is confirming the empirical teaching of experience that comparatively little change in moral bent, in one direction or the other, takes place after adolescence. The waste begins before that period, though it may not appear until later. Somewhat, but not very much, can be done for the moral improvement of the present adult generation. Nothing is more disappointing than work for the reform of depraved adults. The success of Mrs. Booth in her work among State prisoners is due largely to the fact that a considerable number of these prisoners are not criminals by bent of nature, but through misfortune or even accident. Others have recuperative energy still dormant in their natures, the germ of which was implanted in childhood. Besides, the waste of life is not defined by prison walls.

I am persuaded that, while the reform of an adult criminal or degenerate—who has become such in childhood—is not impossible, it seldom is accomplished. At any rate, every consideration of economy and effectiveness would lead us to approach the problem of reform at the point of least resistance, and especially to turn the belated endeavors for reform into efforts for prevention.

Childhood is the time of extreme plasticity—physically, mentally and morally. Children born in a certain environment, unless they are early removed or reached by positively counteracting influences, are foredoomed—it is not putting it too strongly to say foredamned. There is the real grim fact of predestination which, apart from all theories, we are compelled to face. There is a kind of Calvinism deep in nature and human life. That fact indicates pretty clearly what our aim and endeavor should be.

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What is the true, comprehensive and entirely wise enterprise—shall I say of the Church?—of society? *Effective moral care for all children from the cradle.* Let no waif escape a wisely sympathetic and sufficiently authoritative ministry. What forms this ministry may take will be considered somewhat at length later. At present I wish to insist on this: that every child in the community should be, and can be, reached by moralizing influences.

There are difficulties in the way of such an enterprise, but none that is insuperable; and such difficulties as exist are less among the poor than among the rich. That is, the sources of waste are more accessible among the former than among the latter.

An adequate and practically universal care for the moral health and education of childhood involves many things, but pre-eminently it involves a method which shall persistently seek out and follow up every child for its good. Such a method will require work—patient, tireless and tactful—and a great deal of it and for a long time. But that is what the Church and all other philanthropic and reformative societies are for, not for play or self-indulgence or even mutual admiration. Besides, all these are working now, and the efforts which they put forth in but very moderately successful enterprises of reform would accomplish vastly more if they were directed to the end of prevention. Formation is less arduous than reformation and it is much more profitable in results.

But such work is expensive. All good work is expensive—of time and labor and money and life. Men will give thousands of dollars for a scheme to extract gold from sea water; there are investments which pay much better in real values.

Let us conceive, then, an enterprise which should enlist all the churches, all the women's clubs, all reform organizations—all that large part of society which is well disposed toward mankind and is engaged in some sort of endeavor to improve life and lessen its waste. Conceive that this enterprise has for its end an adequate care for all children from birth to the beginning of adolescence; that is, to the age of fourteen years. Indeed, this period may be lessened. Many psychologists hold that the bent of a child is determined before the age of seven years. It is now a commonplace of psychology that the problem of moral development and the

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formation of habits which are the secure basis of sound character can be successfully handled only in early childhood. The mother who neglects the first years of her child's life imperils its whole character and career. All efficacious reforms in society must go back to the cradle and the nursery.

The two great forces which act within or on the child in its growth are heredity and environment. Of the former, with respect to moral traits, we know as yet but little. That there is a physical inheritance is obvious. To some extent, still very ill-defined, there appears to be what may be called a moral inheritance. But *character* is the one thing which every one must create for himself, since it is the product of choices and determinations. If we say that character is the sum total of one's habits, it is still true that one's habits are determined both by his environment and by his own more or less deliberate choice. We do know that bad parents prejudice their children's future. Heredity is so far a positive force in human life that men and women have no right to become parents without regard for the influence of their own condition and habits on their offspring. The progress of the race is continually handicapped by the morally and physically unfit recruits to its number brought in by wholly unfit parents.

Of the second force, namely, environment, we know much more than we do of heredity. It includes all those influences which act upon the child from without—material, mental and moral. Under the head of environment falls the entire enterprise of education, and this is so large that at last we are beginning to appreciate the truth of Lessing's prophetic words, "*Die Erziehung ist Offenbarung*" ("Education is revelation"). Education has a much larger place even in the animal world than many suppose; for it is now recognized that a good part of what we have called instinct is really the result of an educational process carried on by parents among wild animals. The play of many animals proves to be a schooling of the young in attack or defence or escape from enemies.

We have not stated the whole problem when we say *heredity* and *environment*. There is the element of individuality—a force which sometimes overcomes both heredity and environment. Every child is something new in the world. In that baby just born is coiled up a force which is

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unmeasured and unpredictable, which will sooner or later confound all the maxims of the father and baffle all the persuasions of the mother. Humanity never gets beyond the possibility of surprises in the form of revelations of what lies germinant in its nature individualized in children.

But the main influence in shaping a life is that of environment. A good environment will overcome the worst, as a bad environment will often defeat the best—heredity. Of environment the chief elements are, *first, the home.* The importance of making a good home need scarcely be argued here. Those who have good homes realize their importance. But thousands of our fellow beings have not and, without some marked social and economic changes, cannot have good homes. Among the working-classes—that is, operatives in mills, factories and the like—certain economic or industrial conditions tend to prevent the making of good homes. In many places operatives are discouraged from getting homes by the uncertainty of permanent employment.

The concentration of people of the same economic condition in cities, where high rents and poverty are in combination, prevents the creation of good homes. In the tenement districts of New York or Boston, how many real homes are there? Or rather, how few? In such districts there exists and increases a powerful instinctive attachment to the crowd. Hence the failure of attempts to ruralize urban people by moving them to the country individually or in groups. They will not stay in the country. The development of the electric railway and various other means of locomotion is opening up new possibilities in dealing with this condition; but the extreme attachment to the crowd must be reduced without lessening the element of good, which, after all, is its root.

The first essential of a good home is cleanliness. This is as necessary to moral as it is to physical health. To this must be added some degree of skill in domestic economy, so that there shall be the greatest attainable comfort. But the general atmosphere and spirit of the home are still more important. Cheerfulness, obedience, respect for elders and regard for the rights of others, are essential elements. Furthermore, it is difficult to conceive of a good home without the restraints and inspirations of religion. Where there is no reverence for God there will be little controlling respect for parents and regard for law.

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The homes of a nation are the fountains of its life. In these are made the laws by which it is ruled. Out of these rise the forces which shape its character and determine its destiny. How shall good homes be created? This question leads us back at once to the consideration of individual men and women and the formation of individual character. We are forced to reason in a circle. The child must be rightly moulded so that when he founds a home, it shall be such as will furnish a favorable environment for young life.

But the main point now is, that the home is the first important element in the environment of the child, and therefore the creation of good homes demands the thought and endeavor of all who would work effectively to stop the waste of life and to moralize human society. It is said sometimes that the mother makes the home and that the primary need is of good mothers. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. American homes are suffering to-day because of a lack of good fathers. Many fathers have abdicated their privilege and abandoned their duty as fathers. They leave the entire responsibility for the care of the home and the training of children to the mothers. However willing the mothers may be to assume the responsibility, they cannot supply the lack of the masculine element in the administration of the home. Children need the father as certainly if not as continuously as they need the mother. "Mother," said a child in a suburban home of New York, "who is that man that comes here to stay over Sundays? I don't like him, and I wish he would stay away." The man was the child's father and the supposed head of that family. If there is truth in Professor Münsterberg's criticism of American schools because of a deficiency of the masculine element in the teaching force, there is more poignant truth in the criticism of some foreign observers, notably English, that there is a deficiency of the paternal influence in American homes.

The second element in the proper environment of the child is a *good school*. By this I mean a school good not only in equipment, teachers and method, but good also in atmosphere and surroundings. The importance of this can scarcely be exaggerated. Here is a point at which an intelligent ministry to childhood can make great gain. Why should our schools, especially primary and grammar schools, always be situated as they are now in the midst of the popu-

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lation which they are meant to serve? Said a head master of a leading high school to me: "I would have a circle of kindergartens around the city away from its traffic and noise." Mr. McNutt suggests a scheme which, now that means for transportation are so greatly increased, grows feasible. His scheme is: Put all the kindergarten, primary and even grammar schools outside of the city—away from it—out in the country. Carry the children out every morning and back every evening six days in the week. Give them air and light. Bring them into contact with nature—with the soil and grass and flowers and trees and birds. Teach them the meaning of nature by such contact with it. Get them out of the wilderness of brick and stone and waken the stifled or never-developed interest in growing things and animals. Produce a generation in which the inbred attachment to the crowd shall be changed from a mere gregarious instinct into an intelligent human interest in fellow man and purified into a true altruism.

How much such a scheme would mean for the physical, intellectual and moral improvement of life in Boston, New York, Chicago and other great cities if it were liberally and persistently carried out. The main difficulties to be overcome are the inertia of ignorance and long-established custom and the opposition of unenlightened selfishness.

Equally important with the good school, but more difficult to attain, is *the good city;* that is, a social environment which would tend to elevate young life; at least, would not depress and degrade it. What have we now? A vast amount of unthinking as well as vicious profanity, coarseness, obscenity and brutality on the part of men in the presence of children. The children hear and learn that which pollutes their minds and makes moral training difficult.

But the effluent force of our coarseness is everywhere. Our walls are disfigured by vulgar and often evilly suggestive advertisements. Our streets are picketed with saloons, and in the larger cities it is even difficult to enforce the law requiring a saloon not to be nearer to a schoolhouse than four hundred feet.

There is so much in ordinary social surroundings which is coarsening and even positively corrupting that the wonder is that life improves from generation to generation as much as it does.

The fourth element of primary importance in the environ-

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ment of child life is *the good Church.* We are not concerned now with theology or ecclesiastical policy, but with the Church as the institution upon which, next to the home, rests the duty of caring for the religious and moral training of the young. It is immaterial now whether it be called church or synagogue, whether it be Protestant, Roman Catholic or Hebrew, Unitarian or Trinitarian; it is that institution which stands for the inspirations and sanctions of religion.

To-day most of the churches are organized and conducted with a view to the needs and tastes of adults. The children have an entirely subordinate place. They are drawn more or less successfully into an annex called the Sunday-school, where they are held in a sort of probation for future adult membership in the Church. If we stop to reflect we shall recognize the truth that the Church cannot do much toward changing the moral bent of adults. It can do much to change and improve the next generation of adults by working rationally upon the children. Why should not the Church change its line of approach to its enterprise of saving the world? Why not for a time let the adult sinner go his way, if he will, to whatever perdition may await him; and spend all our money in a prolonged, intelligent and devoted ministry to the children? Let us not persecute them with exhortations to a piety which they do not understand and would not like if they could; but seek to provide for them that culture in moral habits and wholesome activities and pure interests which will make them good men and women, reverent toward God, docile to the real teaching of experience, and in love with everything beautiful and true, beginning at a time when right habits can be formed even though right principles cannot yet be understood.

These, then, are elements of environment which being good shall mould the children and with them humanity into forms of health and beauty and intelligence and righteousness: the *home,* the *school,* the *city* and the *Church.*

Now let us return for a few minutes to the question of expense. One thing men are perpetually forgetting, namely, that *society must take care of the bad and bear the burden of the cost whether it will or no.* There is no alternative save temporary neglect, and that is more expensive than care. Just as a city, if it will not pay for wise and adequate sanitation, must pay for disease and death; so in the moral

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and economic realm, society, if it will not pay for prevention, must suffer loss and pay much for very imperfect cure.

It is becoming almost a truism that prevention is economical of money as well as of life. What mean our innumerable Charity organizations and Bethels, Houses of Correction, Reformatories, Jails, Penitentiaries, Police, Sheriffs, Courts, and executions and all the machinery of criminal law? These only partly represent the cost of neglecting to mould and train childhood. Add to this the economic loss in the unproductiveness of " the bad " and those who must guard them. The cost of all these remedial, restraining and punitive agencies is enormous, quite equal to the cost of caring for the primary education and nurture of every needy child in the country. Indeed, the estimate is made that every child in a community not otherwise properly cared for could be saved at a cost in money and labor less by one-fourth than that which is now required to protect society very imperfectly from the consequences of its own neglect.

It is cheaper to take care of the bad at the beginning. It would cost less to stop the leaks than it does to work the pumps. In fact, the cost is already provided for in the money, energy and labor which we now misdirect in numerous and for the most part fruitless enterprises for reform.

But if the cost of a complete preventive system were even more than we now pay for restraint there could be no rational hesitation, in view of value received, in adopting it. The restraint is grotesquely inadequate. Our reforms are only just a little less than dismal failures. A child saved is surely more valuable than a man hanged or a woman imprisoned. Besides, every waif saved becomes a productive worker, increasing the wealth which as an incompetent or a criminal he would waste or destroy.

Let us look once more for a moment at the field. There is to-day a stratum of society which practically is untouched by any reformative agency. The Church does not reach it. The Young Men's Christian Association does not. To a limited extent, the Volunteers and the Salvation Army and some of the city missions do. The mission Sunday-school, with its day nurseries and free kindergartens, does more. Certain enterprises, like those of the late Charles Loring Brace in New York and of Dr. Bernardo in London, have been so successful as to point out unerringly the general

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direction in which we must go. But what has been occasional and sporadic must be organized and developed into an enterprise covering the whole field.

At the risk of wounding adult susceptibilities I must repeat that not much can be done for this generation in the way of changing the moral bent of "grown-up" persons. For good or ill, the moral character of most is already determined for this world. What shall be done? For one thing let the Church concentrate its energies on the children. To-day its mission and even its right to exist are sharply challenged. A new crusade for the moralization and salvation of childhood would give it a new lease of life and a stronger power than ever.

The Church stands for the magnificent undertaking of the salvation of the world. Let it save one whole generation and its task will be enormously reduced and simplified. Can it be done? Dr. Bernardo, the founder of homes for waifs in London, out of 9,556 children in a given time lost only 1.84 per cent. That is, out of every hundred all but a fraction less than two were saved. What does this mean? The Church prays for the coming of God's kingdom on the earth, and the logic of experience is teaching it that the kingdom of God will come on earth only through the gateway of childhood.

The fate of the world is determined by the influences which prevail with the child from birth to seven years of age, certainly from birth to fourteen years of age. Such is substantially the unanimous judgment of living psychologists. All our problems go back to the child—corrupt politics, dishonesty and greed in commerce, war, anarchism, drunkenness, incompetence and criminality. We know now that much of our labor for the radical betterment of society is costly and fruitless. It is because we are working against nature. We take the twig after it is bent and has stiffened into a tree. We take the brook after it has become a torrent. We take the fire after it has become a conflagration. God is teaching us, in ways made costly by our ineptitude, to *begin at the beginning* and to meet the demands of the situation by conforming to fundamental principles.

PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM.

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POPULAR ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS

BY JOHN WILLIAM PERRIN

THE demand for a change in the method of electing United States Senators is not new, but is almost as old as the Constitution itself. It is not my purpose at this time to enter upon the pros and cons of the question, but to give a brief historical résumé of the various attempts to so change our organic law that Senators would be elected directly by the people instead of indirectly as now.

In the plan of government, popularly known as the "Virginia Plan" proposed in the Federal Convention (1787) by Governor Edmund Randolph, provision was made for the election of "the second (or Senatorial) branch of the National Legislature" by the House of Representatives "out of persons nominated by the State Legislature." Richard Dobbs Spaight, of North Carolina, opposed this and contended that Senators should be chosen by the State Legislatures. James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, the ablest constitutional lawyer in the Convention, objected to the methods proposed by both Randolph and Spaight and urged the election of Senators by popular vote; but no State voted for the motion he made except Pennsylvania, and when the method finally adopted came to a vote it was agreed to by nine States against two.

For more than a quarter of a century after the organization of the National Government, in 1789, comparatively little is heard of the question. During this period of our history, however, there was a thorough democratization of the State constitutions. Property qualifications for both suffrage and the holding of office were stricken out. Many appointive offices were made elective and the terms of office shortened. It was inevitable that a movement of such magnitude and character should eventually attempt a more com-

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plete democratization of the National Constitution, and one of the clauses most certain of attack was that relating to the election of Senators. The first attempt to change this clause came in 1826 when the Hon. Henry Randolph Storrs, a member of the House of Representatives from New York, on February 14th, introduced a resolution favoring an amendment to the Constitution providing for popular election. The Storrs resolution was tabled and nothing further was done in Congress on this question until 1835, when a similar resolution was introduced into the House by the brilliant but erratic Edward A. Hannegan, who was afterward Senator from Indiana. This met the same fate as the Storrs resolution.

Early in the fifties five propositions, all having the same general purpose,—the election of Senators by popular vote,—were brought to the attention of Congress. The first was introduced January 14th, 1850, by Jeremiah Clemens, then Senator from Alabama. The second was a resolution prepared by Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, and was introduced into the House of Representatives February 21st, 1851. The third was a proposition of a Mr. Mace, a representative from Indiana, and was offered in the House on January 15th, 1852. The fourth and fifth resolutions were second propositions by Andrew Johnson and Mr. Mace, respectively. The second Johnson resolution was introduced into the House February 2d, 1852, and that by Mr. Mace December 12th the same year. The Clemens resolution was read twice in the Senate, then referred to the committee on judiciary, where it was killed. The first Johnson resolution was also read twice and then referred to the committee of the whole, to be heard from no more. The first resolution offered by Mr. Mace has exactly the same history as that of Mr. Johnson. The second resolution of each of these gentlemen was referred to the committee on judiciary.

During the Civil War more momentous questions pressed on Congress for solution and little or nothing was heard in favor of the popular election of Senators. It was, however, a question that lay near the heart of Andrew Johnson. I have mentioned the two resolutions that he introduced into the House of Representatives in 1851 and 1852. In 1857 he was elected to the Senate from Tennessee. Three years later he introduced a similar resolution into that body; and as President, July 18th, 1863, he urged the same amendment

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in a special message to Congress and again in his annual message December 9th. With Johnson this amendment was but part of a scheme that he consistently advocated for a more complete democratization of the Constitution. He urged it with a proposition for the abolition of the electoral college, thus giving the election of President and Vice-President to a direct popular vote and the limitation of the tenure of justices of the National Judiciary to twelve years.

When the Reconstruction era had ended in 1876, and other questions than those brought on by the war began to interest the public, that of popular election of Senators began to receive increased attention. This is evidenced by the large number of resolutions introduced into Congress to secure the amendment. Until 1872 only the nine resolutions that I have mentioned had been presented to Congress. Since that date the number has been so large as to warrant the conclusion that the question is one that has strong hold on the popular mind. Hardly a session of Congress passes without one or more attempts to pass such an amendment. Six such resolutions were offered in both the Forty-ninth and the Fiftieth Congress. One of these, introduced by Mr. Townsend, of Illinois, December 21st, 1885, gives in the preamble as reason for the proposed change that "the Senate is now attempting to interfere with the power of the President to remove officials." This resolution was the result of the sharp contest, then at its height, between President Cleveland and the Senate in regard to suspensions and nominations.

The number of resolutions introduced into Congress providing for this amendment since 1885 is without precedent. In the first session of the Fifty-second Congress the number was twenty-five. In this same Congress the House of Representatives, on January 16th, 1893, passed by a two-third vote a resolution favoring the proposed change. Nine years later, February 13th, 1902, the House in the Fifty-seventh Congress passed a similar resolution by the same large vote. In the three intervening Congresses, too, the Fifty-third, the Fifty-fifth and the Fifty-sixth, the House voted in favor of popular election; but in each instance by a much smaller vote than in 1893 and 1902. In all five Congresses the resolutions failed in the Senate; but in the Fifty-fourth Congress the Senate, on March 23d, 1896, made an interesting report favorable to such an amendment. In this connection, too, it

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is worth mentioning that the first speech ever made in the Senate advocating this proposed change was given, in 1887, by Senator Charles Henry Van Wyck, of Nebraska. When this speech was delivered Senator Van Wyck had just been defeated for re-election by the Legislature, in spite of the fact that the voters of Nebraska, in accord with the provisions of the Constitution of 1875, had endorsed his re-election by a vote of nearly ten to one.

Nearly all of the proposed amendments to which I have referred made the election of Senators by the people imperative. Others, however, gave the State the choice between the present method and popular election; while still others would confer upon Congress power to provide by law "for the conduct of the election and for the canvassing of the vote."

Two others of still different type have been proposed. On January 9th, 1882, Mr. Bayne, a member of the House from Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution for an amendment having the principle of representation found in the "plan of government" offered by Governor Edmund Randolph in the Convention of 1787. It favored doing away with the present basis of representation in the Senate and substituted a proportional one instead. Each State was to have two Senators as now, but for "each million of inhabitants in any State in excess of two million" an additional Senator was to be allowed. On January 17th, 1892, Mr. Miller, of Wisconsin, introduced a resolution which also provided for proportional representation. It differed from the Bayne resolution in that each State was to have but one Senator, unless its population exceeded a million of inhabitants. For each additional million in any State an additional Senator was to be allowed. In both resolutions Senators were to be chosen by popular vote. Even though popular election should finally prevail, it is hardly probable that the States will be deprived of their equality of representation, as this would disturb one of the great compromises of the Convention of 1787.

Efforts to change our Constitution in this matter of popular election of Senators have not been limited to Congress. Power of initiative to change our organic law is given by the Constitution to State Legislatures. The two methods by which the Constitution can be amended are fully set forth in the Fifth Article. This reads as follows:

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"The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress."

In comparatively recent years the following State Legislatures have voted in favor of this amendment: Arkansas, California, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. In other words, the State Legislatures in thirty States,—almost the requisite two-thirds,—have adopted resolutions asking Congress to call a convention to amend the Constitution as to the method of electing United States Senators. In 1892 California, to test the sentiment of the voters of that State, referred the question to a general election. The next year Nevada followed her example; and nine years later, 1902, Illinois did the same thing. The voters in all three States endorsed the proposed change by large pluralities. In California 187,953 votes were cast in favor of popular election, and but 13,342 against it. In Nevada 6,775 favored the proposed amendment and but 886 opposed it. In Illinois more than half a million votes were cast, of which 451,319 were in favor of, and 76,975 were against, the proposed change.

At no distant day the question promises to become a prominent one in our national politics. The referendum vote in California, Nevada and Illinois is a clear indication of the trend of popular sentiment. In every national platform of the Labor party since 1892 there has been a plank demanding the popular election of Senators; and in the Presidential campaigns of 1900, 1904 and 1908 there has been such a plank in the Democratic platform. But of greater significance as showing that the question is a national one is the Conference held at Des Moines, Iowa, in December, 1906. This was called by Governor Cummins under direction of a resolution of the Iowa Legislature. Its purpose was to promote the direct election of Senators.

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Twelve States were represented by delegates. The resolutions adopted declare

"that, while this Convention would much prefer that Congress should submit to the several States a proposed amendment to the Constitution for the election of Senators by direct vote of the people, so that the States might pass upon it as a single question, yet inasmuch as the Senate persistently refuses to submit such amendment, it therefore earnestly recommends that the Legislatures of the several States do, in pursuance of Article V of the Constitution of the United States, make application to Congress to call a convention for the purpose of proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States."

Besides adopting these resolutions, the Conference appointed an executive committee, of which Mr. Thomas A. Cheshire, of Des Moines, is Chairman, to carry on a campaign to induce the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States to vote in favor of calling a constitutional convention.

JOHN WILLIAM PERRIN.

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THE INTERNATIONAL FAME OF MARK TWAIN

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

"Art transmitting the simplest feelings of common life, but such always as are accessible to all men in the whole world—the art of common life—the art of a people—universal art."—TOLSTOY: "What is Art?"

IT is a mark of the democratic independence of America that she has betrayed a singular indifference to the appraisal of her literature at the hands of foreign criticism. Upon her writers who have exhibited derivative genius—Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow — American criticism has lavished the most extravagant eulogiums. The three geniuses who have made permanent contributions to world literature, who have either embodied in the completest degree the spirit of American democracy or who have won the widest following of imitators and admirers in foreign countries, still await their final and just deserts at the hands of critical opinion in their own land. The genius of Edgar Allan Poe gave rise to schools of literature in France and on the continent of Europe; yet in America his name remained until now debarred from inclusion in a so-called Hall of Fame! Walt Whitman and Mark Twain, the two great interpreters and embodiments of America, represent the supreme contribution of democracy to universal literature. In so far as it is legitimate for any one to be denominated a "self-made man" in literature, these two men are justly entitled to that characterization. They owe nothing to European literature—their genius is transcendently original, native, democratic. The case of Mark Twain is a literary phenomenon which imposes upon criticism, peculiarly upon American criticism, the distinct obligation of tracing the steps in his unhalting climb to an eminence completely international in character. Mark Twain achieved that eminence by the sole power of brain and personality. In this

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sense his career is unprecedented and unparalleled in the history of American literature. Criticism must define those signal qualities, traits, characteristics—individual, literary, social, racial, national—which encompassed his world-wide fame. For if it be true that the judgment of foreign nations is virtually the judgment of posterity, then is Mark Twain already a classic.

Upon the continent of Europe, Mark Twain first received notable critical recognition in France at the hands of that brilliant woman, Mme. Blanc ("Th. Bentzon"), who devoted her energies in such great measure to the popularization of American literature in Europe. The essay on Mark Twain, in the series which she wrote, under the general title "The American Humorists," appeared in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" in 1872 (July 15th). In addition to a remarkably accurate translation of "The Jumping Frog" into faultless French, this essay contained a minute analysis of "The Innocents Abroad"; and at this time Mme. Blanc was contemplating a translation of "The Innocents Abroad" into French. There is no cause for surprise in the discovery that a scholarly Frenchwoman, reared on classic models and confined by rigid canons of art, should stand aghast at this boisterous, barbaric, irreverent jester from the Western wilds of America. When one reflects that Mark Twain began his career as one of the sage-brush writers and gave free play to his democratic disregard of the traditional and the classic as such, it is not to be wondered at that Mme. Blanc, while honoring him with elaborate interpretation in the most authoritative literary journal in the world, could not conceal an expression of amazement over his enthusiastic acceptance in English-speaking countries:

"Mark Twain's 'Jumping Frog' should be mentioned, in the first place, as one of his most popular little stories—almost a type of the rest. It is, nevertheless, rather difficult for us to understand, while reading the story, the 'roars of laughter' that it excited in Australia and in India, in New York and in London; the numerous editions of it which appeared; the epithet of 'inimitable' that the critics of the English press have unanimously awarded to it. . . .

"We may remark that a Persian of Montesquieu, a Huron of Voltaire, even a simple Peruvian woman of Madame de Graffigny, reasons much more wisely about European civilization than an American of San Francisco. The fact is that it is not sufficient to have wit or even natural taste in order to appreciate works of art.

"It is the right of humorists to be extravagant; but still common sense, although carefully hidden, ought *sometimes* to make itself apparent. . . .

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In Mark Twain the Protestant is enraged against the pagan worship of broken marble statues—the democrat denies that there was any poetic feeling in the Middle Ages. . . .

"In the course of this voyage with Mark Twain ('The Innocents Abroad'), we at length discover, under his good-fellowship and apparent ingenuousness, faults which we should never have expected. He has in the highest degree that fault of appearing astonished at nothing—common, we may say, to all savages. He confesses himself that one of his great pleasures is to horrify the guides by his indifference and stupidity. He is, too, decidedly envious. . . . We could willingly pardon him his patriotic self-love, often wounded by the ignorance of Europeans, above all, in what concerns the New World, if only that national pride were without mixture of personal vanity. . . .

"Taking the 'Pleasure Trip on the Continent' altogether, does it merit the success it enjoys? In spite of the indulgence that we cannot but show to the judgments of a foreigner; while recollecting that those amongst us who have visited America have fallen, doubtless, under the influence of prejudices almost as dangerous as ignorance, into errors quite as bad—in spite of the wit with which certain pages sparkle—we must say that this voyage is very far below the less celebrated excursions of the same author in his own country."

It is only too patent that the humor of Mark Twain, the very qualities which won him his immense and sudden popularity, make no appeal to Mme. Blanc. She conscientiously and painstakingly upbraids him *au grand sérieux* for those features of his work most thoroughly surcharged with *vis comica*. Three years later Mme. Blanc returns to the criticism of Mark Twain, in an essay in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" (March 15th, 1875), entitled "*L'Age Doré en Amérique*"—an exhaustive review and analysis of "The Gilded Age." The savage charm and genuine simplicity of Mark Twain are not devoid of attraction even to her sophisticated intelligence; and she is inclined to infer that jovial irony and animal spirits are qualities sufficient for the amusement of a young nation of people such as are the Americans, since they do not pique themselves upon being *blasés*. According to her judgment, Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner are lacking in the requisite mental grasp for the "stupendous task of interpreting the great tableau of the American scene." Nor does she regard their effort at collaboration as a success from the standpoint of art:

"From this association of two very dissimilar minds arises a work very difficult to read; at every moment we see the pen pass from one hand to the other and the romancer call the humorist to order, only too often call him in vain. . . . Do not expect of Mark Twain either tact or delicacy, but count upon him for honest and outspoken shrewdness. . . ."

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The charm of Colonel Sellers wholly escapes her, for she cannot understand the truly loving appreciation with which this genial burlesque of the later American industrial brigand was greeted by the American people. The remarkable talents of Mark Twain as a reporter impress her most favorably; but she is repelled by "that mixture of good sense with mad folly—disorder," the wilful exaggeration of the characters, and the jests which are so elaborately constructed that "the very theme itself disappears under the mass of embroidery which overlays it." "The audacities of a Bret Harte, the temerities of a Mark Twain still astonish us," she concludes; "but soon we shall become accustomed to an American language whose savory freshness is not to be disdained in lieu of still more delicate and refined qualities that time will doubtless bring."

In translating "The Jumping Frog" (giving Mark Twain the opportunity for re-translating it—"clawing it back"—into English which furnished amusement for thousands), in elaborately reviewing, with long citations, "The Innocents Abroad" and "The Gilded Age," Mme. Blanc rendered a genuine service to Mark Twain, introducing him to the literary world of France and Europe. In 1881 Émile Blémont still further enhanced the fame of Mark Twain in France by publishing in free French translation a number of his slighter sketches, under the title "*Esquisses Américaines de Mark Twain.*" In 1884 and again in 1886 appeared editions of "*Les Aventures de Tom Sawyer,*" translated by W. L. Hughes. In 1886 Eugène Forgues published in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" (February 15th) an exhaustive review, with lengthy citations, of "Life on the Mississippi," under the title "*Les Caravanes d'un Humoriste.*" His prefatory remarks in regard to Mark Twain's fame in France at this time may be accepted as authoritative. He called attention to the commendable efforts of French scholars to popularize these "transatlantic gayeties." But the result of all the efforts to import into France a new mode of comic entertainment was an almost complete check. There was one notable exception; for "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" was really appreciated and praised as—an "exquisite idyll"! The peculiar twist of national character, the specialized conception of the *vis comica* revealed in Mark Twain's works, tended to confine them to a restricted *milieu*. To the French taste, Mark Twain's

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pleasantry appeared *macabre,* his wit brutal, his temperament dry to excess. By some, indeed, his exaggerations were regarded as "symptoms of mental alienation"; and the originality of his verve did not conceal from French eyes the "incoherence of his conceptions."

"It has been said," remarks M. Forgues, "that an academician slumbers in the depths of every Frenchman; and this it was which militated against the success of Mark Twain in France. Humor, with us, has its laws and its restrictions. So the French public saw in Mark Twain a gross jester, incessantly beating upon a tom-tom to attract the attention of the crowd. They were tenacious in resisting all such blandishments. . . . *As a humorist* Mark Twain has never been appreciated in France. The appreciation he has ultimately secured—an appreciation by no means inconsiderable, but in no sense comparable to that won in Anglo-Saxon and Germanic countries—was due to his shrewdness and penetration as an observer, and to his marvellous faculty for evoking scenes and situations by the clever use of the novel and the *imprévu.* There was, even to the French, a certain lively appeal in an intelligence absolutely free of convention, sophistication or reverence for traditionary views *qua* traditionary."

Although at first the salt of Mark Twain's humor seemed to be lacking in the Attic flavor, the leisurely exposition of the genially naïve American in time won its way with the *blasé* Parisians. It is needless to cite those works of his which were subsequently translated into the French language. It has been recorded that tourists who could find no copy of the Bible in the street book-stalls of Paris were confronted on every hand with copies of "Roughing It"! When the English edition of Mark Twain's collected works appeared (Chatto and Windus: London), that authoritative French journal, the "*Mercure de France*" (December, 1899), paid him this distinguished tribute:

"His public is as varied as possible, because of the versatility and suppleness of his talent which addresses itself successively to all classes of readers. He has been called the greatest humorist in the world, and that is doubtless the truth; but he is also a charming and attractive story-teller, an alert romancer, a clever and penetrating observer, a philosopher without pretensions and, therefore, all the more profound, and finally a brilliant essayist."

Perhaps the present writer may be pardoned for mentioning that when an essay of his on Mark Twain appeared in "Harper's Magazine," in 1909, M. Lux, reviewing it in "*L'Indépendence Belge,*" says:

"In Mark Twain's writings are to be distinguished, exalted and sublimated by his genius, the typically American qualities of youth and of gayety, of force and of faith. His countrymen love his philosophy, at once

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practical and high-minded. They are fond of his simple style, animated with verve and spice, thanks to which his work is accessible to all classes of readers. . . . He describes his contemporaries with such an art of distinguishing their essential traits, that he manages to evoke, to *create* even, characters and types of eternal verity. The Americans profess for Mark Twain the same sort of vehement admiration that we have in France for Balzac."

In Italy, as in France, Mark Twain was regarded as a remarkable impressionist; and "The Innocents Abroad" had wide popularity in Rome. But with the peculiar *timbre* of Mark Twain's humor his Italian audience was not wholly sympathetic; they never felt themselves thoroughly *au courant* with the spirit of his humor.

"Translation, however accurate and conscientious," as the Italian critic, Raffaele Simboli, has pointed out, "fails to render the special flavor of his work. And then in Italy, where humorous writing generally either rests on a political basis or depends on *risqué* phrases, Mark Twain's 'Sketches' are not appreciated because the spirit which breathes in them is not always understood. The story of the 'Jumping Frog,' for instance, famous as it is in America and England, has made little impression in France and Italy."

It was rather among the Germanic peoples and those most closely allied to them racially and temperamentally, the Scandinavians, that Mark Twain found most complete and ready response in Europe. At first sight, it seems almost incredible that the writings of Mark Twain, with their occasional slang, their not infrequent colloquialisms, and their local peculiarities of dialect, should have borne translation into other languages, especially into so complex a language as the German. It must, however, be borne in mind that, despite these peculiar features of his writings, they are couched in a style of most marked directness, simplicity and native English purity.

"He writes English," says Mr. Howells, "as if it were a primitive and not a derivative language, without Gothic or Latin or Greek behind it or German and French beside it. The result is the English in which the most vital works of English literature are cast. . . ."

The ease with which Mark Twain's works were translated into foreign, especially the German and allied tongues, and the eager delight with which they were read and comprehended by all classes, high and low, constitute perhaps the most signal conceivable tribute not only to the humanity of his spirit, but to the genuine art of his natural and forthright style. "The Jumping Frog" one would imagine to

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be very recalcitrant to translation. But I was amazed to discover the naturalness and accuracy of both the French and German translations; not only was the spirit of the original preserved: the universality of the anecdote appeared in yet clearer light. Take a brief passage—that in which Smiley and the stranger touch their respective frogs in order to make them jump. First read M. Blémont's translation into French:

"Maintenant, dit-il, êtes-vous prêt? Bon! Mettez votre bête à coté de Daniel, leurs pattes de devant bien alignées. Y êtes-vous? je donne le signal.

"L'alignement établi, il cria:—Un, deux, trois! Sautez!

"Et chacun d'eux pressa au même instant sa grenouille par derrière. La nouvelle grenouille sauta. Daniel voulut sauter aussi, Daniel fit un effort, haussa les épaules, tenez! comme ça, à la français. Mais, bah! Daniel ne pouvait plus bouger! La pauvre bête semblait plantée là aussi solidement qu'une enclume. On eût dit qu'elle était ancrée sur place. Smiley n'en fut pas médiocrement écœuré. Mais il n'eut pas la moindre idée de ce qui s'était passé en son absence. Naturellement!"

The translation is apt and clever, for M. Blémont has preserved the spirit—the *ton goguenard*—of the original—lacking in the translation of Mme. Blanc. Equally satisfactory, in catching the *tone* of the story, is the German translation of Herr Moritz Busch:

"Na, wenn Sie jetst parat sind, so setzen Sie ihn neben Daniel'n hin, seine Vorderpfoten ganz in derselben Linie wie Daniel'n seine, und ich werde das Signal geben. Dann sagte er: 'Eins—zwei—drei—hopps!' und er und der Bursche gaben den Fröschen hinten einen Tipps, und der neue Frosch hüpfte fort. Aber Daniel that einen Säufzer und hob die Schultern —so—wie'n Franzose—aber's half nichts, er konnte sich nicht rippeln noch rappeln, er sass so fast wie ein Ambos, und er war nicht mehr im Stande, sich zu regen, als wenn er mit einem Anker festgekettet wäre. Smiley war sehr überrascht davon und sehr böse darüber, aber er hatte natürlich keine Ahnung, an was es lag."

One reason—by no means an insignificant reason—why Mark Twain is regarded in Germany almost as if he were a native German writer is that no other English or American author has had so many translators and editors. "*Mark Twain's Ausgewählte Humoristische Schriften,*" in twelve volumes (Lutz: Stuttgart), as the Viennese philologist, Dr. Leon Kellner, has pointed out, read "precisely like a German original"—a truly remarkable circumstance. And almost more remarkable still—Mark Twain's "*Jugendschriften*" have already, some years gone, passed into the fixed repertory of German school literature!

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As early as 1872, Mark Twain had secured Tauchnitz, of Leipzig, for his Continental agent. German translations soon appeared of "The Jumping Frog and Other Stories" (1874), "The Gilded Age" (1874), "The Innocents Abroad" (1875), "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1876). Numerous translations soon followed in Germany—published by Mann (Leipzig), Freytag (Leipzig), Lutz (Stuttgart), Reclam's *Universal-bibliothek,* etc. A few years later his sketches, many of them, were translated into virtually all printed languages, notably into Russian and modern Greek. His more extended works rapidly came to be translated into German, French, Italian, Dutch and the languages of Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula.

The elements of the colossally grotesque, the wildly primitive, in the works of Mark Twain—the underlying note of melancholy, the strain of persistent idealism, not less than the bohemianism—awake a responsive chord in the Germanic consciousness. Mark Twain's stories of the Argonauts, the miners, and the desperadoes; his narratives of the wild freedom of the life on the Mississippi, the lawless and barbaric encounters—all appealed to the Germanic passion for the grotesque. To the Europeans, this wild genius of the Pacific Slope (strange misnomer!) seemed to function in a sort of unexplored fourth-dimension of humor—vast and novel—of which they had never dreamed. In his "*Psychopathik des Humors,*" Schleich reserved for American humor, with Mark Twain as its leading exponent, a distinct and unique category which he denominated "*phantastisch,*" "*grossdimensional.*" In commenting upon the works of Mark Twain and his popularity in German Europe, Carl von Thaler unhesitatingly affirms that Mark Twain was entertained with absolutely unprecedented hospitality in Vienna—an honor hitherto paid to no German author! In Berlin the young Kaiser bestowed upon him the most distinguished marks of his esteem. He praised Mark Twain's work, notably "Life on the Mississippi," with the intensest enthusiasm; the passages in "A Tramp Abroad" dealing with German student life were also singled out for commendation. After hearing the Kaiser's eulogy on "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain was astounded and touched to receive a similar tribute, the same evening, from the *portier* of his lodging-house.

"That a crowned head and a *portier,* the very top of an Empire and

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the very bottom of it, should pass the very same criticism and deliver the very same verdict upon a book of mine—and almost in the same hour and the same breath"—

this, Mark Twain confessed, was the most extraordinary coincidence of his life.

By German critics Mark Twain was hailed as the leading exponent of American humor, not only in the United States, but, in Herr Ludwig Salomon's phrase, "everywhere that culture rules." "Robinson Crusoe" was held to exhibit a limited power of imagination in comparison with the ingenuity and resourcefulness of "Tom Sawyer." At times the German critics confessed their inability to discover the dividing-line between astounding actuality and humorously fantastic exaggeration. The description of the barbaric state of western America possessed an indescribable fascination for the Europeans. At times Mark Twain's bloody jests froze the laughter on their lips; and his "revolver humor" made their hair stand on end. "Such adventures," one bold critic observes, "are possible only in America—perhaps only in the fancy of an American!"

"Mark Twain's greatest strength," says von Thaler, "lies in his little sketches, the literary snapshots. The shorter his work, the more striking it is. He draws directly from life. No other writer has learned to know so many different varieties of men and circumstances, so many strange examples of the *Genus Homo,* as he; no other has taken so strange a course of development."

The deeper elements of Mark Twain's humor did not escape the attention of the Germans, nor fail of appreciation at their hands. In his aphorisms, embodying at once genuine wit and experience of life, they discovered the universal human being; and it is chiefly for this reason that they found these aphorisms worthy of profound and lasting admiration. Franz Sintenis saw in Mark Twain a "living symptom of the youthful joy in existence"—a genius capable at will, "despite his boyish extravagance," of the virile formulation of fertile and suggestive ideas. On the occasion of Mark Twain's seventieth birthday, German Europe united in honoring the man and writer. Able critical reviews of his life and work were published in Germany and Austria — more in German Europe than in America! From these various essays—in such authoritative publications as the "*Neue Freie Presse*" (Vienna), "*Tägliche Rundschau*" (Leipzig), "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" (Munich),

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"*Gymnasium*" (Paderborn), and the "*Illustrirte Zeitung*" (Leipzig)—I select one short passage from the pen of the able critic, Dr. Leon Kellner, of Vienna:

"A bohemian fellow, who is full of mischief without the slightest trace of malice in it, an imaginative story-teller who is always ready to make himself and others ridiculous without coming anywhere near the truth, a fantastic and Johnny-look-in-air who nevertheless never loses the solid ground from under his feet, a vagabond and adventurer, who from crown to sole remains a gentleman and with the grand manner of a Walter Scott keeps his commercial honor unsoiled—that is the writer Mark Twain and the citizen Samuel Langhorne Clemens in one person."

He hails Mark Twain as "the king of humorists"—who understood how to transmute all earthly stuff, such as the negro Jim and the street Arab, Huckleberry Finn, into "the gold of pure literature." At the time of Mark Twain's death, when so many tributes were paid him all over the world, one of his German critics wrote, with genuine insight into the deeper significance of his work:

"Although Mark Twain's humor moves us to irresistible laughter, this is not the main feature in his works; like all true humorists, *ist der Witz mit dem Weltschmerz verbunden,* he is a witness to higher thoughts and higher emotions, and his purpose is to expose bad morals and evil circumstances in order to improve and ennoble mankind."

Mark Twain is loved in Germany, the critics pointed out, more than all other humorists, English or French, because his humor "turns fundamentally upon serious and earnest conceptions of life." It is a tremendously significant fact that the works of American literature most widely read today in Germany are the works of—striking conjunction!—Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mark Twain.

"The Jumping Frog" fired the laugh heard round the world; it initiated Mark Twain's international fame. "The Innocents Abroad" won the thoughtful attention of the English people. Since that day Mark Twain has been the adored author of England and the colonies; in lieu of a national author, the English chose Mark Twain for the national author of the English-speaking world. His popularity in England was as great as in America or Germany; all classes read his works with unfeigned delight; critics of the highest authority praised his works in the most glowing terms. The personal ovation to him in 1907, which I witnessed, was the greatest ovation ever given by the English public to a foreign visitor not a crowned head; and Oxford University honored him with her degree.

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At that time the oldest of England's periodicals, "The Spectator," paid Mark Twain this significant and comprehensive tribute:

"It is all, surely, the most admirable fun and light-heartedness. But fun, light-heartedness and an unrivalled sense of humor are by no means Mark Twain's only, nor even, perhaps, his most commanding, characteristics. He has a peculiar power of presenting pathetic situations without 'slush.' . . . He is, above all, the fearless upholder of all that is clean, noble, straightforward, innocent and manly. . . . He has his extravagances; some of his public, indeed, would insist on them. But if he is a jester, he jests with the mirth of the happiest of Puritans; he has read much of English knighthood, and translated the best of it into his living pages; and he has assuredly already won a high degree in letters in having added more than any writer since Dickens to the gayety of the Empire of the English language."

It is gratifying to citizens of all nationalities to recall and recapture the pleasure and delight Mark Twain's works have given the world for decades. It is peculiarly gratifying to Americans to rest confident in the belief that, in Mark Twain, America has contributed to the world an international and universal genius — sealed of the tribe of Molière, a congener of Defoe, of Fielding, of Le Sage—a man who will be remembered, as Mr. Howells has said, "with the great humorists of all time, with Cervantes, with Swift, or with any other worthy his company; none of them was his equal in humanity."

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

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THE LEAVES OF THE TREE

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

HENRY SIDGWICK

Henry Sidgwick was born in 1838, the son of a clergyman, Headmaster of Skipton Grammar School. His grandfather, William Sidgwick, was a self-made man, a wealthy cotton-spinner, who had married a Miss Benson, and thus my father, Archbishop Benson, was Henry Sidgwick's second cousin. The other members of the family who survived infancy were William Carr Sidgwick, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Arthur Sidgwick, a Rugby Master, and later Tutor of Corpus College, Oxford, and my mother.

There was a marked intellectual bent in the whole clan. I once made out a careful record of their performances. I forget now the exact details, but I think that it came out that something like twelve members of the united families had taken first classes at the University, and that over twenty of them had published books of some kind or another. I sent the particulars to Sir Francis Galton, in answer to one of his circulars, and he replied that it was the most remarkable case of kindred aptitude that had ever come under his notice.

Henry Sidgwick was at school at Rugby, where his widowed mother resided. He was not proficient in athletics and lived a rather secluded school life, with the background of a very happy home circle. My father was then a Rugby Master and lived with the Sidgwicks. Henry Sidgwick went on to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of seventeen, as a Scholar. Though he had a year of ill health, he came out as Senior Classic and a Wrangler. He was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity and took up the study of Moral Philosophy. He held a College Lectureship and was eventu-

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ally made Professor of Moral Philosophy. He married, in 1876, a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and he died in 1900, at the age of sixty-two, after a brief illness.

Such is the summary of a life which, as far as external incidents go, must seem extremely uneventful, though it was full of intellectual and social activities. Apart from his teaching and his books, Henry Sidgwick took a very active part in the administration of the University. Much of his time in later years was given to the work of the Psychical Society, and the investigation of spiritualistic phenomena. He was one of the chief pioneers of women's education; and the close of his life was spent at Newnham College, of which his wife was the Principal. He used to say, laughingly, that he supposed he was one of the few people in England whose position in his home was simply that of husband of the occupier.

The analysis of academical politics is an intricate business and, to outsiders, a peculiarly uninteresting one. It will suffice to say that Sidgwick's position at Cambridge was a singular one. When he first took a hand in University organization, he was looked upon as rather an unpractical man, with dangerously subversive tendencies, and with so marked a power of seeing both sides of a question that he could never be depended upon to follow a definite line. He ended by being one of the most trusted and respected members of the oligarchy which rules Cambridge, distinguished " for public spirit, for fairness, for industry in investigation, for dialectical skill." The Bishop of Bristol, who held for many years a prominent place in the administration of the University, said that if Sidgwick had been present at a meeting, and had fairly discussed a matter, the members of the particular Board at least knew this—that there was not any obviously better plan to be conceived, and that they had not lost sight of any main considerations. Professor Henry Jackson, replying to the criticism that Sidgwick was a man who " sat on the fence," said that it was a complete mistake. " The man who ' sits on the fence ' is one who, whether he has or has not definite convictions, is reluctant to declare himself. . . . Sidgwick's conclusions were often compromises, and might change surprisingly; but they were always exactly thought out, confidently affirmed and eagerly defended." At the same time, the fact cannot be overlooked that, in matters of policy, Sidgwick's mind was liable to

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great and scrupulous oscillations, which bewildered supporters and opponents alike; this arose partly from a genuine and deep-seated diffidence, and still more from a conscientious dread of not doing full justice to the opinions of those with whom he began by disagreeing.

Of his direct educational work it may be said that Henry Sidgwick was undoubtedly a teacher for the few rather than for the many. He once accepted a Mastership at Rugby from Temple, and wisely withdrew his acceptance. He began his teaching work by instructing the pass-men at Trinity; and he used to tell an amusing story about this. One evening at a party he saw one of his class, who had just taken his degree, making his way across the room, with great diffidence, to speak to him. The man drew near, and then said that he wished to express his gratitude for Sidgwick's lectures. They were the best lectures, he said, he had ever attended, with the exception of Professor Kingsley's History lectures; and then, to salve the wound which might have been inflicted by the comparison, he added, "But, of course, Professor Kingsley's lectures are intended to improve the mind."

Sidgwick's main work was done in Moral Philosophy. His classes were never large, the subject not being one which attracted many students; but the result was that the quality was high, so that for years he had in his hands the opportunity of affecting and forming perhaps the most subtle and lucid minds of the successive Cambridge generations. The names of Maitland, of Archdeacon Cunningham, of Mr. Arthur Balfour, may serve as instances of men who recognized in Sidgwick the most inspiring intellectual force they had ever encountered. As a teacher he was admirably patient and sympathetic, made the kindliest efforts to overcome shyness, to elicit a statement of difficulties genuinely felt, and thought no time wasted in making an intricacy clear. His pupils learned from him to be transparently honest and sincere in thought, and left him determined that they would suspect dogmatism, banish prepossessions and arrive steadfastly at conclusions, however much they might dread or dislike the results. Above all, he had not the least desire to make disciples or to enforce opinions—"I would not if I could," he said, "and I could not if I would, say anything which would make philosophy—my philosophy—popular."

It is difficult to summarize his work as an original writer,

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or to make any forecast of the value which posterity may attach to his books. What constitutes the chief difficulty is that he was intensely interested in the practical problems of his day, both ethical and political; but public discussion shifts its channel, and an appeal to principles, which appear inevitable and all-important in one decade, seems a barren and unsubstantial argument in the next. It is, too, perhaps true to say that his historical sense was not strong, and that his metaphysical mind tried to measure by ratios and modes what is incapable of being measured by these means. So I will leave his books to justify themselves; their lucidity and thoroughness are indisputable, and they contained, in certain directions, for his own generation, the maximum of attainable and communicable truth. It may be said, speaking generally, that Sidgwick envied the faith that issued in action. But he felt still more strongly that the time had not come in philosophy to formulate conclusions; that the philosopher was still feeling his way, and that the only enthusiasm he could dare to nourish was the ardor of the quest. He felt himself bound upon a narrow path and upon an uncertain journey. The one hope was to be perfectly sincere with himself, and to do analytical work, however unproductive, which would not need to be done again. The same principle actuated him in his work for the Psychical Society. There was current an immense mass of vague records and fluid traditions of abnormal experiences loosely believed to be supernatural. There might or there might not be definite truth underlying these stories, which might possibly even afford scientific evidence of the continuance of the life of the soul. But Sidgwick had no desire to welcome or anticipate indications of this for his own personal satisfaction. He rather determined patiently to wade through the mud, to sift the rubbish-heaps of human imagination, to explore the dreariest, most humiliating, most diseased province of human thought, the craving after self-persuasion, the hysterical self-deception, the yielding to delusive terrors, the exaggerations of morbid hallucinations. His aim in all this was not the desire to say, "Am I justified in believing this to be true?" but, "Am I justified in believing that I have excluded all possibilities of deception?" The eventual result is that certain scientific probabilities are slowly emerging, and that many mysterious phenomena have been traced to their material original.

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Henry Sidgwick always seemed to me to belong, both in temperament and in appearance, to the type of the Sage. He was so wise and mild and benignant! He took people as he found them, talked as graciously and as dexterously to the youngest and least conspicuous as to the learned and famous. He seemed to feel it both his duty and his pleasure to do his best for the entertainment of the adjacent person, whoever it might be, not to seek for congenial and appreciative people; and in a mixed company he seemed never to suffer from the temptation, to which I have known virtuous men of eminence to succumb, to gravitate secretly but surely, as by some hidden attraction, into the proximity of other men of eminence. He must have taken care, no doubt, to select suitable topics, because his topics always seemed appropriate to the company; but the scaffolding of the building was never visible: it appeared to be but a stream of easy talk, of light cast upon common things, so that they shone transfigured. He used to say that he had in early days been very shy, but that, realizing that it was a social duty to talk, he had determined always to talk, whether he had anything to say or not. It may be doubted whether the literal observance of this rule would tend in all cases to social ease; but with him it manifested itself in a quiet geniality, which was so natural and so self-possessed that it made the shyest interlocutor natural too. He was more than ready, too, to follow a lead. He did not soliloquize, nor monopolize the talk; there was no sense of performance about it. He had the art of weighing and appreciating the simplest reply, and the spontaneous and kindly attention he gave to any contribution to the conversation was of itself subtly flattering. He liked to elicit opinion, and could give the crudest sentiment a deft twist that made the author of it rate his own conversational powers more highly. One left his society feeling indeed that he had talked well, but also feeling that one had oneself made solid additions to the talk and affected the line of argument. For instance, he was often with us at Addington, and I used to feel that my father, much as he loved Henry Sidgwick, had a sort of terrified disapproval of his habits of thought. But though the ecclesiastical atmosphere was alien to Sidgwick, his talk with my father was mainly on ecclesiastical lines; and he seemed anxious to learn, for sympathetic reasons and not for controversial purposes, the current tendencies of Anglican

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thought and activity. "I am always impressed here," he wrote at Addington in 1885, "with a strange sense of the vitality of the Church of England and its power of functioning intellectually and morally in the atmosphere of modern scientific and social thought. At Cambridge I get into the way of regarding it as something that once was alive and growing, but now exists merely because it is a pillar or buttress of uncertain value in a complicated edifice that no one wants just now to take to pieces. Here, however, I feel rather as if I were contemplating a big fish out of water, propelling itself smoothly and gayly on the highroad." The above extract is highly characteristic of him, in its humorous detachment, and its anxiety to see the inner spirit of an institution, even though it was on lines antagonistic to his own ideas. But I realized early, by some sort of unconscious divination, that there existed a sense of disappointment and even disapproval in my father's mind about my uncle. My father was to the bottom of his soul an ecclesiastic. He realized, as few people I have ever known did, the vital force of religion, the beautiful traditions and poetical appeal of Christianity, as interpreted and developed by the Church. Thus, though the tie between the two was deep rather than close, my father could never quite banish from his mind the thought that Henry Sidgwick's brilliance and consummate reasonableness might sow the seeds of doubt in the minds of us children; and though he loved him truly and respected him infinitely, he could not but regard him as a very formidable antagonist to the cause which he himself had most deeply at heart. There was just this amount of *gêne* between the two—that there was a large province of thought which had to be tacitly ignored. My father had no intention of discussing religious questions with Sidgwick, while Sidgwick had no sort of wish to initiate discussion. But when the two were once securely launched upon a safe subject, such as literature or Cambridge reminiscences, the give-and-take was delicious.

I shall never forget an evening spent at Hillside, the Sidgwicks' Cambridge house, in my early undergraduate days. It was a small party, and the principal guests were Professor Seeley and Lord Bowen. It always remains in my mind as the most brilliant conversation I have ever heard. Seeley came out of his shell and talked shrewdly and paradoxically, with the air and mien of a comfortable *abbé*.

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Bowen, whose appearance, I know not why, reminded me of an intelligent Board-school master, was no doubt the most attractive talker of the three, because of the extraordinary power of transition that he possessed. His humor was entrancing—so delicate and so lambent; and he was able, too, to express deep emotion without the least sense of incongruity or affectation. But even so, I remember feeling that my uncle carried off the palm, because his talk seemed so entirely uncalculated and devised—though that is hardly the right word, because there was no touch of artificiality about it—to draw out and set off the brilliance of his guests.

At the other end of the scale I remember a party at Cambridge, at which a lady was present whom it was thought desirable to ask, but who was little used to social functions. She suffered at first from obvious nervousness; but it fell to Henry Sidgwick to take her in to dinner, and he began to talk to her at once about the education of her children. The bait proved incredibly successful: it was probably the only subject in the world on which she had both views and experience; and she left the house with the manifest consciousness of having had an agreeable evening, having held her own with an eminent man and having appeared in the light of a brilliant educational theorist, with the additional advantage of having been enabled to put her theories to a practical test.

Yet Sidgwick, too, had his social crises to endure. He used to say that once, at an evening party, his hostess brought up to him a young and beautiful damsel, like Iphigenia to the altar, and said, "Mr. Sidgwick, here is a young lady who wishes to have the pleasure of being presented to you." The maiden stared at him with wide and fawn-like eyes, while he in vain endeavored to think of something appropriate and impressive to say. When at last a thought came into his mind, he said that he realized that it would have sufficed if it had been said earlier, but that after so long a pause something more striking was required. The same terrible process continued, thoughts arriving belatedly and each of inadequate weight, till at last the hostess, observing the imbroglio, came and led the young lady away again without a word having passed between the pair. The memory of this was so haunting, Sidgwick said, that he at once set to and devised a remark, which he claimed would be appropriate, interesting and amusing, on any occasion,

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at any hour, to any person of any age, sex or nation. But he refused ever to part with so precious a talisman, and the secret was never known.

He had a wonderful verbal memory and could quote copiously and accurately. He told us once that he had discovered a method of defying seasickness on a Channel crossing—which was to take his stand in some secluded part of the vessel, and to pour out audibly and rhetorically his repertory of English verse, accompanying it with a good deal of emphatic gesticulation. He said that he could go on repeating poetry continuously, if he did not force the pace, for about a couple of hours. I believe that the first experiment was successful and that he secured immunity from nausea. But he said that the second time that he tried it he was interrupted by one of the officers with a message from the captain begging him to desist, on the ground that some of the lady passengers were frightened by his behavior, being under the impression that he was mentally deranged. He complied with the request, and, deprived of its intellectual prophylactic, his brain succumbed to physical sensations.

But part of the charm of his literary talk, of which I had considerable experience, was that he could and did illustrate his points with apt and beautiful quotations most feelingly delivered. As a rule, people who can quote authors at length can rarely be persuaded to desist. One of the most tiresome conversations I have ever heard was one that took place between two accurate phonetic men, lovers of Dickens; and as Carlyle said of Coleridge's talk, to sit still and be pumped into never can be an exhilarating process. While, on the other hand, the men who have a critical appreciation of an author can seldom support their arches on solid piers of evidence and still less produce that evidence with dramatic or lyrical emphasis.

I always felt that the intellectual side of Henry Sidgwick's mind overbalanced and cast into the shade the poetical and imaginative side. He wrote a few lyrics which are felicitous and moving, and I have heard him confess that he sincerely envied the poetical vocation. He had, too, a really wonderful gift for improvising stories, which he was perfectly ready to exercise for us as children. I can remember even now the details of the story of the King who was haunted by a gnat-like voice in his ear that said, "Dig," and when at last he yielded to the suggestion and found an

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abundance of curious things said, "Deeper," till at last he came to a room where everything was green. It was a story of epical volume and a chapter was always ready for us. And I can still recollect the thrill with which I once realized, as a small boy in my grandmother's house at Rugby, the blissful fact that every one else in the house but Uncle Henry and myself were going out to dinner; how I stole upon his secure hour and demanded that the story of the Green Room should be *finished;* how he put his book aside with a laugh, and while I played with the buttons of his waistcoat the strange and beautiful dénouement unrolled itself—so that for a day at least I was in the proud position, among my envious brothers and sisters, of knowing what had really happened and withholding the information.

In appearance, in later years, Henry Sidgwick was the only man I have ever seen who had something of the nobleness of mien, the kindly dignity and the unapproachable antiquity of the elders in Blake's designs of the Book of Job. He wore his massed hair rather long, in ambrosial waves, like a Greek god. His beard, of fine silky texture and irregular outline, seemed to flow liquidly from his face rather than to have been applied to it. As a rule, a man with so full a beard seems either embarrassed by it or involved in it and to peep from its tangled brake like a face from a bush. But with him it adorned and amplified his finely chiselled features, his great brow and clear-cut nose. He was small of stature and had very delicate hands, which he used much in gestures that were elucidatory rather than emphatic. He often played with his beard, stroking it or lifting it to his face. His features in repose, with the uplifted eyebrows, had a pensive, almost melancholy air. But this was transfigured in talk by the sweetest and most childlike of smiles. His voice was soft and high-pitched and had at times a note of weariness about it. But he could modulate it very beautifully for emphasis or emotional effect; while his reciting of poetry was one of the most thrilling and enchanting things I ever heard. He began in a high chant, with a rich rhetorical cadence. May I confess that it seldom failed to bring tears to my eyes, perhaps not less because at the end of a quotation I have often seen the water stand in his own. His stammer was well known, but he had so trained himself to disregard it that he never gave any sense of awkwardness or of delay to his hearers. He

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used to throw his head back to disengage an unruly consonant, and, strange to say, the impediment became a positive ornament to his talk, enabling him to bring out a point with a quaint and charming emphasis.

He had, too, many little attractive mannerisms. It used to be a pleasure to me to see how daintily and leisurely he manipulated his food, with a sort of bird-like selection. He had, too, an absent-mindedness which is to me an invariable charm, because it gives a sense of tranquil absorption in a train of thought, a quiet aloofness from mundane things. He was sensitive about this and disliked feeling that he had behaved in an unusual manner. I remember once, when he was staying with us at Truro, he was standing at the end of breakfast on the hearth rug, sipping his tea and discussing some subject with great animation. The bell rang for chapel, and he walked down the dark passage with us, continuing his talk, holding the cup in one hand and emphasizing his points with the spoon in the other. Not until he had taken his place in the stalls did he become aware that he was acting in an unaccustomed manner. I remember his look of sudden bewilderment and his relief when the sympathetic butler, who had been awaiting his opportunity, came up and with a deferential bow removed the cup as though it were a semi-ecclesiastical ceremony.

He was wholly indifferent to dress, but contrived, by a sort of natural dignity and grace, to look well in whatever he wore. He affected a large black soft hat of a clerical type, or on state occasions a tall hat. He was always a conspicuous figure. In Cambridge the most characteristic thing about him was that he frequently ran in the street even in cap and gown. This had its origin in his being told by his doctor to take more exercise and advised to ride; he pleaded lack of time, but on eliciting the fact that running was better exercise than walking he determined to put as much exercise as possible into necessary transits. He put in "Who's Who," under the head of his recreations, "Novel-reading and a little walking"; but he was not deficient in agility, and I remember him as a very keen and perfectly efficient lawn-tennis player.

One characteristic of him was his apparently invariable cheerfulness. He laughed often, a low, musical, rather lazy laugh, which gave a sense of great contentment. His diary is rather a melancholy record; but this was not at all the

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case with his talk, which was always light, humorous and comfortable. He talked a good deal about himself, his views and experiences; but this never gave the least impression of egotism: what he said about himself seemed always said by way of comparison or in confirmation of the experiences of others. And then one had a sense of intimacy in all one's talks with him; he gave himself; he was never aloof or impersonal. Some eminent philosophers whom I have known never seemed to be really there. Their voices whispered dryly of mortal things, but one felt that what they said was merely like rain dropping from clouds which sailed above the earth and evacuated expressions rather than mingled with life. But Henry Sidgwick was always intensely human, interested in his circle, taking his part, anxious to establish communication with fellow travellers, as merry and wise as old Master Gaius in the Pilgrim's hostel. He never gave the sense of being preoccupied in important work, but anxious, not on principle, but by instinct, to join in anything that was going forward.

I remember being once deeply touched, just after I left Cambridge, by something that he said to me. He made me a gentle apology for not having seen more of me as an undergraduate. I did see him, as a matter of fact, fairly often, being every now and then bidden to come and lunch with him in his rooms in College at the end of his morning's work or dining at Hillside. But he added that he had always known and felt that my father was uneasy about his possible influence on my religious views, and that he had therefore made up his mind that he would not raise such questions at all, and that he would not encourage me to discuss such things; and that this had ended in his seeing less of me than he had wished. He added that he hoped that I should not misunderstand it, or put it down in any way to a lack of affection; for, indeed, it was rather the reverse. I do not think that I ever heard such a thing said more feelingly and delicately, and it gave me a sense of justice and high-mindedness which was intensely impressive.

Let me frankly admit that I always have considered the case of Henry Sidgwick to be a difficult one for any one to meet, who claims that a particular religious faith or a particular religious denomination monopolizes the production of a special type of character. Henry Sidgwick was brought up in orthodox Christianity; he was a devout and convinced

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Christian as a boy; he had a more or less definite intention of taking Orders. These tendencies were fostered both in his own home, where his mother was a devout High Church-woman of the old-fashioned type, and still more by my father, whose influence over Henry Sidgwick at an impressionable time was very great. Indeed, I do not imagine that he ever submitted himself in his life so completely to the dominance of a single personality as he did to my father's. He speaks of my father's "unquestioned rule" over his mind in his school days and early undergraduate time: "When I did what he advised . . . it was not from awe of him and fear of blame, but from a conviction that he was right and a desire to be like him."

Yet he gave up all dogmatic faith. While in later life he grew to regard Christianity, from the sociological point of view, as indispensable and irreplaceable, he said that he found it "more and more incomprehensible how any one whom I feel really akin to myself in intellectual habits and culture can possibly find his religion in it. My own alienation from it is all the stronger because it is so purely intellectual." He goes on to say, "I am glad that so many superior people are able to become clergymen, but I am less and less able to understand how the result is brought about in so many thoroughly sincere and disinterested and able minds."

To speak with entire candor, the difficulty with him was to base any system of religion upon alleged facts, which he could not test, and which he did not believe to be true. He felt that in a matter of such infinite and vast importance as subscribing to an ontological explanation of the universe, he could not possibly found an active faith upon assumptions which he thought so unwarrantable.

And yet I have always considered Henry Sidgwick to be, on the whole, the one man I have known who, if he had been a Christian, would have been selected as almost uniformly exhibiting perhaps the most typical Christian qualities. He was so sincere, so simple-minded, so unselfish, so sympathetic, so utterly incapable of meanness or baseness, so guileless, so patient, of so crystalline a purity and sweetness of character, that he is one of the few men to whom I could honestly apply in the highest sense the word "saint."

I have heard this particular point discussed by some who knew him and loved him, and deeply regretted his dissidence

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from Christian beliefs. I have heard it deliberately said by one such, that his Christianity was so instinctive, by inheritance and temperament and education, that it could not be uprooted by what was a merely intellectual scepticism. But if the deliberate abnegation of a particular form of religious faith is attended by no sort of moral deterioration; if, on the contrary, a character year by year grows stronger and purer, more devoted and unselfish, and at the same time no less appreciative of the moral effect of a definite belief, it becomes impossible to say that such qualities can only spring from a vital and genuine acceptance of certain dogmas. Dogmas are, after all, intellectual things, and some of the best Christians I have ever known would have been unable to explain, if indeed they could have correctly repeated, the clauses of the Nicene Creed. I have, indeed, often wondered whether the acceptance of dogma is not rather a symptom of spiritual affinity than a cause of spiritual progress, a case in fact of the *anima naturaliter Christiana*. Indeed, I say frankly that though the spiritual ideas of Christianity seem to me the highest and noblest that the world has ever seen, or is indeed likely to see, it seems to me impossible to believe that, of the various Christian denominations, we should find, if we knew all, that one is in possession of the exact truth of the matter, and that all others are in error; and why I should myself claim to be an Anglican is because the Anglican Communion appears to me to have the note of Christian liberty in a higher degree than any other Christian denomination.

Henry Sidgwick's agnosticism was not militant, and had no touch of proselytism about it. He wrote to my mother nearly thirty years ago, after a discussion of religious matters: "You see, I do not want to bring you to my position. I am not sorry exactly to be in the position myself; it has grave defects and disadvantages, but I feel in a way suited for it; I regard it as an inevitable point in the process of thought, and take it as a soldier takes a post of difficulty. But I cannot take the responsibility of drawing any one else to it, though neither can I take the responsibility of placing obstacles in the way." He realized to the full the eager hopefulness that would naturally result from the vivid acceptance of a comprehensive and definite faith.

What has always appeared to me so beautiful about his attitude was the utter absence from it of any sense of in-

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tellectual contempt or mental impatience. To him the man who was conscious of spiritual experience was simply enviable. But he never tried to prove that this was a sign of intellectual inferiority. He had far too much respect for others' convictions, and tenderness for their aims and needs, to treat the matter as a sceptic often treats it—as a case of dangerous and perverse illusion from which he must try to rescue victims. And thus Sidgwick exhibited the truest kind of tolerance, very far from the dogmatism that masquerades under the guise of tolerance and is intolerant of any form of spiritual assertion. He knew only too well the unhappy isolation of the intellectual life. He saw as it were the happy flock inside the fold and himself outside. But this did not lead him, as it often leads a jealous sceptic, to desire at all costs to break down the security of the shielding wall, even though he could not so far sacrifice his sense of truth, his own patient analysis of actuality, as either to pretend to himself or to others that he was within, or to express his belief, with a sympathetic compromise, that the security of wall and gate might somehow turn out to be an objective one!

In early days, before he made up his mind to resign his Fellowship—the acceptance of which involved at that time a formal expression of belief in the distinctive tenets of the Church of England—he sometimes spoke with bitterness of his position, because he felt a sense of insincerity about it: "I am so bankrupt of most things men desire, that I would at least have a sort of savings-bank pittance of honesty. . . . to be a humbug in one thing is to make a terrible breach in the citadel of morality. . . . You see, the greatest humbug of all is to pretend I do these things for the sake of my mother. I wish to heaven I did! Then had I been a better man. . . . At any rate, says Trevelyan, do something; sound advice; but something has hamstrung me."

But after he had resigned his Fellowship, thereby sacrificing a competence and a position, these spectres were laid, the *clausum pectore volnus* was healed. Henceforward his wise and serene tolerance, the reward of his utter unworldliness, grew and increased.

And yet the record of his life as a whole, with all its subtlety and sense, its kindliness and sympathy, tends to give an impression of sadness, of endurance, almost of conscious failure, and of disappointment gently borne. Speaking generally, one would not much relish a biography which

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gave one an impression of conscious success; but the lives of successful men, as a rule, give the sense of active interest and unconscious happiness, with here and there perhaps a touch of sorrow and gloom. But the life of Henry Sidgwick, judged by ordinary standards, may be considered successful, if it is success to be famous, to be influential, to be respected, honored and loved; and thus one finds oneself wondering what it was that he hoped to do which he did not do, and why there should be a feeling of a shadow and a burden often urgently present and seldom very far away. There were the materials for happiness, one would have thought, in the life of a man who found apparently the life for which he was best suited, whose prosperity was on the whole uninterrupted, who lived upon equal terms with the most interesting figures of the day, whose career was never hampered by any serious ill-health or untoward circumstance, who never fell and bled among the thorns of life, who never succumbed to any base or mean temptation, who carried out a programme of work with the approval and admiration of all concerned. If this is not a happy life, where can a happy life be found?

It is possible to conceive a Pharisaical critic saying that it was a life of which the spiritual glow was sacrificed to a cold intellectual ideal, and that a man who wilfully dismissed from his horizon the normal and traditional hopes of humanity was bound to be penalized. But in the presence of so high-minded, unworldly and unselfish a life as Henry Sidgwick's this criticism seems a kind of blasphemy, a sin against the Spirit—for the sin against the Spirit is the misinterpretation of all that is pure and true. No, the explanation of it lies elsewhere. Part of it was, no doubt, temperamental. There was a strain of melancholy in his nature which was distracted, no doubt, by work and activity, but which emerged when the frame was exhausted and the brain wearied. Moreover, his biography does not give a complete impression. It seems at first sight that to let a man tell his own life-story by diaries and letters is the nearest you can get to the truth of him. But in the case of hard brain-workers, especially if they have a strain of sadness in their temperament, the self-made record is not really the truest portrait. The diary is the record of the silent and introspective mood. Henry Sidgwick tended to confide to his journal the thoughts with which he was too brave, too kind, too unegotistical to

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trouble the peace of others. And the letters, too, are documents composed in the intervals of hard work—not exactly for recreation, but for the sake of keeping alive the human relations which he treasured so dearly. But he did not expand in letters as he did in conversation, and those who were nearest to him say that he wrote them with a certain unwillingness of the flesh, and aimed at conciseness of statement rather than at the free imparting of intimate thought. Indeed, he regarded letter-writing as rather an interruption to his work. At the end of his life he expended some ingenuity in trying to confine his letters to a single page. He certainly must have given up a good deal of time to writing letters; he kept up close relations with his family and friends, and whenever a correspondent asked him a question or appealed to him for his opinion, he gave full measure, and answered patiently and kindly, with a great desire to do full justice to his correspondent's difficulties, and to give whatever help he could bestow. But his real and vital medium of communication was familiar talk, and this is the one effect that can hardly be reproduced, except in the rare cases where a Johnson meets with a Boswell. I suppose that a man's congenial method of expression is conditioned by his pace of thought. If he thinks more quickly than he writes, his letters are apt to be either disjointed or concentrated. And it always seems to me that Henry Sidgwick composed rather than wrote letters. Many of them are intensely interesting, when he was trying to elucidate some subject upon which he felt deeply. But his geniality, and the humor which was so strong a feature of his talk, evaporated in his letters; and though they do full justice to his kindness, his seriousness and his intellectual power, they give little hint of his lightness of touch, his serene deliberateness and his overflowing interest.

It would be wrong to call him a disappointed man. But he was aware of his great powers and did not underrate them, modest as he was. It is not uncommon for inexperienced and impressionable youths, coming up to the University and meeting with men of erudition and ability, framed in the attractive setting of College courts, stately chapels, solemn halls, studious rooms looking on to quiet gardens, to think that the life of the Don is one of unworldly grace and refined dignity, and to embrace with ardor the prospect of serene leisure competently endowed. Then in middle age

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there comes an awakening. Men begin to wonder whether, after all, they are really doing any of the work of the world. They find themselves immersed in academic politics, stereotyped teaching, intellectual intrigues, petty interests. They see their own contemporaries, of possibly inferior mental power, stepping into the wider influences, the larger realities of the world, and they begin to be haunted by a sense of failure. There are many disappointed men at Cambridge, and even perhaps at Oxford.

Something of this shadow, one feels, touched the life of Sidgwick. He had restless periods when he formed dim ideas of leaving Cambridge. In later life this was succeeded by a more serene mood. The inestimable accession of happiness which his marriage brought him, the wider social and political circle to which it introduced him, his own unquestioned position at Cambridge, the outside honors which came richly to him, his delight in the prosperity of Newnham and the increasing range of female education—all this consoled and sustained him. But it comes out clearly enough in the diary that there was a time when he felt that he had sacrificed great powers to a futile sort of treadmill, when his designs seemed to be thwarted and his hopes disappointed.

There is one very remarkable passage in his biography, when one of his colleagues told him plainly that he was a comparatively ineffective man, and endeavored to give reasons. Sidgwick faced the criticism with sincere interest and without any personal resentment. I do not think I know any piece of self-analysis which is so just and at the same time so little introspective. The danger of introspection is that it tends to glory both in credit and discredit. It takes compliments as sincere, and censure as testifying to a refined sensitiveness of nature, unfitting its possessor for commonplace efforts. But there was no trace of this weakness in Sidgwick. He had been accused of academic sterility, of failing to attract men on a large scale. He admitted that it was so, but added that, feeling as he did that the deepest truth he had to tell was by no means "good tidings," he naturally shrank from exercising on others the personal influence which would make men resemble him. I know no personal statement which is at once so humble and so free from morbidity or self-depreciation, and at the same time so perfectly just both to himself and his critic.

But still, making all allowances for his instinctive lack

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of hopefulness and buoyancy, and assuming that the proportion is not fairly represented—that no record remains of the "heart-affluence" of discursive talk—there remains a shadow which cannot be explained away.

To me it needs no explanation at all. It is the inevitable result of an extraordinary clearness and fairness of vision. A man who looks closely and without bias at the fabric of the world must be aware of the grossness and the faultiness of the texture. The greater the restraint and purity of his own life is, the more must he be aware of the inroads of sin, of the impatience and unreasonableness of human nature, of the horrible waste of time and energy all along the line, of the miserable obstacles with which the path of those who desire justice, order and peace is encumbered.

I doubt if a clear-sighted man, living a strenuous and unselfish life, with lofty and beautiful ideals, can ever be a very happy one. Happiness comes either to the unperceptive or to the indifferent, or to those who embrace with a fine unreasonableness, a rich impulsiveness, a theory of universal good-will, which is not wholly borne out by facts, but is no doubt the most effective way of dealing with them. To myself, the inspiration of such a life as Henry Sidgwick's is not the inspiration which comes of ardent discipleship, but that which is derived from the blessed fact that such unstained and flawless lives are possible among mankind. Such lives mark the high-water level of the race, and their development shows that there is some secret and beautiful force at work which can and does produce spirits of so fine a temper. I will not say that it seems to me a noble thing in him to discard the unreasoning optimism of humanity, which accepts an explanation of the world because it is encouraging rather than because it is true; for this was the natural and inevitable outcome of Sidgwick's character. He could not have done otherwise! But what is inspiring about it is that a man should realize that he is not justified by his lights in accepting a hopeful view of the world, and yet be enabled to live so serene and devoted a life, and that one who could not believe in personal immortality could yet love so tenderly and faithfully, and never, under any circumstances, under any weakness of body or infirmity of spirit, chose the purer and nobler course because of any expectation or hope of ultimate reward.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

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THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY SIR CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE, M.P.

FROM persons in high places much is expected, much is required, and the higher the position the greater are the expectations, the greater are the requirements. Training and ability will affect much, but without aptitude and character little can be accomplished, no lasting impression remains. On the other hand, the combination of these qualities, especially if embodied in a personality attractive and sympathetic, affords the best assurance that the greatest expectations will be realized, the most exacting requirements fulfilled.

This combination and this personality are found in Queen Mary. In addition to receiving a most careful training and being richly endowed with ability, she possesses rare natural gifts and remarkable strength of character. Intensely human, she is eminently practical while entertaining a true and just appreciation of those lofty ideals which make for happiness and insure success. To these sterling qualities, as well as to the Queen's grasp of mind and sound common sense, the King gave public acknowledgment in the first speech he made after his accession, when, having expressed his intention to follow closely in the footsteps of his illustrious father, he added, "And I am encouraged by the knowledge that I have in my dear wife a constant helpmate in every endeavor for our people's good." These words symbolize very clearly the part that the Queen fills in the daily life of His Majesty, how she not only shares his joys and his sorrows, but assists in the more active duties of Kingship in helping to carry out the many and great responsibilities which directly and indirectly beset the path of every occupant of the British throne.

For the daughter of an English Princess, first cousin to the reigning Sovereign, the Queen's bringing-up was very

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simple. The marriage of her parents had been a love match, and if there was no great wealth on either side it is interesting to recall that the Duchess of Cambridge was greatly pleased with her daughter's choice; and in a letter written shortly before the wedding she expresses the opinion that "Francis is a most excellent young man, good principled, most religious, perfect manners: in short, I consider Mary most fortunate to find such a husband." Before taking possession of the apartment at Kensington Palace, lent them by Queen Victoria and the same that she herself occupied when living with her mother the Duchess of Kent, the newly married couple stayed for a few months at Lady Marion Alford's house in Prince's Gate. Writing soon after their arrival to Mrs. Dalrymple, a much-valued friend of her girlhood, the Princess says: "We are beginning life on our own account, having just completed our small establishment. It is a great interest and amusement to us both, and you would laugh could you hear me giving my orders *en bonne maîtresse de maison!* . . . I am finishing this letter after dinner in Francis's sitting-room, while he is amusing himself at the piano. I mention this to give you an idea of our tête-à-tête evenings, which are very cosy in the Darby and Joan fashion."

It was into this homely atmosphere that Queen Mary was born at Kensington Palace on May 26th, 1867, and although at her baptism she received the names Victoria, Mary, Augusta, Louisa, Olga, Pauline, Claudine, Agnes, up to the time of her marriage she was always known and spoken of as Princess "May." "A dear, fat, rosy, pretty child" was the verdict of a lady who saw the royal infant not long after the auspicious event; and writing to a very dear friend, the royal mother says: "May is as sweet and engaging a child as you can wish to see, full of life and fun and as playful as a kitten: with the deepest blue eyes imaginable, quantities of fair hair, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, a lovely complexion (pink and white), and a most perfect figure! In a word, a model of a baby! She wins all hearts by her bright face and smile and pretty endearing ways, and is wonderfully forward for her age. I short-coated her late in the autumn, and she looks a perfect picture in her frocks, pinafores and sashes."

Two years later Queen Victoria offered White Lodge to the Duke and Duchess of Teck as a country home. The

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offer was gladly accepted and thither the small family was transported for the summer months. "Dear little May," writes the Duchess, "grows every day more of a companion and is as clever and bright a child as possible for her age, just three and a half." The royal mother was often in and out of the nursery, accompanied her children in their walks, joined in their games, sat down with them at their meals, and had them with her as much as possible. Alluding to the happy home life at White Lodge in these early years, a frequent visitor remarked: "It was a pretty sight to see the fond parents with their young family at tea-time under the old apple-tree in the garden." The Duchess was always glad that her children should enjoy themselves, but careful to avoid any interference with their studies, and was firmly resolved that her daughter's childhood should be absolutely free from gayeties and excitement. "A child," she said, "has quite enough to do to learn obedience and attend to her lessons and to grow without many parties and late hours, which take the freshness of childhood away and the brightness and beauty from girlhood—and then children become intolerable. There are too many grown-up children in the present day."

The royal mother was ever careful to see that her children should thoroughly understand the Bible, and when in residence at Kensington the Chaplain at the Palace and later the Vicar, now Bishop of Peterborough, used to give the Queen and her brothers Scripture lessons. He came twice a week, when the Duchess, who was always present herself, assembled her little family in the schoolroom; and in order that the children might more fully realize the needs of others she often asked him to take them with him to visit the poor in their own homes. Thus quite early in life the Queen was brought into personal contact with poverty. At White Lodge, where the church was some little distance from the house, if prevented from attending divine service by illness or stress of weather, the Duchess gathered her family around her and read them a portion of the Church service and the lessons for the day, adding in an impressive manner a few words of explanation. Although Sunday was a day of rest, the royal mother did not desire her children to spend a dull day, and amusements were never discountenanced provided they did not interfere with the appointed duties of the Sabbath.

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As the natural sequence of this upbringing the Queen has deep religious feelings and convictions; she is a thoroughly devoted church-woman without any predilections towards extreme Anglican views; but while very Protestant in her ideas, as becomes her bringing-up, she in no way opposes ceremony, provided the service is conducted in accordance with the teaching of the Church of England; but if she has a preference, it is for a service in which all the congregation can join, believing that true devotion is better shown in hearty prayer and praise than in excessive ritual. Both she and the King are most regular attendants at church, and the elder children when at home accompany their royal parents, all the family joining heartily in the responses and in the singing of the hymns. The Queen's views regarding the observance of Sunday are the same as those of her mother.

If any poor person in the neighborhood of White Lodge fell ill and needed help Queen Mary and her mother at once went to their assistance, nourishing food was supplied, and frequent visits were paid to the home. In fact, everything was done to alleviate suffering and to cheer the lot of the helpless and the needy. A kindly word, a posy of flowers placed in the hands of a sick person, a toy given to a small boy or girl, a present of clothes, blankets for the winter months, were daily occurrences; and many a poor woman and child for miles round possessed a "hug-me-tight" or some other warm wrap knitted by the royal ladies themselves. These small acts of kindness, unostentatious as they always were, made a lasting impression and awakened feelings of deepest affection and respect in the surrounding villages for the Duchess and her warm-hearted daughter.

When the Queen was sixteen years of age her parents gave up their apartment in Kensington Palace and with their family went to reside at the Villa I Cedri in Florence. The stay there was utilized for educational purposes, and while the Queen studied art and made herself proficient in the Italian language at the same time she was going through the ordinary schoolroom routine. After two years spent in this way, the family returned to White Lodge and the Queen made her first appearance in London society. Soon afterwards she was confirmed, and the Bishop of Peterborough, who prepared her, was much impressed by the deep religious feelings she evinced during his course of instruc-

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tion. The time passed abroad had done much to extend her ideas. She had become more self-reliant and her many natural gifts began to show themselves in her daily life and occupations. She entered heart and soul into her mother's charitable work, relieving her of much correspondence, and quickly became her right hand in everything.

The Queen's betrothal to the Duke of York, as the King was then styled, gave universal satisfaction. Everywhere throughout the Empire it was recognized that an English Princess, born and brought up in an English home and possessing all the virtues and attributes that inspire confidence and win affection, was the ideal bride for the eldest son of the heir apparent. On the day of the wedding the crowd was immense, and the mighty cheering of the populace that thronged every available point of vantage along the route gave abundant proof that the daughter of the "People's Princess," as the Duchess of Teck was affectionately called, had found a place deep down in the heart of the nation. That the Queen's married life has more than fulfilled all expectations needs no demonstration. The education and daily occupations of the royal children are under the direct supervision of Their Majesties, and they are frequently with them during the day. The King joins with his sons in their amusements and sports and closely concerns himself with their school-work, while the Queen personally superintends the education of her daughter and that of the younger Princes. The simple home life, the well-regulated studies, the put-by toys in a special cupboard for the little hospital children, and the hour set apart for work for the same cause all tell of the royal mother's desire to bring up her children in the way they should go.

By nature the Queen is most genial and absolutely without affectation. The homely ways of Their Majesties delighted every one in the colonies, and wherever they stayed they were invariably spoken of as the most delightful guests. The geniality of the Queen at once put all the ladies at their ease, and the natural timidity of one up-country hostess at receiving her august visitors soon disappeared when the Queen asked to be taken to the nursery to see the children and then in her charming way invited her hostess to come to her own room "to see our children's portraits." On another occasion during the same journey an old lady, the wife of a clergyman living in an up-country district, was

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presented to the royal visitors. The old lady was very nervous. Seeing this, the Queen at once stepped forward and, extending both hands, grasped those of the old lady.

The Queen has a very retentive memory. Once she has mastered a subject, it seldom goes out of her mind, and months afterwards she will astonish her friends by reference to a conversation they themselves had forgotten. When visiting a place for the second time she constantly recalls incidents about the former visit, the people, the houses in the neighborhood, and especially the humbler folk. Soon after arriving at Balmoral this summer she motored over to Abergeldie with Princess Mary to visit several old servants, and remained some time chatting with them in a homely manner. In fact, no place, no person is ever forgotten by the Queen. Even the names of people she has not seen for years come back to her in quite a remarkable way, and very often she remembers the circumstances under which she first met them. For instance, driving through the streets of Hobart, she recognized a man in the crowd and remarked to her lady-in-waiting that he had been a curate at East Sheen when she was a girl, that his name began with C, and that she had heard him preach two or three times. On inquiry it turned out that he was the same man and that his name was C——n. It would be clever to have remembered him had the Queen met him after an interval of ten years, but in a passing crowd in far-away Tasmania it was extraordinary. As a natural result of such a good memory the Queen has something to say to every one, and the personal touch this gift imparts to her conversation gratifies and charms all with whom she is brought into contact.

Music had a great share in the home life at White Lodge, the musical hour in the drawing-room being at one time a regular institution, and often the Duchess would sit down at the piano in the evenings and sing ballads and songs from the popular operettas of the day. The Queen has a sweet voice, a soft soprano, which greatly matured under the skilful guidance of Signor (now Sir Paulo) Tosti. Of late years, however, Her Majesty has given up her singing; and, although retaining her fondness for music, she rarely finds much time to devote to the piano. She is a good judge of a picture and an excellent critic, and whilst at Florence made several pretty sketches of landscape scenery. She rarely misses any good exhibition of pictures in London,

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is particularly fond of the Old Masters, and prefers the more finished style of painting to the Impressionist School. Her own collection of water-colors is noticeable for its refined brightness of color and atmosphere; it contains many pretty garden scenes, and some of the groups of flowers are particularly beautiful. Dramatic art of every kind appeals to her, and there are few plays of importance or that have attracted public attention during the last two decades she has not seen. Like her mother, she quickly seizes upon the humorous side of a question. Thus she has a keen appreciation for a sparkling comedy or a farce, and on returning from the theatre or afterwards in conversation often makes allusion to some particularly amusing part of the performance.

The Queen is greatly attached to the historical past of her country and has collected together quite a number of interesting things connected with the royal family. As a girl she always enjoyed going over museums and inspecting articles of antiquity, a trait in her character which has widened with years. She has an intimate knowledge of old silver and china and possesses a valuable collection of *objets d'art*. Ancient monuments of every kind have a fascination for her, and her acquaintance with different kinds of architecture must have entailed much study and close observance. She is particularly fond of visiting cathedrals and knows the interiors of most of the old city churches, besides being well versed in the countless treasures contained in the other historic buildings of our great metropolis. Whenever Her Majesty has a spare afternoon she will often spend it at a museum or picture-gallery. She has her mother's love of England and all things English. A lady, calling at White Lodge one afternoon, remarked upon the comfort of the chair she was sitting upon. "Yes, my dear," said the Duchess of Teck, "British industry; that is why it is such a nice chair." The same story might be told of the Queen. It seems only the other day that she was actively engaged in reviving interest in British silks, and great was the satisfaction expressed by the weavers at the East London silk-mills when they heard that the Queen and her mother were on the premises and actually taking tea "in the master's office." Her wedding-gown was woven in Spitalfields and all her trousseau was of British material. Some years have passed since then, but Queen Mary still retains her keen

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interest in the British silk industry and has done much to revive the lace industry in Buckinghamshire, Honiton and Ireland. She only wears articles of British make and manufacture and any artistic production of British labor at once secures her attention.

The Queen has always been a great reader, and her boudoir at White Lodge contained a little case of her favorite books, prominent amongst them being Tennyson's Poems. Books of travel and biographies are seldom missed, for the Queen does not read for mere passing pleasure, but for instruction and information. Thus before starting on her colonial and Indian tours she perused most of the authoritative books on the countries she was about to visit. Maps, too, were studied with care. Frequently during the travels of Their Majesties astonishment was expressed at the accuracy of the Queen's information and her knowledge of local events. Novels of themselves do not appeal to Her Majesty, but she has read and re-read all the classic works of fiction; and any novel by a well-known writer or that is specially recommended to her at once receives her attention. Few ladies have a better or more comprehensive knowledge of English literature than the Queen, while her intimate acquaintance of French and German enables her to keep in touch with the chief works of foreign writers.

Her Majesty follows events attentively. She reads the newspapers daily and as Princess of Wales attended the more important Parliamentary debates, occupying a seat in the Peeresses Gallery in the House of Lords and in the Speaker's Gallery in the House of Commons. She is always ready to listen to the opinions of others, and her pleasure is to meet people who are authorities on current subjects of public interest, to gather their views and then to form her own opinions. Especially is this the case with social questions and matters concerning the care of the sick and the welfare of the poor. A chance meeting in a country house led to my being invited to White Lodge and being honored with the friendship of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. At the time I was helping with the House of Lords inquiry into the sweating system, and well do I remember the great interest taken by the Queen in the evidence. She never tired of hearing about the workers, and would ply me with questions about the chain-makers, the

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seamstresses and the other toilers for long hours and low wages, until I thoroughly believe she knew as much about the conditions and requirements of these people as I did myself. She is never satisfied with a mere superficial knowledge of a subject. Details to her are all-important, and it often surprises persons in high office to find how much Her Majesty knows about questions affecting the every-day life of the people. She has great discernment and tact, a sound judgment, a keen insight into character, and a true knowledge of the logical sequence and outcome of events. Few better than the Queen can give sound, practical advice.

Punctuality is a household word in the royal establishment, and when the Queen makes an appointment it is always kept. In business matters Her Majesty is clear and expeditious, methodical and systematic. Her mornings are generally taken up with attending to the voluminous correspondence that arrives by every post. Her secretary and lady-in-waiting submit their letters and the Queen gives instructions concerning them. She quickly grasps the main issue of a question and soon makes up her mind and has never been known to lay aside a matter on the ground that to express an opinion thereon is irksome or difficult; but should any letter require further consideration, it is held over for a day, when a decision is given and almost invariably adhered to. Every consideration is shown to those privileged to serve the Queen, and before signifying her pleasure as to the personal attendance of members of her household Her Majesty will often inquire whether they may not have some other engagement, the breaking of which would be inconvenient to them. Busy though the Queen is—and one who has known her for twenty years has never seen her unoccupied—she is intimately acquainted with and takes part in all that relates to the management of the household. Every servant is known to her, and their comfort is as much a matter of concern to their royal mistress as that of any one else. In fact, no detail of life wearies the Queen, hence the reason that her sympathies are wide and all her days full of work.

In the cause of charity Queen Mary is most generous. She is ever thinking how she can best render help to the poor and to the needy. But large as her heart is, she does not waste her energy or give way to mere sentiment. No letter asking for assistance in any form is ever allowed to

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be torn up without full consideration being given to the object, and in every instance a reply is sent. Each case is thoroughly investigated and none but the deserving are ever assisted. In the task of sifting Her Majesty always helps, and long acquaintance with work of this kind enables her quickly to detect the true from the counterfeit. The yearly reports of charitable societies with which the Queen's name is in any way associated are examined by her personally before being placed away for future reference, and she often asks pertinent questions about the management.

A charity in which the Queen takes much personal interest is the Holiday Home for Governesses, founded by herself and which bears her name. Her Majesty frequently motors down into Surrey, where the home is situated, and spends an hour or so talking with the governesses and inquiring into the arrangements made for their comfort. Another charity which owes its origin to the Queen is the Home of Rest for working-women of London, founded as a national memorial to her mother. Herself an industrious worker, the Queen is ever anxious to see proper attention is given to sewing in our schools, and in many and varied ways she has assisted in promoting and encouraging the art of needlework. As Duchess of York she provided the means for building a room at the Village Homes for Little Girls at Addlestone, where the rescued children as they grow up are taught to make their own outfits for service. In the progress of the Needlework Guild, which owes its early success, if not its origin, to the late Duchess of Teck, the Queen has always taken a special interest. For years she assisted her mother in the collection and distribution of the articles, and when the Duchess passed away the Queen herself became the head of the guild. All the parcels are directed to her personally, and year by year it has been her custom to attend at the Imperial Institute and see them unpacked and the articles sorted. In this way thousands of poor people are supplied annually with warm garments for the winter.

The Queen makes crochet woollen garments for poor children at the rate of sixty a year, and on being asked how she could possibly make so large a number replied: "I have always one of the little petticoats on hand in each of my sitting-rooms, and I take it up whenever I have a few spare minutes; then in the evenings my husband reads to me and I work and get through a great deal." Some of these

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garments find their way to mothers' meetings and the youngest baby present is the happy possessor of the royal gift, which is usually placed in a glass bookcase or cupboard and shown by the proud mother to admiring friends and neighbors. The father of one of these fortunate babies was unexpectedly driving a carriage in which the King, then Prince of Wales, was seated. On returning home the man said to his wife: "As I was driving His Royal Highness I said to myself: 'Ah, sir, you little know that my wife has a portrait of your wife and a petticoat for our baby of her own making hanging up in our parlor bookcase.'" The royal children are trained by their mother in the same habits of beneficence and self-forgetfulness, and last year Princess Mary sent in to the London section of the Needlework Guild one hundred articles of her own making and collecting.

Broad as are Her Majesty's sympathies, her chief concern is for the welfare of women and children. When visiting a hospital she will tarry long by the bedside of a child, asking the nurse all about the patient, and helping to comfort the little sufferer with kind words and a gift of flowers. As Princess of Wales the Queen would often go to hospitals accompanied only by her lady-in-waiting and quite unexpectedly announce her intention of going round the wards. At other times she would send word to the Vicar of a parish in some poor neighborhood of London inviting him to show her his club-room. As a rule, this kind of expedition was undertaken in the evening when the room was full of people, and frequently Her Majesty passed in and out without being recognized. In this way she learned to know how the poor live and to understand something of the difficulties that surround their daily lives. The Queen has a very exalted idea of what is her duty, but while she never flinches from doing what she considers right, it is always with a certain effort that she visits scenes of acute distress and misery, owing to the pain she herself experiences when seeing others suffer.

A lady who sometimes assists in dispensing the Queen's charitable gifts tells me: "In cases of need amongst poor ladies the Queen has often given monetary help towards a rest and change of air. Every year she allows me to take two pieces of her work to Switzerland; these are raffled in my hotel for the benefit of the very poor Swiss in the village. There is quite a gala time in drawing the raffle

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amongst the visitors, who are of all nationalities, and the villages are so grateful to the 'English royal lady.' In connection with orphanages and homes in this country, Her Majesty has for years sent prizes for the best boy and girl in the various places and allows a little badge to be given with them bearing the words, 'Be good and do good.' These badges are worn and very carefully treasured. At Christmas toys from the royal nurseries and money to purchase others come to me and are sent to hospitals and homes and are a great delight to all. But I have to do it all so quietly, as Queen Mary does not like her good deeds to be known."

Her Majesty's whole life speaks of kindly thoughts and kindly deeds; it affords her pleasure to give others pleasure, and wherever she goes she carries with her a radiant personality. The same gracious manner is meted out to every one, high, low, rich or poor. To old friends she is most faithful, and for old retainers most thoughtful, often receiving them and talking with them about the days of long ago. Once a friend of Queen Mary's, always a friend. No wonder she is universally beloved, and the more so by those who know her best.

No Queen of England ever entered upon her queenly estate better qualified to fill that exalted position than Queen Mary. No Queen ever had a greater hold on the affection of the people. Throughout the Empire, among every class, in every clime, the same opinion is expressed—love, respect and admiration for her lofty ideals, high principles, intellectual power, domesticity and family devotion, strong sense of duty, big warm heart, ever-widening sympathy, and, above all, a reverent regard for religion and simple Bible teaching.

CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

"Pages from the Book of Paris." By Claude C. Washburn. Etchings and Drawings by Lester G. Hornby. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910.

For charm both in text and illustration this volume, by Claude C. Washburn, holds front rank in the gift-books of the year. Nine essays cover such aspects of the beautiful Latin city as the Sidewalk Cafés, Choosing a Home, Plays, the Bois, Love in Paris, the Courtyard, Père Lachaise and an Interview with Anatole France. To those who do not know their Paris, the book will serve better than any guide-book to bring the charm and gayety of the city to mind; to those who know and love the place, it will serve as a most excellent stimulus to homesickness. The writer has captured and set before us in these light and graceful essays something of the very personality of Paris. In the hearts of those who see Paris as a personality, he says, the city is forever writing her book, "a book of infinite variety, exalted and prophetic, delicate, fanciful and gay, sombre with the misery of existence, according to the materials on which it is written; but it is always significant, never petty. When it is finished, it will hold the story of the human soul; but it will never be finished. Paris is not the subject of the book. Paris is only the medium. It is in her style, since it is she who writes; but its subject is Life, and whatever, good or bad, has any bearing upon life is to be found somewhere in its pages without embellishment and without euphemism."

One cannot say that Mr. Washburn has given us Paris without embellishment. How could a true artist do this? And Mr. Washburn is a true artist, a master of happy phrases, a seer of the exquisite, the evanescent, the rare. He gives us the very look of the milky sky, the afternoon haze in the Bois, the manner and distinction of a lovely child playing at ogre in a courtyard or championing an unfortunate lady.

It would not need the last chapter on an interview with Anatole France to convince us of the source of Mr. Washburn's delightful style. It has the Latin ease of construction, verve, movement and grace.

The illustrations of this delightful book equal the text. There on the cover is the very life of Paris caught in the three typical figures seated in the Bois. It would be difficult to praise too highly the delicacy and fidelity of these little etchings of the Luxembourg Gardens, the sidewalk cafés, the Café du Rond Point, the little shop with the proprietor's back blocking half the entrance, and the views along the quay with the street venders in full force, and, loveliest of all, Notre Dame seen from the Seine. Of all the forty-three illustrations, only the one of the *cochers* might perhaps have been bettered, for the Paris cabman is a type full as picturesque and interesting as the famous London cabby. This is a book

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to read and a book to look at and a book to keep ever at hand to cheer a sad moment or add grace to a dull one.

"Quiet Days in Spain." By C. Bogue Luffman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Mr. Luffman, whose "Vagabond in Spain" was so successful and readable a volume, gives us here further desultory jottings from his diligently kept note-book of that medieval land. Having wandered over forty-two of the forty-nine provinces of Spain, living and making friends with all sorts and classes of people, going over more than seven thousand miles of land travel, the author has had opportunity for observation accorded to few. The net result of the work is to make Spain appear the strangest, the most foreign country left in Europe. The world is becoming uniform, but apparently Spain still lies outside that circle of influence. "Poverty," says the author, "is the most painful and haunting fact of Spain." No change and no improvement, the author thinks, can come from within until the Church is virtually suppressed. The author, however, thinks that as the great playground of the world, luring and fascinating, Spain is without parallel "the great unrevealed store of the South—a part of Europe, a link with Asia, an offshoot of Africa. . . . In race, language and ideal ever varying, she is one only under the impulse of religious fervor; a motherland, yet everywhere with the unformed heart of a child; a remnant of the age of mysticism; the victim of discredited institutions; a holder to faith without works; misled by an Eastern love of gauds, favors and rewards; possessed of a fine soul, but savage by reason of the hot blood coursing through her veins."

If the suppression of the Church and its attendant evils should ever be compassed, would not Spain tend at once to become of a piece with the rest of our ordered and appeased globe and cease to be a picturesque playground?

The book is not illustrated, which is always a flaw in a book of travel. Pictures can do so much toward making the text real and convincing. The author is undeniably desultory and will tell an anecdote of an old couple's ingenuity and wickedness in half a dozen instalments and in as many different chapters. To picture Spain, however, in all its crudity and high color, this book serves better than any recent volumes on the topic.

"A Manual of Spiritual Fortification," being a choice of Meditative and Mystic Poems made and annotated by Louise Collier Willcox. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Because an anthology is only of worth in so far as it expresses a personality, so that its form and kind and very being are determined by the taste and temperament of its maker, precisely therefore it has the peculiar fascination of all indirect self-revelation, with its beguiling half-confessions and tantalizing reticences, its bewildering sympathies and illuminations that defy analysis. Any one who should be drawn to read this "Manual of Spiritual Fortification," by Louise Collier Willcox, by knowing already her gallant and goodly volume of last year, "The Human Way," would find confirmation here of all that he might have conjectured as to the author of those essays, so full of heart and thought and spirit,

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so sensitive to all the unutterable beauty of the visible world, so tender to all the piteous fallibilities and more piteous virtues of our human kind. What, on the other hand, he could make out if he came unprepared to this exquisite purple volume with a Greek gem on the title-page, a transformed thyrsus on the cover and a motto from the Psalmist, very troubling in its *intimité*, it would take long to say even in outline. At any rate, he would see first of all that here was somebody to reckon with, who knew what she thought and, furthermore, respected what she thought. Then that the author had not only thought deep, but read wide and, more than all, had reached high; conventional standards, conventional judgments, had no part here. The shaping spirit of imagination, which has made out of a mosaic an entity, out of dead men's utterances a vital and personal confession of faith, is the spirit of inexhaustible charity and tireless love, of inextinguishable confidence in the Good that is greater than we, of indomitable courage in the hour of agony and in the conflict of despair, that holds fast in the utter darkness because it believes in light. It is the Manual of such as know themselves soldiers in the City of God.

Nobody can quite spare a book like this. On the little table of the invalid, the sleepless, the overworked, it belongs inevitably; for such it has always a short word and a perfect word, brief matter for long meditation. But by just as good right it belongs on the low shelf at the right hand of the professional bookman. To him its wide range will especially commend it, stretching from thirteenth-century texts to pieces which are still only procurable as clipped from magazine or newspaper; and wheeling from "Thy gardens and Thy gallant walks" to "Out of the night that covers me." To have at one's elbow the best of Lionel Johnson's almost unprocurable poems and some of Father Hopkins's, which are completely inaccessible, is a gift to call out thanks, and almost as acceptable because as rare are selections from mid-century poetry like that of Professor Dowden and the late F. W. H. Meyers. But the book is nowise prejudiced in its unconvention: it offers clergymen as well as journalists, Catholic priests alongside of Unitarian ministers, the lyric ecstasy of George Herbert, the tender piety of Keble, the spiritual travail of John Byron, the exultant battle hymn of R. D. Blackmore. It is a Manual of faith no less than hope and love; nay, more, it is the Book of the Discipline of the Sons of God.

The notes are all too few, but they are personal and suggestive—the running comment of one who has gone over the way before. Nor should the critic need to praise the rare felicity of some titles that the compiler has supplied when such were wanted; to Shakespeare's Sonnets, for instance, and Drummond of Hawthornden's Madrigals and the several sections of "In Memoriam." The whole is like an hour spent in the Interpreter's House: it is of the most universal and exquisite appeal, a Handbook of the Practice of Perfection, a Guide to the Habit of Courage. And if there are men who do not need courage and do not want perfection, they, more than all others, will find it very full of human interest.

"Romantic California." By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

If Mr. Luffman's "Spain" falls short for lack of illustration Mr. Peixotto's "Romantic California" is all illustration with a negligible cur-

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rent of text. For a gift-book, which does not stand for serious reading, the volume is perhaps no less attractive. It is beautiful outside and inside. The frontispiece, "Set in Cypress-grove Gardens," is done from one of Mr. Peixotto's best-known pictures, and the little pen-and-ink sketches of tropical trees, picturesque corners of old gardens, wind-tossed trees on rocky points, windmills, fishermen and grape-gatherers produce all the atmosphere of our Western land of romance without words. The book is frankly a painter's book of pictures, and the words that accompany them do little to heighten the effect.

"The Holy Land." By Robert Hichens. Reproduction in colors from Paintings by Jules Guérin. New York: The Century Company, 1910.

The most sumptuous and pretentious of the gift-books of the season is this descriptive volume by Robert Hichens. Mr. Hichens's greatest achievement is the atmosphere of the desert in "The Garden of Allah"; but he is, after all, a novelist, not an essayist, and he needs his human figures to bring out his landscape, just as the landscape needs the human figures to vivify it. None the less, this is a quite magnificent volume for the drawing-room table, where it may be picked up and read a page or two at a time, while the splendid illustrations but point to the descriptive text. It would be unfair to lead any one to think that the best of Robert Hichens is in this volume, for he lends himself somewhat feebly to the multiplication of word-pictures. The book is a drawing-room decoration chiefly and as such wholly suitable and satisfying.

"The Lure of the Antique." By Walter A. Dyer. New York: The Century Company, 1910.

This book is not exactly what its subtitle proclaims it—"a book of ready reference for collectors of old furniture, china, mirrors, candlesticks, silverware, pewter, glassware, copper utensils, clocks and other household furnishings," etc.

It is a charming book on an inexhaustible topic, beautifully but sparsely illustrated by rare photographs of good old pieces. The information is not full enough or thorough enough to make the book a good handbook for collectors, but the volume does fill a place as excellent reading for the beginner and the amateur, giving just the opening and fundamental knowledge which goes to the making of a collector. It creates the taste which later, more technical books must nourish. For a commencing collector, however, this little light volume serves excellently and is most interesting and helpful.

FICTION.

"Clayhanger." By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

"THE great novelist is he who takes the common experience of ordinary people and so vitalizes and interprets it as to make us, for the moment at least, see it as the wealth it really is.

"The difficulty is, not to lose sight of the significance of the banal, not to find people less interesting because they resemble one another, not to

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find daily happenings any the less wonderful that they are daily to keep always before us the marvellous quality of the usual."

These recently published words of a charming essayist are perfectly apposite to the work under discussion. That Arnold Bennett is a very great writer he proved in that remarkable novel, "Old Wives' Tale." "The Glimpse," which followed immediately after, was disappointing and bore marks of being a refurbished early work. With "Clayhanger" Mr. Bennett offers us a worthy successor of "Old Wives' Tale." Once more he is in the *milieu* of the Five Towns—a locality in Staffordshire where crockery is manufactured, a setting absolutely mediocre and undistinguished. The hero, Clayhanger, is merely a nice young fellow who likes to read and yearns for more elegance and refinement than his home can offer him. Without great force or energy, he is industrious and honest; without overwhelming abilities, he has a taste for literature and art; without deep tenderness, he has kindly emotions and a fund of fairness and good-will. He and his father fail to understand each other; and the son, who is the less self-willed of the two, is forced into a business career which he loathes. He has two perfectly commonplace sisters—one a domestic creature, faithful and honest, and the other flippant and foolish. There is no glamour of romance thrown about the situation; there are no adventures. No attempt at all is made to rectify reality. But it is a very great novel, none the less; so great that it throws into the shadow all the novels of the last decade. Even "Tono-Bungay," full of meat and life as it was, seems slim and unpleasant in comparison. There is nothing unpleasant here. If one stop to analyze wherein the greatness consists one finds it to lie in three qualities: an uncompromising and exact sense of truth, unwavering concentration of a flood of consciousness on one subject, a mastery of technique. To work backwards on these three points, one would notice first how unobtrusively the narrative flows. There are no tricks of technique, no eloquent passages, no moralizings, no crises. The author is as objective, as silent in his own person as Flaubert himself in "Madame Bovary." There is no word-painting, but language is used throughout as subordinate, as a medium, not as an end in itself. The effect is of supreme simplicity and clarity, but the amazing thing is the amount the author sees. The details whereby he reconstructs a period, a place, the atmosphere of a home, a room, are legion. Nothing escapes him. He sees everything. How so young a man can completely set before us a mid-Victorian drawing-room, an old-fashioned parlor in a Brighton boarding-house, a new suburb of 1870, is a marvel and a questioning. He cannot possibly remember these things, but he can set them there in his pages in their habit as they lived. Even in the same manner the political and literary issues of the day are revived.

The second facet of Mr. Arnold's genius is his abundant consciousness. We have pointed out that he chooses for his subject a perfectly commonplace man in perfectly commonplace surroundings; and of these he makes, by the flood of knowledge and understanding and "awareness" he sheds upon them, an enthralling book, a book to re-read and re-read. He so vitalizes and interprets the common light of every day that we seem, for the moment, to understand all life from the light thrown on the typical moment. And it is no longer commonplace; it is luminous and wonderful and awakening that life should be like this. And, finally, Mr. Arnold has that gift which outweighs all romance, the sense of truth;

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he neither belittles facts nor heightens effects. He looks steadily at his fact, he sees true, he reports accurately. If this seems to be other than great praise, it is because our sense of values needs transvaluation. "Clayhanger" is a very great novel.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"A Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

It is a notable fact that the most interesting and most beautiful children's books of the season are reprints of earlier books. Hardly a year passes that Hawthorne's tales from Greek Mythology are not reprinted in some form or other for the children. Together with Kingsley's "Greek Heroes," the "Tanglewood Tales" and "A Wonder Book" furnish the child's best introduction to that golden land and literature which still is the noblest pasture land of the poetic imagination. The value of the present edition lies chiefly in the beautiful illustrations by Maxfield Parrish. In form the volume is like the "Poems of Childhood," by Eugene Field, and the "Arabian Nights Tales," retold by Kate Douglas Wiggin, both published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in previous holiday seasons. There are ten full-page illustrations. Of these "Circe's Palace," "The Fountain of Pirene" and "Proserpine" are exquisite pictures quite in Mr. Parrish's best manner. "Cadmus Sowing the Dragon's Teeth" is full of motion and breeze, but the picture is somewhat marred by the amount of ugly gold-red-brown color in which the newer color prints revel. The coloring again mars the charm of the picture of "Bellerophon." All in all, the book is one of the most sumptuous of the children's books of this season.

"The Flint Heart." By Eden Phillpotts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

That Eden Phillpotts could write as well of the comedies of childhood as the tragedies of the peasants we learned in that humorous classic, "The Eternal Boy." "Flint Heart" is redeemed from being a mere fairy-story with an historical picture as an introduction by Mr. Phillpotts's exuberant fancy and delightful humor. The whole of Dartmoor, from the stone age to the present day, with the little farm of Merripit cuddled in a hollow, the dog and the children and the farmers, the learned archæologist from London, the Sun, Zagobog and the Thunderspirit, and the fairies and pixies and the bluebells, and the hot-water bottle made in Germany take important parts in this delightful fantasy. The story is young enough and simple enough to hold the attention of any childish mind and yet is full enough and bright enough and charming enough to leave behind an ample store of pictures and fancies and jests.

"The Children's Plutarch" is two volumes—"Tales from the Greeks," "Tales from the Romans"—arranged by F. J. Gould, with an Introduction by W. D. Howells. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

These two valuable volumes furnish a solution to the problem of those parents who have vainly urged the "Lives" of Plutarch upon the young.

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Our grandfathers loved the "Lives" in their original form. There are records of boys of three generations ago who strapped a volume of Plutarch on the horse with the riding-blanket and read as they carried the corn to the mill to be ground. The modern child has had too much literature diluted and made easy to stand such heavy fare, and so these tales, simplified and abbreviated and yet attempting to hold close to the original form, are the best they can assimilate. Even thus popularized the lives are good fare for the young boy and excellent training for an entrance into Greek and Roman history; for, as Mr. Howells says in his Introduction: "In spite of all the knowledge of Greece and Rome which the study of scholars has since brought us, the Greece and Rome of Plutarch, which, for the English race, became the Greece and Rome of Shakespeare and of Goldsmith, will remain to the end of time the universal countries, with the 'Cities of the Soul' for their capital."

"A Child's Book of Verses." Selected and illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

The charm of Jessie Willcox Smith's children, if it does not quite match that of Kate Greenaway, falls at least not far short of it. The ten full-page drawings here of round, chubby children in a very solid and realistic child's world are as delightful as ever. Imagination or suggestion, of course, is not what these pictures have, but they have youth and truth. From the one hundred and ten children's poems chosen it is easily seen that Jessie Willcox Smith was properly brought up and trained on Whittier's "Child Life" and Christina Rossetti's "Sing-Song." All the poems included are permanently valuable; but since, by the inclusion of "She was a Treasure, She was a Sweet," the author proves her acquaintance with that most delightful writer upon child-life, William Canton, why should she have omitted his lovely "Prayer"?

> "Dear Father whom I cannot see
> Look down from Heaven on little me,
> Let angels through the darkness spread
> Their holy wings about my bed.
>
> And keep me safe because I am
> The Heavenly Shepherd's little lamb.
> Teach me to do as I am told
> And help me be as good as gold."

Herrick's "Child's Grace before Meat," if somewhat quaint and odd in form, would yet be a good addition to a modern collection of children's verses. One also misses one or two of the best of William Motherwell's children's poems and quite indispensable poems by Kipling and Stevenson.

"Favorite Fairy-tales." The Childhood Choice of Representative Men and Women. Illustrated by Peter Newell. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Only two women, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, and Mrs. Meynell, give their favorite fairy-tales in this excellent collection which includes "Jack the Giant-killer," "Cinderella," "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Little Red Riding-Hood," the "Ugly Duckling," "Hop-

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o'-my-Thumb," "Beauty and the Beast," "Little Snowdrop," "Story of the Three Bears," "Snow White and Rose Red," "The Wild Swans" and four of the "Arabian Nights Stories." It is amazing how identical is the taste of the famous and the average in childhood. Half the English-speaking children of the world would doubtless have chosen these same stories. It is a little odd that no one added Andersen's "Little Mermaid" or the "Ice Queen." Peter Newell's illustrations are excellent, and in "The Sleeping Beauty" and one of the pictures of "Beauty and the Beast" he has an unexpected suggestion of Carpaccio's St. Ursula series. These are indispensable stories in every nursery and as much a part of a child's education as the alphabet or the multiplication table.

"Bimbi Stories for Children." By "Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée). Illustrations by Maria L. Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1910.

The Lippincott Company have been making most valuable reprints of children's books in the last few years. Last year they brought out George Macdonald's "Princess and Curdie," "Curdie and the Goblins" and "At the Back of the North Wind." Uniform with that edition they now produce Ouida's "Bimbi." When this volume was first printed, in 1880, it contained nine tales, as beautiful as have been written for the young in the last century. The Lippincott Company have broken up the original volume into two, publishing in the first "The Dog of Flanders," "The Nürnberg Stove" and "The Little Earl." "Bimbi" includes the remaining seven: "Moufflon," "A Provence Rose," "Lampblack," "The Child of Urbino," "The Ambitious Rose Tree," "Meleagris Gallopado" and the beautiful "Findelkind." These stories are not merely tales to amuse children, though their hold on the childish mind is as strong as it was thirty years ago, but they belong to that which we call literature. Ouida the novelist, melodramatic and sentimental, may pass, but Ouida who knew the child's heart and mind and spoke directly to them will live. Here are story and picturesque and truthful setting, a refined and poetic diction and the true poetry of the heart.

"Mopsa, the Fairy." By Jean Ingelow. Illustrations by Maria L. Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1910.

Jean Ingelow's story is full of pretty fancy and the charm of adventure, but her fairy-tale would be worth reprinting only for the lovely songs sown throughout and inaccessible elsewhere. Who would not buy the book to have a complete version of the lovely night-song which commences:

"Who pipes upon the long green hill,
Where meadow grass is deep?
The white lamb bleats but followeth on—
Follow the clean white sheep.
The dear white lady in yon high tower
She hearkeneth in her sleep."

The illustrations by Miss Kirk are particularly commendable for their dainty grace and imaginative power.

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"Rewards and Fairies." By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1910.

Mr. Kipling here continues his scenes from English history with renewed zeal in inspiring patriotism. Who does not, upon opening any volume of Kipling's now, suddenly recall the amazement with which he greeted twenty-one years ago the "Plain Tales from the Hills." What unabashed audacity, what cocksureness, what verve and vigor and genius the book showed! For a while the pace of popularity kept up, and then something happened. Instead of a young and buoyant genius, a grave and tremendously endowed genius began to send forth books, and the world was disappointed. To remain popular an author must stand still at the point where he caught the world's ear, and Kipling could not do it any more than Shakespeare at fifty could have written "Love's Labor's Lost" or "Much Ado" instead of "Antony and Cleopatra" or "Coriolanus." Mr. Kipling will never quite recapture the first fine rapture of the Jungle Stories. These had the inestimable advantage of a single hero to go forth upon adventure and concentrate the glow of the world's envy and admiration. Dan and Una are no more than spectators at the feast in "Puck o' Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies." England is the hero of the book, a hero too large and too impersonal for the child's mind; nor will the wonder and glow and vitality of the pictures take the place of the personal interest. As a work of art, a poetic sketch of a great personality, "Gloriana" is a wonderful bit of writing, but the romance is that of a subtle woman and does not even touch the fringe of the child's world.

In the songs of this volume Kipling once more wields the pen of the universal genius that he is. All his vigor and his magic go into such songs as the "Carol" at the end of the book, the poem "If," which every English-speaking boy should know by heart, and "The Astrologer's Song," which is not too reminiscent of Swinburne's "Hertha."

All Mr. Kipling's work will live, but it will be students and men rather than children who will be spellbound by the wonderful flashes of England's history done by this supreme genius of his generation.

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." By Mark Twain. Illustrated by Worth Breton. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

This imperishable classic of boy-life, which in its buoyancy and vitality appeals to all ages with the same irresistible call as "Le Cid," "Don Quixote" and "Robinson Crusoe," is sent forth in new and beautiful garments for the holiday season. Well bound, printed and illustrated, here is the epic of American boyhood. The outward happenings of Tom Sawyer's life may belong to an order that is passing away, but the eternally renewed heart of a boy lives in the book and gives it a fresh vitality for each succeeding generation. There will never come a time when boys will cease to go forth as pirates and "black avengers of the Spanish Main"; when they will fail to build fires in any accessible cave and play at Guy of Gisborne in Sherwood Forest. The book, now a quarter of a century old and eternally young, reappears year after year, but this is the ideal edition, and has a claim to a place on the shelf with the world's great classics that treat of that imperishable kingdom, the imagination and play-world of the eternal boy.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

PART I

I.

To begin with, I wish to disclaim the possession of those high gifts of imagination and expression which would have enabled my pen to create for the reader the personality of the man who called himself after the Russian custom Cyril son of Isidor—Kirylo Sidorovitch—Razumov.

If I have ever had these gifts in any sort of living form they have been smothered out of existence a long time ago under a wilderness of words. Words, as is well known, are the great foes of reality. I have been for many years a student and a teacher of languages. It is an occupation which at length becomes fatal to whatever share of imagination, observation and insight an ordinary person may be heir to. To a teacher of languages there comes a time when the world is but a place of many words and man appears a mere talking animal not much more wonderful than a parrot.

This being so, I could not have observed Mr. Razumov or guessed at his reality by the force of insight, much less have imagined him as he was. Even to invent the mere bald facts of his life would have been utterly beyond my powers. But I think that without this declaration the readers of these pages will be able to detect in the story the marks of documentary evidence. And that is perfectly correct. It is based on a document; all I have brought to it is my knowledge of the Russian language, which is perfectly adequate for what is attempted here. The document, of course, is something in the nature of a journal, a diary, yet not exactly that in its actual form. For instance, most of it was not written up from day to day, though all the entries are dated. Some of these entries cover months of time and extend over dozens of pages. All the earlier part is a retrospect, in a narrative form, relating to an event which took place about a year before.

I must mention that I have lived for many years in Geneva. A whole quarter of that town, on account of many Russians residing there, is called *La Petite Russie* (Little Russia). I had a rather extensive connection in Little Russia at that time. Yet I confess that I have no comprehension of the Russian character. The illogicality of their attitude,

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the arbitrariness of their conclusions, the frequency of the exceptional, should present no difficulty to a student of many grammars; but there must be something else in the way, some special human trait—one of those subtle differences that are beyond the ken of mere professors. What must remain striking to a teacher of languages is the Russians' extraordinary love of words. They gather them up, they cherish them, but they don't hoard them in their breasts. On the contrary, they are always ready to pour them out by the hour or by the night with an enthusiasm, a sweeping abundance, with such an aptness of application sometimes that, as in the case of very accomplished parrots, one can't defend oneself from the suspicion that they really understand what they say. There is a generosity in their ardor of speech which removes it as far as possible from common loquacity. And it is ever too disconnected to be classed as eloquence. . . . But I must apologize for this digression.

It would be idle to inquire why Mr. Razumov has left this record behind him. It is inconceivable that he should have wished any human eye to see it. A mysterious impulse of human nature comes into play here. Putting aside Samuel Pepys, who has forced in that way the door of immortality, innumerable people, criminals, saints, philosophers, young girls, statesmen and simple imbeciles, have kept self-revealing records from vanity, no doubt, but also from other more inscrutable motives. There must be a wonderful soothing power in mere words, since so many men have used them for self-communion. Being myself a quiet individual, I take it that what all men are really after is some form or perhaps only some formula of peace. Certainly they are crying loud enough for it at the present day. What sort of peace Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov expected to find in the writing up of his record it passeth my understanding to guess.

The fact remains that he has written it.

Mr. Razumov was a tall, well-proportioned young man, quite unusually dark for a Russian from the central provinces. His good looks would have been unquestionable if it had not been for a peculiar lack of fineness in the features. It was as if a face modelled vigorously in wax (with some approach even to a classical correctness of type) had been held close to a fire till all sharpness of line had been lost in the softening of the material. But even thus he was sufficiently good-looking. His manner, too, was good. In discussion he was easily swayed by argument and authority. With his younger compatriots he took the attitude of an inscrutable listener, a listener of the kind that hears you out intelligently and then—just changes the subject.

This sort of trick, which may arise either from intellectual insufficiency or from an imperfect trust in one's own convictions, procured for Mr. Razumov a reputation of profundity. Amongst a lot of exuberant talkers, in the habit of exhausting themselves daily by ardent discussion, a comparatively taciturn personality is naturally credited with reserve power. By his comrades at the St. Petersburg University, Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov, third year's student of philosophy, was looked upon as a strong nature—an altogether trustworthy man. This in a country where an opinion may be a legal crime visited by death or sometimes by a fate worse than mere death meant that he was worthy of being trusted with forbidden opinions. He was liked also for his amiability and for his quiet readiness to oblige his comrades even at the cost of personal inconvenience.

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Mr. Razumov was supposed to be the son of an archpriest and to be protected by a distinguished nobleman—perhaps of his own distant province. But his outward appearance accorded badly with such humble origin. Such a descent was not credible. It was, indeed, suggested that Mr. Razumov was the son of an archpriest's pretty daughter—which, of course, would put a different complexion on the matter. This theory also rendered intelligible the protection of the distinguished nobleman. All this, however, had never been investigated maliciously or otherwise. No one knew or cared who the nobleman in question was. Razumov received a modest but very sufficient allowance from the hands of an obscure attorney who seemed to act as his guardian in some measure. Now and then he appeared at some professor's informal reception. Apart from that, Razumov was not known to have any social relations in the town. He attended the obligatory lectures regularly and was considered by the authorities as a very promising student. He worked at home in the manner of a man who means to get on, but did not shut himself up severely for that purpose. He was always accessible and there was nothing secret or reserved in his life.

The origin of Mr. Razumov's record is connected with an event characteristic of modern Russia in the actual fact: the assassination of a prominent statesman—and still more characteristic of the moral corruption of an oppressed society where the noblest aspirations of humanity, the desire of freedom, an ardent patriotism, the love of justice, the sense of pity, and even the fidelity of simple minds are prostituted to the lusts of hate and fear, the inseparable companions of an uneasy despotism.

The fact alluded to above is the successful attempt on the life of Mr. de P——, the President of the notorious Repressive Commission of some years ago, the Minister of State invested with extraordinary powers. The newspapers made noise enough about that fanatical, narrow-chested figure in gold-laced uniform, with a face of crumpled parchment, insipid, bespectacled eyes, and the cross of the Order of St. Procopius hung under the skinny throat. For a time, it may be remembered, not a month passed without his portrait appearing in some one of the illustrated papers of Europe. He served the monarchy by imprisoning, exiling or sending to the gallows men and women, young and old, with an equable, unwearied industry. In his mystic acceptance of the principle of autocracy he was bent on extirpating from the land every vestige of anything that resembled freedom in public institutions; and in his ruthless persecution of the rising generation he seemed to aim at the destruction of the very hope of liberty itself.

It is said that this execrated personality had not enough imagination to be aware of the hate he inspired. It is hardly credible; but it is a fact that he took very few precautions for his safety. In the preamble of a certain famous state paper he had declared once that "the thought of liberty has never existed in the act of the Creator. From the multitude of men's counsel nothing could come but revolt and disorder; and revolt and disorder in a world created for obedience and stability is sin. It was not Reason, but Authority, which expressed the Divine Intention. God was the Autocrat of the universe. . . ." It may be that the man who made this declaration believed that Heaven itself was bound to protect him in his remorseless defence of Autocracy on this earth.

No doubt the vigilance of the police saved him many times; but, as a

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matter of fact, when his appointed fate overtook him the competent authorities could not have given him any warning. They had no knowledge of any conspiracy against the minister's life, had no hint of any plot through their usual channels of information, had seen no signs, were aware of no suspicious movements or dangerous persons.

Mr. de P—— was being driven towards the railway station in a two-horse uncovered sleigh with footman and coachman on the box. Snow had been falling all night, making the roadway, uncleared as yet at this early hour, very heavy for the horses. It was still falling thickly. But the sleigh must have been observed and marked down. As it drew over to the left before taking a turn the footman noticed a peasant walking slowly on the edge of the pavement with his hands in the pockets of his sheepskin coat and his shoulders hunched up to his ears under the falling snow. On being overtaken, this peasant suddenly faced about and swung his arm. In an instant there was a terrible shock, a detonation muffled in the multitude of snowflakes; both horses lay dead and mangled on the ground, and the coachman, with a shrill cry, had fallen off the box mortally wounded. The footman (who survived) had no time to see the face of the man in the sheepskin coat. After throwing the bomb, this last got away; but it is supposed that, seeing a lot of people surging up on all sides of him in the falling snow and all running towards the scene of the explosion, he thought it safer to turn back with them.

In an incredibly short time an excited crowd assembled round the sledge. The Minister-President, getting out unhurt into the deep snow, stood near the groaning coachman and addressed the people repeatedly in his weak, colorless voice: "I beg of you to keep off. For the love of God, I beg of you good people to keep off."

It was then that a tall young man who had remained standing perfectly still within a carriage gateway, two houses lower down, stepped out into the street and, walking up rapidly, flung another bomb over the heads of the crowd. It actually struck the Minister-President on the shoulder as he stooped over his dying servant, then falling between his feet exploded with a terrific concentrated violence, striking him dead to the ground, finishing the wounded man, and practically annihilating the empty sledge in the twinkling of an eye. With a yell of horror the crowd broke up and fled in all directions except for those who fell dead or dying where they stood nearest to the Minister-President, and one or two others who did not fall till they had run on a little way.

The first explosion had brought together a crowd as if by enchantment; the second made as swiftly a solitude in the street for hundreds of yards in each direction. Through the falling snow people looked from afar at the small heap of dead bodies lying upon each other near the carcasses of the two horses. Nobody dared to approach till some Cossacks of a street patrol galloped up and, dismounting, began to turn over the dead. Amongst the innocent victims of the second explosion laid out on the pavement there was a body dressed in a peasant's sheepskin coat; but the face was unrecognizable; there was absolutely nothing found in the pockets of its poor clothing, and it was the only one whose identity was never established.

That day Mr. Razumov got up at his usual hour and spent the morning within the university buildings listening to the lectures and working for some time in the library. He heard the first vague rumor of some-

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thing in the way of bomb-throwing at the table of the students' ordinary, where he was accustomed to eat his two-o'clock dinner. But this rumor was made up of mere whispers; and this was Russia, where it is not always safe, for a student especially, to appear too much interested in certain kinds of whispers. Razumov was one of those men who, living in a period of mental and political unrest, keep an instinctive hold on normal, practical, every-day life. He was aware of the emotional tension of his time; he even responded to it in an indefinite way. But his main concern was with his work, his studies and with his own future.

Officially and in fact without a family (for the daughter of the archpriest had long been dead), no home influences had shaped his opinions or his feelings. He was as lonely in the world as a man swimming in the deep sea. The word Razumov was the mere label of a solitary individuality. There were no Razumovs belonging to him anywhere. His closest parentage was defined in the statement that he was a Russian. Whatever good he expected from life would be given to or withheld from his hopes by that connection alone. This immense parentage suffered from the throes of internal dissensions, and he shrank mentally from the fray as a good-natured man may shrink from taking definite sides in a violent family quarrel.

Razumov, going home, reflected that having prepared all the matters of the forthcoming examination, he could now devote his time to the subject of the prize essay. He hankered after the silver medal. The prize was offered by the Ministry of Education: the names of the competitors would be submitted to the Minister himself. The mere fact of trying would be considered meritorious in the higher quarters; and the possessor of the prize would have a claim to an administrative appointment of the better sort after he had taken his degree. The student Razumov, in an access of elation, forgot the dangers menacing the stability of the institutions that give rewards and appointments. But remembering the medallist of the year before, Razumov, the young man of no parentage, was sobered. He and some others happened to be assembled in their comrade's rooms at the very time when that last received the official advice of his success. He was a quiet, unassuming young man. "Forgive me," he had said, with a faint apologetic smile and taking up his cap. "I am going out to order up some wine. But I must first send a telegram to my folks at home. I say! Won't the old people make it a festive time for the neighbors for twenty miles around our place?"

Razumov thought there was nothing of that sort for him in the world. His success would matter to no one. But he felt no bitterness against the nobleman his protector, who was not a provincial magnate as was generally supposed. He was, in fact, nobody less than Prince K——, once a great and splendid figure in the world and now, his day being over, a Senator and a gouty subject, living in a still splendid but more domestic manner. He had some young children and a wife as aristocratic and proud as himself.

In all his life Razumov was allowed only once to come into personal contact with the Prince.

It had the air of a chance meeting in the little attorney's office. One day Razumov, coming in by appointment, found a stranger standing there —a tall, aristocratic-looking personage with silky gray side-whiskers. The bald-headed, sly, little lawyer fellow called out, "Come in—come in, Mr

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Razumov," with a sort of ironic heartiness. Then turning deferentially to the stranger with the grand air: "A ward of mine, your Excellency. One of the most promising students of his faculty in the St. Petersburg University."

To his intense surprise, Razumov saw a white shapely hand extended to him. He took it in great confusion (it was soft and passive) and heard at the same time a condescending murmur in which he caught only the words "satisfactory" and "persevere." But the most amazing thing of all was to feel suddenly a distinct pressure of the white, shapely hand just before it was withdrawn; a light pressure like a secret sign. The emotion of it was terrible. Razumov's heart seemed to leap into his throat. When he raised his eyes the aristocratic personage, motioning the little lawyer aside, had opened the door and was going out.

The attorney rummaged amongst the papers on his desk for a time. "Do you know who that was?" he asked, suddenly.

Razumov, whose heart was thumping hard yet, shook his head in silence.

"That was Prince K——. You wonder what he could be doing in the hole of a poor legal rat like myself—eh? These awfully great people have their sentimental curiosities like common sinners. But if I were you, Kirylo Sidorovitch," he continued, leering and laying a peculiar emphasis on the patronymic, "I wouldn't boast at large of the introduction. It would not be prudent, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Oh dear, no! It would be, in fact, dangerous for your future."

The young man's ears burned like fire; his sight was dim. "That man!" Razumov was saying to himself. "He!"

Henceforth it was by this monosyllable that Mr. Razumov got into the habit of referring mentally to the stranger with gray silky side-whiskers. From that time, too, when walking in the more fashionable quarters, he noted with interest the magnificent horses and carriages with Prince K——'s liveries on the box. Once he saw the Princess get out—she was shopping—followed by two girls, of which one was nearly a head taller than the other. Their fair hair hung loose down their backs in the English style; they had merry eyes, their coats, muffs and little fur caps were exactly alike, and their cheeks and noses were tinged a cheerful pink by the frost. They crossed the pavement in front of him and Razumov went on his way smiling shyly to himself. "His" daughters. They resembled "him." The young man felt a glow of warm friendliness towards these girls who would never know of his existence. Presently they would marry Generals or Kammerherrs and have girls and boys of their own, who perhaps would be aware of him as a celebrated old professor, decorated possibly a Privy Councillor, one of the glories of Russia—nothing more!

But a celebrated professor was a somebody. Distinction would convert the label Razumov into an honored name. There was nothing strange in the student Razumov's wish for distinction. A man's real life is that accorded to him in the thoughts of other men by reason of respect or natural love. Returning home on the day of the attempt on Mr. de P——'s life, Razumov resolved to have a good try for the silver medal.

Climbing slowly the four flights of the dark, dirty staircase in the house where he had his lodgings, he felt confident of success. The winner's name would be published in the papers on New-year's Day. And at the thought that "he" would most probably read it there, Razumov stopped short on the stairs for an instant, then went on smiling faintly

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at his own emotion. "This is but a shadow," he said to himself, "but the medal is a solid beginning."

With those ideas of industry in his head, the warmth of his room was agreeable and encouraging. "I shall put in four hours of good work," he thought. But no sooner had he closed the door than he was horribly startled. All black against the usual tall stove of white tiles gleaming in the dusk stood a strange figure wearing a skirted, close-fitting, brown-cloth coat strapped round the waist, in long boots, and with a little Astrachan cap on its head. It loomed lithe and martial. Razumov was utterly confounded. It was only when the figure, advancing two paces, asked, in an untroubled grave voice, if the outer door was closed that he regained his power of speech.

"Haldin! . . .Victor Victorovitch! . . . Is that you? . . . Yes. The outer door is shut all right. But this is indeed unexpected."

Victor Haldin, a student older than most of his contemporaries at the university, was not one of the industrious set. He was hardly ever seen at lectures; the authorities had marked him as "restless" and "unsound" —very bad notes. But he had a great personal prestige with his comrades and influenced their thoughts. Razumov had never been intimate with him. They had met from time to time at gatherings in other students' houses. They had even had a discussion together—one of those discussions on first principles dear to the sanguine minds of youth.

Razumov wished the man had chosen some other time to come for a chat. He felt in good trim to tackle the prize essay. But as Haldin could not be slightingly dismissed, Razumov adopted the tone of hospitality, asking him to sit down and smoke.

"Kirylo Sidorovitch," said the other, "we are not perhaps in exactly the same camp. Your judgment is more philosophical. You are a man of few words, but I haven't met anybody who dared to doubt the generosity of your sentiments. There is a solidity about your character which cannot exist without courage."

Razumov felt flattered and began to mutter shyly something about being very glad of his good opinion, when Haldin raised his hand.

"This is what I was saying to myself," he continued, "as I dodged in the wood-yard down by the riverside: 'He has a strong character, this young man,' I said to myself. 'He does not throw his soul to the winds.' Your reserve has always fascinated me, Kirylo Sidorovitch. So I tried to remember your address. But look here—it was a piece of luck. Your dvornik was away from the gate talking to a sleigh-driver on the other side of the street. I met no one on the stairs, not a soul. As I came up to your floor I caught sight of your landlady coming out of your rooms. But she did not see me. She crossed the landing to her own side and then I slipped in. I have been here two hours, expecting you to come in every moment."

Razumov had listened in astonishment; but before he could open his mouth Haldin added, speaking deliberately, "It was I who removed de P—— this morning."

Razumov kept down a cry of dismay. The sentiment of his life being utterly ruined by this contact with such a crime expressed itself quaintly by a sort of half-derisive mental exclamation, "There goes my silver medal!"

Haldin continued, after waiting a while:

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"You say nothing, Kirylo Sidorovitch! I understand your silence. To be sure, I cannot expect you with your frigid English manner to embrace me. But never mind your manners. You have enough heart to have heard the sound of weeping and gnashing of teeth this man raised in the land. That would be enough to get over any philosophical hopes. He was uprooting the tender plant. He had to be stopped. He was a dangerous man—a convinced man. Three more years of his work would have put us back fifty years into bondage—and look at all the lives wasted, at all the souls lost in that time."

His curt, self-confident voice suddenly lost its ring, and it was in a dull tone that he added: "Yes, brother, I have killed him. It's weary work."

Razumov had sunk into a chair. Every moment he expected a crowd of policemen to rush in. There must have been thousands of them out looking for that man walking up and down in his room. Haldin was talking again in a restrained, steady voice. Now and then he flourished an arm, slowly, without excitement.

He told Razumov how he had brooded for a year; how he had not slept properly for weeks. He and "another" had a warning of the Minister's movements from "a certain person" late the evening before. He and that "another" prepared their "engines" and resolved to have no sleep till "the deed" was done. They walked the streets under the falling snow with the "engines" on them, exchanging not a word the livelong night. When they happened to meet a police patrol they took each other by the arm and pretended to be a couple of peasants on a spree. They reeled and talked in drunken, hoarse voices. Except for these strange outbreaks, they kept silence, moving on ceaselessly. Their plans had been previously arranged. At daybreak they made their way to the spot which they knew the sledge must pass. When it appeared in sight they exchanged a muttered good-by and separated. The "other" remained at the corner; Haldin took up a position a little farther up the street. . . .

After throwing his "engine," he ran off and in a moment was overtaken by the panic-stricken people flying away from the spot after the second explosion. They were wild with terror. He was jostled once or twice. He slowed down for the rush to pass him and then turned to the left into a narrow street. There he was alone.

He marvelled at this immediate escape. The work was done. He could hardly believe it. He fought with an almost irresistible longing to lie down on the pavement and sleep. But this sort of faintness—a drowsy faintness—passed off quickly. He walked faster, making his way to one of the poorer parts of the town in order to look up Ziemianitch.

This Ziemianitch, Razumov understood, was a sort of town peasant who had got on; owner of a small number of sledges and horses for hire. Haldin paused in his narrative to exclaim:

"A bright spirit! A hardy soul! The best driver in St. Petersburg. He has a team of three horses there. . . . Ah, he's a fellow!"

This man had declared himself willing to take out safely at any time one or two persons to the second or third railway station on one of the southern lines. But there had been no time to warn him the night before. His usual haunt seemed to be a low-class eating-house on the outskirts of the town. When Haldin got there the man was not to be found. He was not expected to turn up again till the evening. Haldin wandered away restlessly.

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He saw the gate of a wood-yard open and went in to get out of the wind which swept the bleak, broad thoroughfares. The great rectangular piles of cut wood loaded with snow resembled the huts of a village. At first the watchman who discovered him crouching amongst them talked in a friendly manner. He was a dried-up old man wearing two ragged army coats, one over the other; his wizened little face, tied up under the jaw and over the ears in a dirty red handkerchief, looked comical. Presently he grew sulky and then all at once without rhyme or reason began to shout furiously.

"Aren't you ever going to clear out of this, you loafer? We know all about factory hands of your sort. A big, strong, young chap! You aren't even drunk. What do you want here? You don't frighten us. Take yourself and your ugly eyes away."

Haldin stopped before the sitting Razumov. His supple figure, with the white forehead above which the fair hair stood straight up, had an aspect of lofty daring.

"He did not like my eyes," he said, "and so . . . here I am."

Razumov made an effort to speak calmly.

"But pardon me, Victor Victorovitch. We know each other so little . . . I don't see why you . . .?"

"Confidence," said Haldin.

This word sealed Razumov's lips as if a hand had been clapped on his mouth. His brain seethed with arguments.

"And so—here you are," he muttered through his teeth.

The other did not detect the tone of anger. Never suspected it.

"Yes. And nobody knows I am here. You are the last person that could be suspected—should I get caught. That's an advantage, you see. And then—speaking to a superior mind like yours, I can well say all the truth. It occurred to me that you—you have no one belonging to you—no ties, no one to suffer for it if this came out by some means. There have been enough ruined Russian homes as it is. But I don't see how my passage through your rooms can be ever known. If I should be got hold of I'll know how to keep silent—no matter what they may be pleased to do to me," he added, grimly.

He began to walk again while Razumov sat still appalled.

"You thought that," he faltered out almost sick with indignation.

"Yes, Razumov. Yes, brother. Some day you shall help to build. You suppose that I am a terrorist now—a destructor of what is. But consider that the true destroyers are they who destroy the spirit of progress and truth, not they who merely kill the bodies of persecutors of human dignity. Men like me are necessary to make room for men like you. Well, we have made the sacrifice of our lives, but all the same I want to escape if it can be done. It is not my life I want to save, but my power to do. I won't live idle. Oh no! Don't make any mistake, Razumov. Men like me are rare. And, besides, an example like this is more awful to oppressors when the perpetrator vanished without a trace. They sit in their offices and palaces and quake. All I want you to do is to help me to vanish. No great matter that. Only to go by and by and see Ziemianitch for me at that place where I went this morning. Just tell him: 'He whom you know wants a one-horse sledge to pull up half an hour after midnight at the seventh lamp-post on the left, counting from the upper end of Karabelnaya. If nobody gets in the sledge is to run round a

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block or two, so as to come back past the same spot in ten minutes' time.'"

Razumov wondered why he had *not cut short that talk and told this* man to go away long before. Was it weakness or what?

He concluded that it was a sound instinct. Haldin must have been seen. It was impossible that some people should not have noticed the face and appearance of the man who threw the bomb. Haldin was a noticeable person. The police in their thousands must have had his description within the hour. With every moment the danger grew. Sent out to wander in the streets, he could not escape being caught in the end.

The police would very soon find out all about him. They would set about discovering a conspiracy. Everybody Haldin had ever known would be in the greatest danger. Unguarded expressions, little facts in themselves innocent would be counted for crimes. Razumov remembered certain words he said, the speeches he had listened to, the harmless gatherings he had attended—it was almost impossible for a student to keep out of that sort of thing without becoming a suspect to his comrades.

Razumov saw himself shut up in a fortress, worried, badgered, perhaps ill-used. He saw himself deported by an administrative order, his life broken, ruined and robbed of all hope. He saw himself—at best—leading a miserable existence, under police supervision, in some small, far-away provincial town without friends to assist his necessities or even take any steps to alleviate his lot—as others had. Others had fathers, mothers, brothers, relations, connections, friends, to move heaven and earth on their behalf—he had no one. The very officials that sentenced him some morning would forget his existence before sunset.

He saw his youth pass away from him in misery and half starvation—his strength give way, his mind become an abject thing. He saw himself creeping, broken down and shabby, about the streets—dying unattended in some filthy hole of a room or on the sordid bed of a government hospital.

He shuddered. Then a sort of bitter calmness came over him. It was best to keep this man out of the streets till he could be got rid of with some chance of escaping. That was the best that could be done. Razumov, of course, felt the safety of his lonely existence to be permanently endangered. This evening's doings could turn up against him at any time as long as this man lived and the present institutions endured. They appeared to him rational and indestructible at that moment. They had a force of harmony—in contrast with the horrible discord of this man's presence. He hated the man. He said, quietly:

"Yes. Of course I will go. You must give me precise directions, and for the rest—depend on me."

"Ah, you are a fellow! Collected—cool as a cucumber. A regular Englishman. Where did you get your soul from? There aren't many like you. Look here, brother! Men like me leave no posterity, but their souls are not lost. No man's soul is ever lost. It works for itself—or else where would be the sense of self-sacrifice, of martyrdom, of conviction, of faith—the labors of the soul. What will become of my soul when I die in the way I must die—soon—very soon, perhaps? I shall not perish. Don't make a mistake, Razumov. This is not murder—it is war, war. My spirit shall go on warring in some Russian body till all falsehood is swept out of the world. The modern civilization is false, but a new revelation shall

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come out of Russia. Ha! You say nothing. You are a sceptic. I respect your philosophical scepticism, Razumov, but don't touch the soul. The Russian soul that lives in all of us. It has a future. It has a mission, I tell you, or else why should I have been moved to do this—reckless—like a butcher—in the middle of all these innocent people—scattering death—I! I! . . . I wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"Not so loud," warned Razumov, harshly.

Haldin sat down abruptly and, leaning his head on his folded arms, burst into tears. He wept for a long time. The dusk had deepened in the room. Razumov, motionless in sombre wonder, listened to the sobs.

The other raised his head, got up, and, with an effort, mastered his voice.

"Yes; men like me leave no posterity," he repeated in a subdued tone. "I have a sister, though. She's with my old mother—I persuaded them to go abroad this year—thank God. Not a bad little girl—my sister. She has the most trustful eyes of any human being that ever walked this earth. She will marry well, I hope. She may have children—sons, perhaps. Look at me. My father was a government official in the provinces. He had a little land, too. A simple servant of God—a true Russian in his way. His was the soul of obedience. But I am not like him. They say I resemble my mother's eldest brother, an officer. They shot him in '28. Under Nicholas, you know. Haven't I told you that this is war, war? . . . But God of Justice! This is weary work!"

Razumov in his chair, leaning his head on his hand, spoke as if from the bottom of an abyss.

"You believe in God, Haldin?"

"There you go, catching at words that are wrung from one. What does it matter? What was it the Englishman said, 'There is a divine soul in things. . . .' Devil take him—I don't remember now. But he spoke the truth. When the day of you thinkers comes don't you forget what's divine in the Russian soul—and that's resignation. Respect that in your intellectual restlessness and don't let your arrogant wisdom spoil its message to the world. I am speaking to you now like a man with a rope round his neck. What do you imagine I am? A being in revolt? No; it's you thinkers who are in everlasting revolt. I am one of the resigned. When the necessity of this heavy work came to me and I understood that it had to be done—what did I do? Did I exult? Did I take pride in my purpose? Did I try to weigh its worth and consequences? No! I was resigned. I thought 'God's will be done.'"

He threw himself full length on Razumov's bed and, putting the backs of his hands over his eyes, remained perfectly motionless and silent. Not even the sound of his breathing could be heard. The dead stillness of the room remained undisturbed till in the darkness Razumov said in a gloomy murmur,

"Haldin."

"Yes," answered the other, readily, quite invisible now on the bed and without the slightest stir.

"Isn't it time for me to start?"

"Yes, brother." The other was heard, lying still in the darkness as though he were talking in his sleep. "The time has come to put Fate to the test."

He paused, then gave a few lucid directions in the quiet impersonal

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voice of a man in a trance. Razumov made ready without a word of answer. As he was leaving the room the voice on the bed said after him,

"Go with God, thou silent soul."

On the landing, moving softly, Razumov locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

II.

THE words and events of that evening must have been graven as if with a steel tool on Mr. Razumov's brain, since he was able to write his relation with such fulness and precision a good many months afterwards.

The record of the thoughts which assailed him in the street is even more minute and abundant. They seem to have rushed upon him with the greater freedom, because his thinking powers were no longer crushed by Haldin's presence—the appalling presence of a great crime and the stunning force of a great fanaticism. On looking through the pages of Mr. Razumov's diary, I own that a "rush of thoughts" is not an adequate image.

The more adequate description would be a tumult of thoughts—the faithful reflection of the state of his feelings. The thoughts in themselves were not numerous—they were like the thoughts of most human beings, few and simple; but they cannot be reproduced here in all their exclamatory repetitions which went on in a long and weary turmoil, for the walk was long.

If to the Western reader they appear shocking, inappropriate or even improper, it must be remembered that as to the first this may be the effect of my crude statement. For the rest, I will only remark here that this is not a story of the west of Europe.

Nations, it may be, have fashioned their governments, but the governments have paid them back in the same coin. It is unthinkable that any young Englishman should find himself in Razumov's situation. This being so, it would be a vain enterprise to imagine what he would think. The only safe surmise to make is that he would not think as Mr. Razumov thought at this crisis of his fate. He would not have a hereditary and personal knowledge of the means by which a historical autocracy represses ideas, guards its power and defends its existence. By an act of mental extravagance, he might imagine himself arbitrarily thrown into prison; but it would never occur to him, unless he were delirious (and perhaps not even then), that he could be beaten with whips as a practical measure either of investigation or of punishment.

This is but a crude and obvious example of the different conditions of Western thought. I don't know that this danger occurred, especially to Mr. Razumov. No doubt it entered unconsciously into the general dread and the general appallingness of this crisis. Razumov, as has been seen, was aware of more subtle ways in which an individual may be undone by the proceedings of a despotic government. A simple expulsion from the university (the very least that could happen to him), with an impossibility to continue his studies anywhere, was enough to ruin utterly a young man depending entirely upon the development of his natural abilities for his place in the world. He was a Russian: and for him to be implicated meant simply sinking into the lowest social depths amongst the hopeless and the destitute—the night birds of the city.

The peculiar circumstances of Razumov's parentage, or rather of his

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lack of parentage, should be taken into the account of his thoughts. And he remembered them, too. He had been lately reminded of them in a peculiarly atrocious way by this fatal Haldin. "Because I haven't that, must everything else be taken away from me?" he thought.

He nerved himself for another effort to go on. Along the roadway sledges glided phantom-like and jingling through a fluttering whiteness on the black face of the night. "For it is a crime," he was saying to himself. "A murder is a murder. Though, of course, some sort of liberal institutions. . . ."

A feeling of horrible sickness came over him. "I must be courageous," he exhorted himself mentally. All his strength was suddenly gone, as if taken out by a hand. Then by a mighty effort of will it came back, because he was afraid of fainting in the street and being picked up by the police with the key of his lodgings in his pocket. They would find Haldin there, and then indeed he would be undone.

Strangely enough, it was this fear which seems to have kept him up to the end. The passers-by were rare. They came upon him suddenly, looming up black in the snowflakes close by, then vanishing all at once—without footfalls.

It was the quarter of the very poor. Razumov noticed an elderly woman tied up in ragged shawls. Under the street lamp she seemed a beggar off duty. She walked leisurely in the blizzard as though she had no home to hurry to. She hugged under one arm a round loaf of black bread with an air of guarding a priceless booty: and Razumov, averting his glance, envied her the peace of her mind and the serenity of her fate.

To one reading Mr. Razumov's narrative, it is really a wonder how he managed to keep going as he did along one interminable street after another on pavements that were gradually becoming blocked with snow. It was the thought of Haldin locked up in his rooms and the desperate desire to get rid of his presence which drove him forward. No rational determination had any part in his exertions. Thus when, on arriving at the low eating-house, he heard that the man of horses, Ziemianitch, was not there he could only stare stupidly.

The waiter, a wild-haired youth in tarred boots and a pink shirt, exclaimed, uncovering his pale gums in a silly grin, that Ziemianitch had got his skin full early in the afternoon and had gone away with a bottle under each arm to keep it up amongst the horses—he supposed.

The owner of the vile den, a bony short man in a dirty cloth caftan, coming down to his heels, stood by, his hands tucked into his belt, and nodded confirmation.

The reek of spirits, the greasy rancid steam of food got Razumov by the throat. He struck a table with his clenched hand and shouted, violently,

"You lie."

Bleary unwashed faces were turned in his direction. A mild-eyed, ragged tramp drinking tea at the next table moved farther away. A murmur of wonder arose with an undertone of uneasiness. A laugh was heard, too, and an exclamation. "There! There!" jeeringly soothing. The waiter looked all round and announced to the room,

"The gentleman won't believe that Ziemianitch is drunk."

From a distant corner a hoarse voice belonging to a horrible nondescript shaggy being, with a black face like the muzzle of a bear, grunted, angrily:

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"The cursed driver of thieves. What do we want with his gentlemen here. We are all honest folk in this place."

Razumov, biting his lip till blood came to keep himself from bursting into imprecations, followed the owner of the den, who, whispering, "Come along, little father," led him into a tiny hole of a place behind the wooden counter, whence proceeded a sound of splashing. A wet and bedraggled creature, a sort of sexless and shivering scarecrow washed glasses in there, bending over a wooden tub by the light of a tallow dip.

"Yes, little father," the man in the long caftan said, plaintively. He had a brown, cunning little face, a thin grayish beard. Trying to light a tin lantern, he hugged it to his breast and talked garrulously the while.

He would show Ziemianitch to the gentleman to prove there were no lies told. And he would show him drunk. Some woman, it seems, ran away last night. "Such a hag she was! Thin! Tfui!" He spat. They were always running away from that driver of the devil—and he sixty years old, too. Could never get used to it. But each heart knows sorrow after its own kind and Ziemianitch was a born fool all his days. And then he trusted the bottle. 'Who could bear life in our land without the bottle?' he says. A proper Russian man—the little pig. . . . Be pleased to follow me."

Razumov crossed a quadrangle of deep snow enclosed between high walls with innumerable windows. Here and there a dim yellow light hung within the four-square mass of darkness. The house was an enormous slum, a hive of human vermin, a monumental abode of misery towering on the verge of starvation and despair.

In a corner the ground sloped sharply down and Razumov followed the light of the lantern through a small doorway into a long cavernous place like a neglected subterranean byre. Deep within three shaggy little horses tied up to rings hung their heads together, motionless and shadowy in the dim light of the lantern. It must have been the famous team of Haldin's escape. Razumov peered fearfully into the gloom. His guide pawed in the straw with his foot.

"Here he is. Ah, the little pigeon! A true Russian man. 'No heavy hearts for me,' he says. 'Bring out the bottle and take your ugly mug out of my sight.' Ha! ha! ha! That's the fellow he is!"

He held the lantern over a prone form of a man, apparently fully dressed for outdoors. His head was lost in a pointed cloth hood. On the other side of a heap of straw protruded a pair of feet in monstrous thick boots.

"Always ready to drive," commented the keeper of the eating-house. "A proper Russian driver that. Saint or devil, night or day, is all one to Ziemianitch when his heart is free from sorrow. 'I don't ask who you are, but where you want to go,' he says. He would drive Satan himself to his own abode and come back whistling to his horses. Many a one he has driven who is clanking his chains in the Nertchinsk mines by this time."

Razumov shuddered.

"Call out. Wake him up," he faltered out.

The other set down his light, stepped back and launched a kick at the prostrate sleeper. The man shook at the impact, but did not move. At the third kick he grunted, but remained inert as before.

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The eating-house keeper desisted and fetched a deep sigh.

"You see for yourself how it is. We have done what we can for you."

He picked up the lantern. The intense black spokes of shadow swung about in the circle of light. A terrible fury—the blind rage of self-preservation—possessed Razumov.

"Ah, the vile beast!" he bellowed out in an unearthly tone which made the lantern jump and tremble. "I shall wake you! Give me. . . . Give me. . . ."

He looked round wildly, seized the handle of a broken stable fork, and, rushing forward, struck at the prostrate body with inarticulate cries. After a time his cries ceased and the rain of blows fell in the stillness and shadows of the cellar-like stable. Razumov belabored Ziemianitch with an insatiable fury, in great volleys of sounding thwacks. Except for the violent movements of Razumov, nothing stirred; neither the beaten man nor the spook-like shadows on the walls. And only the sound of blows was heard. It was a strange scene.

Suddenly there was a sharp crack. The stick broke and half of it flew far away into the gloom beyond the light. At the same time Ziemianitch sat up. At this Razumov became as motionless as the man with the lantern —only his breast heaved for air as if ready to burst.

Some dull sensation of pain must have penetrated at last the consoling night of drunkenness enwrapping the "bright Russian soul" of Haldin's enthusiastic praise. But Ziemianitch evidently saw nothing. His eyeballs blinked all white in the light once, twice—then the gleam went out. For a moment he sat in the straw with closed eyes with a strange air of weary meditation, then fell over slowly on his side without making the slightest sound. Only the straw rustled a little. Razumov stared wildly, fighting for his breath. After a second or two he heard a light snore.

He flung from him the piece of stick remaining in his grasp and went off with great hasty strides without looking back once.

After going heedlessly for some fifty yards along the street, he walked into a snow-drift and was up to his knees before he stopped.

This recalled him to himself, and glancing about, he discovered he had been going in the wrong direction. He retraced his steps, but now at a more moderate pace. When passing before the house he had just left he flourished his fist at the sombre refuge of misery and crime rearing its sinister bulk on the white ground. It had an air of brooding. He let his arm fall by his side—discouraged.

Ziemianitch's passionate surrender to sorrow and consolation had baffled him. That was the people. A true Russian man! Razumov was glad he had beaten that brute—the "bright soul" of the other. Here they were: the people and the enthusiast.

Between the two he was done for. Between the drunkenness of the peasant incapable of action and the dream intoxication of the idealist incapable of perceiving the reason of things and the true character of men. It was a sort of terrible childishness. But children had their masters. "Ah, the stick, the stick, the stern hand," thought Razumov, longing for power to hurt and destroy.

He was glad he had thrashed that brute. The physical exertion had left his body in a comfortable glow. His mental agitation, too, was clarified, as if all the feverishness had gone out of him in a fit of outward violence.

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Together with the persisting sense of terrible danger, he was conscious now of a tranquil, unquenchable hate.

He walked slower and slower. And indeed, considering the guest he had in his rooms, it was no wonder he lingered on the way. It was like harboring a pestilential disease that would not perhaps take your life, but would take from you all that made life worth living—a subtle pest that would convert earth into a hell.

What was he doing now? Lying on the bed as if dead, with the back of his hands over his eyes? Razumov had a morbidly vivid vision of Haldin on his bed—the white pillow hollowed by the head, the legs in long boots, the upturned feet. And in his abhorrence he said to himself, "I'll kill him when I get home." But he knew very well that that was of no use. The corpse hanging round his neck would be nearly as fatal as the living man. Nothing short of complete annihilation would do. And that was impossible. What then? Must one kill oneself to escape this visitation?

Razumov's despair was too profoundly tinged with hate to accept that issue.

And yet it was despair—nothing less—at the thought of having to live with Haldin for an indefinable number of days in mortal alarm at every sound. But perhaps when he heard that this "bright soul" of Ziemianitch suffered from a drunken eclipse the fellow would take his infernal resignation somewhere else. And that was not likely on the face of it.

Razumov thought, "I am being crushed—and I can't even run away." Other men had somewhere a corner of the earth—some little house in the provinces where they had a right to take their troubles. A material refuge. He had nothing. He had not even a moral refuge—the refuge of confidence. To whom could he go with this tale—in all this great, great land?

Razumov stamped his foot—and under the soft carpet of snow felt the hard ground of Russia, inanimate, cold, inert, like a sullen and tragic mother hiding her face under a winding-sheet—his native soil!—his very own—without a fireside, without a heart!

He cast his eyes upwards and stood amazed. The snow had ceased to fall, and now as if by a miracle he saw above his head the clear black sky of the northern winter, decorated with the sumptuous fires of the stars. It was a canopy fit for the resplendent purity of the snows.

Razumov received an almost physical impression of endless space and of countless millions.

He responded to it with the readiness of a Russian who is born to an inheritance of space and numbers. Under the sumptuous immensity of the sky, the snow-covered endless forests, the frozen rivers, the plains of an immense country, obliterating the landmarks, the accidents of the ground, levelling everything under its uniform whiteness like a monstrous blank page awaiting the record of an inconceivable history. It covered the passive land with its lives of countless people like Ziemianitch and its handful of agitators like this Haldin—murdering foolishly.

It was a sort of sacred inertia. Razumov felt a respect for it. A voice seemed to cry within him, "Don't touch it." It was a guarantee of duration, of safety, while the travail of maturing destiny went on—a work not of revolutions with their passionate levity of action and their shifting impulses, but of peace. What it needed was not the conflicting aspirations

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of a people, but a will strong and one: it wanted not the babble of many voices, but a man—strong and one!

Razumov stood on the point of conversion. He was fascinated by its approach, by its overpowering logic. For a train of thought is never false. The falsehood lies deep in the necessities of existence, in secret fears and half-formed ambitions, in the secret confidence combined with a secret mistrust of ourselves, in the love of hope and in the dread of uncertain days.

In Russia, the land of spectral ideas and disembodied aspirations, many brave minds have turned away at last from the vain and endless conflict to the one great historical fact of the land. They turned to autocracy for the peace of their patriotic conscience as a weary unbeliever, touched by grace, turns to the faith of his fathers for the blessing of spiritual rest. Like other Russians before him, Razumov, in conflict with himself, felt the touch of grace upon his forehead.

"Haldin means disruption," he thought to himself, beginning to walk again. "What is he, with his indignation, with his talk of bondage—with his talk of God's injustice. All that means disruption. Better that thousands should suffer than that a people should become a disintegrated mass, helpless like dust in the wind. Obscurantism is better than the light of incendiary torches. The seed germinates in the night. Out of the dark soil springs the perfect plant. But a volcanic eruption is sterile, the ruin of the fertile ground. And am I, who love my country—who have nothing but that to love and put my faith in—am I to have my future, perhaps my usefulness, ruined by this sanguinary fanatic?"

The Grace entered into Razumov. He believed now in the man who would come at the appointed time.

What is the throne? A few pieces of wood upholstered in velvet. But a throne is a seat of power, too. The form of government is the shape of a tool—an instrument. But twenty thousand bladders inflated by the noblest sentiments and jostling against each other in the air are a miserable incumbrance of space, holding no power, possessing no will, having nothing to give.

He went on thus, heedless of the way, holding a discourse with himself with extraordinary abundance and facility. Generally his phrases came to him slowly, after a conscious and painstaking wooing. Some superior power had inspired him with a flow of masterly argument as certain converted sinners become overwhelmingly loquacious.

He felt an austere exultation.

"What are the luridly smoky lucubrations of that fellow to the clear grasp of my intellect?" he thought. "Is not this my country? Have I not got forty million brothers?" he asked himself unanswerably victorious in the silence of his breast. And the fearful thrashing he had given the inanimate Ziemianitch seemed to him like a sign of intimate union, a pathetically severe necessity of brotherly love. "No! If I must suffer, let me at least suffer for my convictions, not for a crime my reason—my cool superior reason rejects."

He ceased to think for a moment. The silence in his breast was complete. But he felt a suspicious uneasiness, such as we may experience when we enter a pitch-dark strange place—the irrational feeling that something may jump upon us in the dark—the absurd dread of the unseen.

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Of course he was far from being a moss-grown reactionary. Everything was not for the best. Despotic bureaucracy . . . abuses . . . corruption . . . and so on. Capable men were wanted. Enlightened intelligences. Devoted hearts. But absolute power should be preserved—the tool ready for the man—for the great autocrat of the future. Razumov believed in him. The logic of history made him unavoidable. The state of the people demanded him. "What else," he asked himself, ardently, "could move all that mass in one direction? Nothing could. Nothing but a single will."

He was persuaded that he was sacrificing his personal longings of liberalism—rejecting the attractive error for the stern Russian truth. "That's patriotism," he observed, mentally, and added, "There's no stopping midway on that road," and then remarked to himself, "I am not a coward."

And again there was a dead silence in Razumov's breast. He walked with lowered head, making room for no one. He walked slowly, and his thoughts returning spoke within him with solemn slowness.

"What is this Haldin? And what am I? Only two grains of sand. But a great mountain is made up of just such insignificant grains. And the death of a man or of many men is an insignificant thing. Yet we combat a contagious pestilence. Do I want his death? No! I would save him if I could. But no one can do that; he is the withered member that must be cut off. If I must perish through him, let me at least not perish with him, and associated against my will with his sombre folly that understands nothing either of men or of things. Why should I leave a false memory?"

It passed through his mind that there was no one in the world who cared what sort of memory he left behind him. He exclaimed to himself instantly: "Perish vainly for a falsehood! . . . What a miserable fate!"

He was now in a more animated part of the town. He did not remark the crash of two colliding sledges close to the curb. The driver of one bellowed tearfully at his fellow,

"Oh, thou vile wretch!"

This coarse yell let out nearly in his ear disturbed Razumov. He shook his head impatiently and went on looking straight before him. Suddenly on the snow, stretched on his back right across his path, he saw Haldin, solid, distinct, real, with his inverted hands over his eyes, clad in a brown close-fitting coat and long boots. He was lying out of the way a little, as though he had selected that place on purpose. The snow round him was untrodden.

This hallucination had such a solidity of aspect that the first movement of Razumov was to reach for his pocket to assure himself that the key of his rooms was there. But he checked the impulse with a disdainful curve of his lips. He understood. His thought concentrated intensely on the figure left lying on his bed had culminated in this extraordinary illusion of the sight. Razumov tackled the phenomenon calmly. With a stern face, without a check and gazing far beyond the vision, he walked on, experiencing nothing but a slight tightening of the chest. After passing, he turned his head for a glance and saw only the unbroken track of his footsteps over the place where the breast of the phantom of Haldin had been.

Razumov walked on and after a little time whispered his wonder to himself.

"Exactly as if alive! Seemed to breathe! And right in my way, too! I have had an extraordinary experience!"

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He made a few steps and muttered through his set teeth,

"I shall give him up."

Then for some twenty yards or more all was blank. He wrapped his cloak closer round him. He pulled his cap well forward over his eyes.

"Betray. A great word. What is betrayal? They talk of a man betraying his country, his friends, his sweetheart. There must be a moral bond first. All a man can betray is his conscience. And how is my conscience engaged here? By what bond of common faith, of common conviction, am I obliged to let that fanatical evil-doer drag me down with him? On the contrary, every obligation of true courage is the other way."

Razumov looked round from under his cap.

"What can the prejudice of the world reproach me with? Have I provoked his confidence? No! Have I by a single word, look or gesture given him reason to suppose that I accepted his trust in me? No! It is true that I consented to go and see his Ziemianitch. Well, I have been to see him. And I broke a stick on his back, too—the brute."

Something seemed to turn over in his head, bringing uppermost a singularly hard, clear facet of his brain.

"It would be better, however," he said to himself, with a quite different mental accent, "to keep that circumstance altogether to myself."

He had passed beyond the turn leading to his lodgings and had reached a wide and fashionable street. Some shops were still open, and all the restaurants. Lights fell on the pavement, where men in expensive fur coats, with here and there the elegant figure of a woman, walked with an air of leisure. Razumov looked at them with the contempt of an austere believer for the frivolous crowd. It was the world—those officers, dignitaries, men of fashion, officials, members of the Yacht Club. The event of the morning affected them all. What would they say if they knew what this student in a cloak was going to do?

"Not one of them is capable of feeling and thinking as deeply as I can. How many of them could accomplish an act of conscience?"

Razumov lingered in the well-lighted street. He was firmly decided. Indeed, it could hardly be called a decision. He had simply discovered what he had meant to do all along. And yet he felt the need of some other mind's sanction.

With something resembling anguish he said to himself,

"I want to be understood." The universal aspiration with all its profound and melancholy meaning assailed heavily Razumov, who, amongst eighty millions of his kith and kin had no heart to which he could open himself.

The attorney was not to be thought of. He despised the little agent of chicane too much. One could not go and lay one's conscience before the policeman at the corner. Neither was Razumov anxious to go to the chief of his district's police—a common-looking person whom he used to see sometimes in the street in a shabby uniform and with a cigarette stuck to his lower lip. "He would begin by locking me up, most probably. At any rate, he would get excited and create an awful commotion," thought Razumov, practically.

An act of conscience must be done with outward dignity.

Razumov longed desperately for a word of advice, for moral support. Who knows what true loneliness is—not the conventional word, but the

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naked terror? To the lonely themselves, it wears a mask. The most miserable outcast hugs some memory of some illusion. Now and then a fatal conjunction of events may lift the veil for an instant. For an instant only. No human being could bear a steady view of moral solitude without going mad.

Razumov had reached that point of vision. To escape from it he embraced for a whole minute the delirious purpose of rushing to his lodgings and flinging himself on his knees by the side of the bed with the dark figure stretched on it; to pour out a full confession in passionate words that would stir the whole being of that man to its innermost depths; that would end in embraces and tears; in an incredible fellowship of souls—such as the world had never seen. It was sublime.

Inwardly he wept and trembled already. But to the casual eyes that were cast upon him he was aware that he appeared as a tranquil student in a cloak, out for a leisurely stroll. He noted, too, the sidelong, brilliant glance of a pretty woman with a delicate head and covered in the hairy skins of wild beasts down to her feet, like a frail and beautiful savage, which rested for a moment with a sort of mocking tenderness on the deep abstraction of that good-looking young man.

Suddenly Razumov stood still. The glimpse of a passing gray whisker caught and lost in the same instant had evoked the complete image of Prince K——, the man who once had pressed his hand as no other man had pressed it—a faint but lingering pressure like a secret sign, like a half-unwilling caress.

And Razumov marvelled at himself.

"A senator, a dignitary, a great personage, the very man—he!"

A strange softening emotion came over Razumov—made his knees shake a little. He repressed it with a new-born austerity. All that sentiment was pernicious nonsense. He couldn't be quick enough; and when he got into a sledge he shouted to the driver:

"To the K—— Palace. Get on—you! Fly!"

The startled moujik, bearded up to the very whites of his eyes, answered, obsequiously,

"I hear, your high nobility."

(To be Continued.)

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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

HIS December number introduces the changes, the added pages and the improved appearance of The North American Review. This number, too, begins the ninety-seventh year of its continuous publication. For its old friends—and for many new ones—The North American Review this month has a greeting as warm as in the past. It is ninety-six years young, and the occasion is a happy one. The North American Review is to-day brighter, more fresh, more full and vigorous in its activities than ever before.

¶ SOME changes have been made in size and appearance—and changes here mean improvements—the expenditure of more time, more thought and more money in the publication of The North American Review. The size of the page has been made slightly larger and the proportions brought into the finest harmony of good taste. The number of pages has been increased to one hundred and sixty. The cover, a rich, warm gray in color, will present at a glance the table of contents. Typographically there is great improvement, as will be seen, the text now being set in type of an increased beauty and readableness. That this text may be printed to the best advantage, a specially made paper has been secured—manufactured for the particular needs of The North American Review.

¶ THIS increased size of The North American Review will permit an even wider and more complete realization of what a world review should be than ever has been possible in the past. In character unchanged, the possibility for usefulness is thus greatly enlarged. Articles on current topics by the editor will appear frequently. Increased attention also will be given to book reviews and to literary subjects.

A NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

¶ ONE feature of notable importance to both old and new readers of The North American Review is the publication of a new novel by Joseph Conrad, which begins this month. It is called "Under Western Eyes." This is in all probability Mr. Conrad's masterpiece—more than fiction, more than character study—and his standing to-day has made him one of the very few fiction-writers who could be included in such a periodical as The North American Review.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

[*Continued*]

ITS BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS

¶ THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the oldest magazine in the New World. It has been published continuously for ninety-six years, and, if it be regarded in connection with The Monthly Anthology, of which it is the lineal successor, its career may be said to have begun with the dawn of the last century.

¶ THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY was begun in 1803 by Mr. Phineas Adams, but it soon passed into the control of the Rev. William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With the aid of a few friends, including John Quincy Adams, George Ticknor and William Tudor, Mr. Emerson founded the Anthology Club, which assumed the responsibility for the new monthly—a form of publication which was then a novelty in the United States. The rule of the club was that every member should write for the magazine, and each and all had the privilege of helping to pay its expenses out of his own pocket. This privilege eventually became too irksome, however, and the magazine was discontinued after a number of years. But, short as was the career of the Anthology, it had been long enough to create a demand for literature and for literary opportunity such as it had supplied, and a new periodical was soon projected which was intended to take its place and to occupy even a broader field in American letters. This was The North American Review, the first number of which was published by William Tudor on the 1st of May, 1815.

ITS ILLUSTRIOUS EDITORS

¶ MODEST as was its origin, The North American Review was destined to a career of unexcelled influence and fame. It was to derive unique distinction not only from the illustrious writers who were to contribute to it, but from men of national and international renown who were editorially to direct its course. Among its editors have been a United States Secretary of State, two Ministers to Great Britain and Spain, respectively, Ministers to Russia, China, Brazil and the Netherlands, two United States Senators and two Presidents of Harvard College. The roll of its contributors likewise, as the Encyclopædia Britannica intimates, "numbers almost every American writer of note," together with some of the greatest workers in the most important fields of modern thought and activity.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

[Continued]

¶ UNDER Mr. Tudor and his immediate successors—Willard Phillips, E. T. Channing and Richard H. Dana, the elder (1815-1820)—The North American Review offered to American readers a more critical treatment of literature than had ever before been attempted on this side of the Atlantic, and the distinctive interests of the country at large were constantly uplifted and kept in view. These earliest years were signalized by the publication in September, 1817, of William Cullen Bryant's most famous poem, "Thanatopsis." The contributors during this period were the first to give our literature a native handling, while yet the tone of culture was distinctly English and European.

EDWARD EVERETT AS EDITOR

¶ IT was not, however, until Edward Everett (1820-1823) assumed the editorship of The North American Review that it became, what since then it has continued to be almost without interruption, the recognized channel for the most comprehensive discussions of important public questions. In Mr. Everett's hands it took on a national character, and, inspired by high, broad and scholarly purposes, challenged comparison with the best and most dignified publications of its class in the world.

¶ UNDER the editorial management of Jared Sparks and Alexander T. Everett (1824-1836), The North American Review lost none of the distinction which had been won for it by the genius of Edward Everett and his collaborators. It was regarded both in America and Europe as an authority and in some sense a dictator, being the acknowledged literary influence in the United States. It was marked, especially under the régime of A. T. Everett, by exceptional vigor and versatility. Every number contained contributions which no scholar or student of public affairs could afford to overlook. There was no great subject at home or abroad that was not discussed in the pages of The North American Review by the master minds of America.

¶ DURING the period covered by the editorships of Dr. John G. Palfrey, Professor Francis Bowen and Dr. A. P. Peabody (1836-1861) the general policy of The North American Review underwent a slight modification, more systematic attention being paid to subjects of a literary and historical character than to the burning questions which arose out of the stirring events and sectional controversies of the time. In consequence, The North American Review attained to a higher eminence in pure literature than it had reached at any previous period.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

[*Continued*]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL and CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

¶ WHEN James Russell Lowell (1862-1872) and Charles Eliot Norton (1864-1868) undertook, conjointly, the editorial direction of The North American Review, it was with the purpose of making it the strongest and most vital force not only in American literature, but also, once more, in politics and general affairs. In their successful execution of this design, they called to their aid representative men from every part of the country. The subjects were taken, as far as practicable, out of the active life and movement of the day, and The North American Review of that time is a distinct reflection of the contemporary interests of the period.

¶ THE editors themselves were voluminous contributors to it. During the ten years of his connection with The North American Review Mr. Lowell made it the chief medium through which his prose writings were communicated to the world, while Mr. Norton wrote upon a wide variety of subjects with his characteristic thoroughness and mastery. After the retirement of Professor Norton, Professor Gurney (1868-1872) became Mr. Lowell's associate, and they, with their successors, Mr. Henry Adams and Mr. (now Senator) Henry Cabot Lodge (1873-1876), conducted The North American Review with undiminished success on the general lines which have been described.

BECOMES A WORLD REVIEW

¶ THE purchase of The North American Review by Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice (1877) inaugurated a new era in the history of the periodical and a significant widening of its policy and scope. Up to that time its contributors had been, from the beginning, with very few exceptions, native American writers. It had fulfilled the promise and profession of the title which its founders had chosen for it by reviewing the great subjects in which its readers were interested from the point of view occupied by North American scholars and statesmen. Mr. Rice found a new meaning in the title of the publication. He conceived the idea of taking the most important subjects which concerned or interested North American readers and reviewing them in The North American Review from the point of view of the most thorough and comprehensive knowledge, wherever that might be found. Accordingly, he sought his contributors from every part of the world, as the exigencies of the passing months and years demanded.

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[*Continued*]

¶ THE great triumphs achieved by Mr. Rice and his successors in carrying out this bold and original policy are too numerous to be recounted. But their character may be illustrated by referring to two signal instances: The memorable religious controversy in which Cardinal Manning, Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Ingersoll participated; the great intellectual duel between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine, then United States Secretary of State, on Free Trade and Protection.

GLADSTONE'S GREAT ARTICLE

¶ AT this time The North American Review printed what still stands as the most remarkable contribution to published political controversy—the article in reply to the Duke of Argyll, written by Mr. Gladstone while he was Prime Minister of England, on his proposed Irish policy—the only occasion, it is believed, on which a British Prime Minister has contributed to a magazine the discussion on the Powers of the Speaker, in which the views of Mr. Reed and Mr. Carlisle were supplemented by those of the presiding officers in a number of legislative bodies of Europe; the debate on the possible dangers of distributing electricity through cities for lighting and other purposes, in which Mr. Edison, Mr. Westinghouse and Lord Kelvin took part; the controversy between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Balfour on Home Rule, etc., etc.

¶ IN short, following the policy initiated by Mr. Rice, The North American Review, under the successive directions of General Lloyd Bryce, Mr. David A. Munro and George Harvey, has enjoyed the co-operation of the most distinguished and the most widely recognized of the world's authorities on all subjects which the vicissitudes of the times have made it necessary to elucidate for the benefit of the North American public.

EDITORS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

WILLIAM TUDOR	1815–1817	JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	1862–1872
WILLARD PHILLIPS	1818	CHARLES ELIOT NORTON	1864–1868
E. T. CHANNING	1818–1819	PROFESSOR GURNEY	1868–1872
RICHARD H. DANA	1819–1820	HENRY ADAMS	1873–1876
EDWARD EVERETT	1820–1823	HENRY CABOT LODGE	1873–1876
JARED SPARKS	1824–1830	ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE	1877–1889
A. T. EVERETT	1830–1836	LLOYD BRYCE	1889–1896
JOHN G. PALFREY	1836–1843	DAVID A. MUNRO	1896–1899
FRANCIS BOWEN	1843–1853	GEORGE HARVEY	1899
A. P. PEABODY	1853–1861		

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

EDWARD G. LOWRY
is the Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" and well acquainted with political matters. His contributions during the recent campaign have been a notable feature in political literature. He has published some pamphlets, among which are "To-day and To-morrow in Canada" and "Foreign Banks and Financial Systems." He has written much on political and other subjects for periodicals.

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER
is a member of the faculty of the University of Kansas and is thoroughly familiar with the spirit of the new West. He is at the head of the Department of Journalism in the University of Kansas, and as one of the Directors of the Abilene National Bank at Abilene, Kansas, he has exceptional opportunities for studying the conditions of Western finance.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER
was fitted for college under a tutor in Europe and graduated at Harvard in 1881. He was assistant editor of the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin" from 1882 to 1885, and since 1892 he has been editor of the "Harvard Graduates' Magazine." He was delegate of Harvard and of the American Historical Association to the International Historical Congress which met at Rome in 1903. Among his published works are "Throne-Makers," "History and Customs of Harvard University," "Poems, New and Old," "The Dawn of Italian Independence" and "The Best Elizabethan Plays." Mr. Thayer was created a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy in 1902. He has been a frequent contributor to the REVIEW.

BEULAH B. AMRAM
is a native of Camden, North Carolina. Her early

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education was in the Philadelphia Public Schools and she graduated from Bryn Mawr College in the class of 1902. Her name will be found among the contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly" and other periodicals and she has lectured occasionally upon Jewish literary and historical subjects. Her fugitive verse is known as well as some translations of Carducci's poems.

The Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom,

a Canadian by birth, came early in life to the United States. He enlisted in a cavalry regiment (the 17th Illinois) in 1863 and served under the flag until November 30th, 1865. From 1866 to 1870 he studied, successively, in Kalamazoo College and Shurtleff College, and in 1879 he graduated from the University of Rochester, where he took his theological course. He was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio, from 1879 to 1885 and of the First Baptist Church in Boston from 1885 to 1893. Since 1894 he has ministered to the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts. Dr. Moxom was University preacher at Harvard from 1894 to 1897. He was a delegate to several International Peace Congresses and was Lowell Lecturer in 1895. He is a member of a number of learned societies. His published works include "The Church in the First Three Centuries," "From Jerusalem to Nicæa," "The Religion of Hope" and other works, and his contributions to the Review have been numerous.

John W. Perrin

is the Librarian of the Case Library at Cleveland, Ohio. He was for six years Professor of History in Western Reserve University. In 1905 he was Lecturer for the Albert Shaw Foundation in Diplomatic History at Johns Hopkins University and for one year was President of the Ohio Library Association. He is a well-known writer to the readers of the Review and other periodicals.

Archibald Henderson

is a native of North Carolina and is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, which also gave him his Ph.D. degree. He was Fellow and tutor of Mathematics at the University of Chicago for one year, but now holds the position of Professor of Pure Mathematics

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at his Alma Mater. At the present time he is on extended leave in Europe engaged in mathematical research at the different universities, but employing his leisure in preparation of books and literary articles. A notable volume of essays of his is entitled "Interpreters of Life," and his exhaustive, authoritative biography of George Bernard Shaw is familiar to many students of literature. His writings are frequently found in the leading periodicals both here and in Europe.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON
is the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and a Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge University. A prolific writer, he has endeared himself to his large reading public in America as well as in England. His verse appeared in collected form in 1909, but his most recently published work is a volume of essays, "The Silent Isle." The essay in the current REVIEW is one of a series which will appear from time to time through the coming year.

SIR CLEMENT KINLOCK-COOKE, M.P.,
is a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge University, and is a barrister. He has held many important positions in relation to government affairs, which include being legal adviser to the House of Lords Sweating Commission in 1886-88; chairman of the Central Emigration Board, and Private Secretary to the Earl of Dunraven. He had at one time editorial connection with the "Pall Mall Gazette," "The Observer" and "English Illustrated Review" and was the founder and editor of the "Empire Review." He is the author of "Australian Defences and New Guinea," "Life of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck," and numerous political essays on imperial and colonial subjects.

JOSEPH CONRAD,
the well-known author whose novel, "Under Western Eyes," will appear serially in the REVIEW through the year, is a native of Russia but now lives in England. His list of published works indicates great industry and includes the following familiar titles: "Lord Jim," "The Mirror of the Sea," "The Secret Agent" and "A Set of Six."

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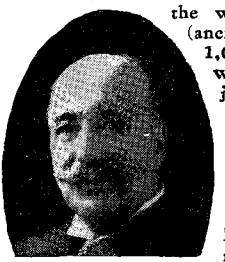

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It is not possible for a great magazine like HARPER'S to present in advance any complete list of its notable features for the new year. To do so would be to limit its elasticity and breadth of scope and would rob the best things of the charm of novelty. But a few important things already scheduled for publication may properly be mentioned.

Margaret Deland's New Novel "The Iron Woman"

From "The Iron Woman"

THIS is a story which has in it the true qualities of greatness. It does not represent the work of a few months, but of *years*. Mrs. Deland has been almost constantly at work on it since the completion of that remarkable novel "The Awakening of Helena Richie," which was published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE more than five years ago. The result has justified the work. "The Iron Woman" is a novel of extraordinary power, a work such as no other American writer could produce. It is astonishingly vital, the characters which Mrs. Deland has created seem actually to live—one comes to look upon them as personal friends. There are scenes of delightful humor, and others of the tensest dramatic quality.

This remarkable serial begins in the current (November) number. It will be illustrated by F. Walter Taylor, whose most brilliant and sympathetic pictures add greatly to the charm of the story.

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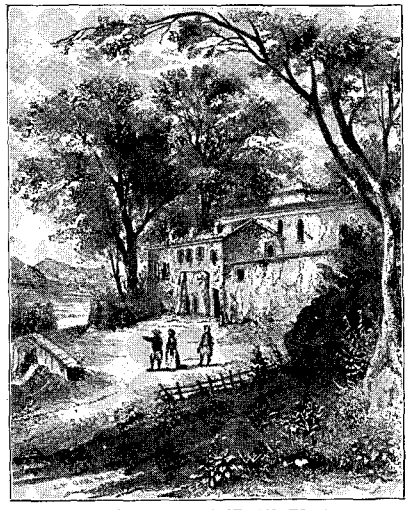
He Talked with Napoleon

A MANUSCRIPT has just been brought to light in England which is an historical revelation of the greatest importance. In November, 1814, an English merchant, Bingley Richards, was at Leghorn. All the world was then talking of Napoleon, recently exiled to the island of Elba. Mr. Richards visited the island and obtained an audience with the Emperor. Napoleon talked with him freely and at length. Mr. Richards, realizing the importance of what the Emperor had said, immediately wrote down a detailed account of his visit and a verbatim report of the conversation. This manuscript has remained in the hands of Mr. Richard's family, and will shortly be published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. No such remarkable human document has appeared in years.



NAPOLEON'S HOME AT ELBA

An Unexplored Corner of the World

THERE remain to-day only a few corners of the world which have withstood the daring of adventurous spirits and remain *terra incognita* to the civilized world. The most interesting of these is the Arabian Desert—a vast territory lying inland between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. It is peopled with warlike tribes—fanatics in religion, who have steadily resisted all attempts of foreigners to penetrate this region of mystery. At length, however, an explorer of wide experience and knowledge of both language and people has been found who has risked his life in a daring expedition into this land. He is G. W. Bury, the well-known English traveller and writer. He is making the venture alone for HARPER'S and, like Sir Richard Burton, disguised as a native. The true story of his adventures will be more fascinating than any romance.

In an American Desert

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, of the Department of Geography of Yale University, is a traveller who, having made many expeditions into strange lands, is now turning his attention to his own country. He has written a group of important papers in his recent expedition in the desert country of Arizona. Among his papers is one which seems to settle the question as to who were the first Americans.

The Work of Making Men

LAST year we announced that Norman Duncan would write of some more men who, like Dr. Grenfell, are giving their lives to the work of helping their fellow-men to help themselves. Only one article was the result—that remarkable paper on Higgins—the lumber-jacks' sky pilot. Mr. Duncan is a careful and conscientious man. He will not write about men of this sort unless he thoroughly believes in them. At last he has found two other men in whom he does believe and who are doing remarkable work in two curiously important fields near to us all. The first of these articles will appear soon.

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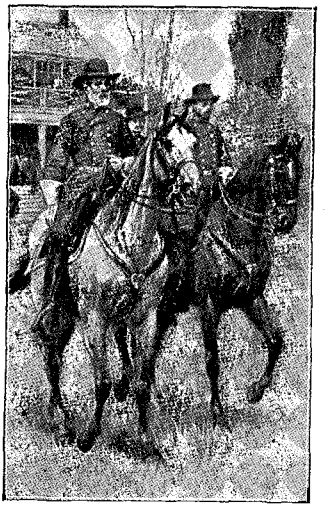

GENERAL LEE

General Robert E. Lee
By One of His Staff

THE great main facts of the Civil War have been told by historians, but there remain unpublished many fascinating personal chapters of real history which give new life to the days of the great conflict. Major A. R. H. Ranson, formerly of the Confederate Artillery, has set down his recollections in a way which will prove of vital interest. Among them is a pen portrait of General Robert E. Lee, on whose staff he served and whom he had known from boyhood. He gives a curiously intimate and appealing picture of the great commander. Other chapters from his reminiscences deal with personal experiences, things which history neglects, but more interesting than any history.

The Last Thing that Mark Twain Wrote

THE last thing that Mark Twain wrote—a strangely touching and beautiful tribute to his daughter Jean—will be published soon in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It was written as the final chapter in his autobiography, and was completed just before his death.

History, Letters, and Literary Reminiscences

IN the field of American history there will be some new revelations—new, at least, to the lay reader. Professor George P. Garrison, of the University of Texas, tells of an almost-forgotten episode in the history of that State when it was an independent republic—how the Texan navy ran away and offered their services elsewhere. William Elliot Griffis presents a new view of Millard Fillmore, our thirteenth President, showing the real importance of his position in our history. William Rossetti, the brother of the famous poet, and himself a prominent figure in London literary society for many years, writes of the attitude of the English toward us during the years of the Civil War.

In the field of letters and literary reminiscence the outlook is particularly attractive. Two groups of hitherto unpublished letters of two of the most famous English men of letters to an American friend will be an important feature. There will be more of Ford Madox Hueffer's literary reminiscences, frequent delightful social essays by Edward S. Martin, and others by Edmund Gosse, Thomas R. Lounsbury, etc., etc.

Travel in Many Lands

TO those who have travelled widely and to those who stay at home the travel articles of HARPER'S MAGAZINE are, alike, among the most appealing features of the MAGAZINE. New fields are opened up to the reader and old and pleasant memories revived. Charles H. White, the well-known etcher, is now in Europe gathering material for a new series of articles to be accompanied by his own etchings; and Louise Closser Hale will contribute more of her charming articles, with illustrations by Walter Hale. Charles W. Furlong, F. R. G. S., will give a vivid account of the famous French penal colony of Cayenne—"the dry guillotine," as they call it in France.

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The World of Science and Medicine

THIS is the age of science. Every day discoveries are being made which change the whole course of our industrial life. Nothing is so interesting, nothing so stimulating to the imagination, as the work which the great investigators are doing in their laboratories. This is a field which HARPER'S MAGAZINE has made its own. Because it has published only authoritative scientific articles from the highest sources, the great men of science and savants of the world are willing and ready to write for HARPER'S. No other non-technical magazine has so high a standing in the scientific world. Among the famous contributors in this field are: A .D. Hall, F. R. S., Director of the Rothamstead Experimental Station, England; Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, of the University of Pittsburg and the University of Kansas; Professor George W. Ritchey, of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, etc., etc., etc.

A Royal Explorer in Indo-China

THE Duke de Montpensier is a nobleman who has already made for himself a reputation as a traveller and a mighty hunter. He has just started on a journey by automobile into the hitherto unexplored hinterland of Indo-China. His expedition will make its way through a country little known and where, of course, no automobile has ever been seen. The Duke himself will write the story of his adventures and discoveries.

THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER

Short Stories

THE short stories of HARPER'S MAGAZINE are justly famous. HARPER'S publishes more and better short stories than any other illustrated magazine in the world. Most of our famous writers have made their names in the pages of HARPER'S, and more new writers whose work is really worth while make their appearance each year in its pages than in any other publication. A few writers whose work will appear in early numbers may be mentioned:

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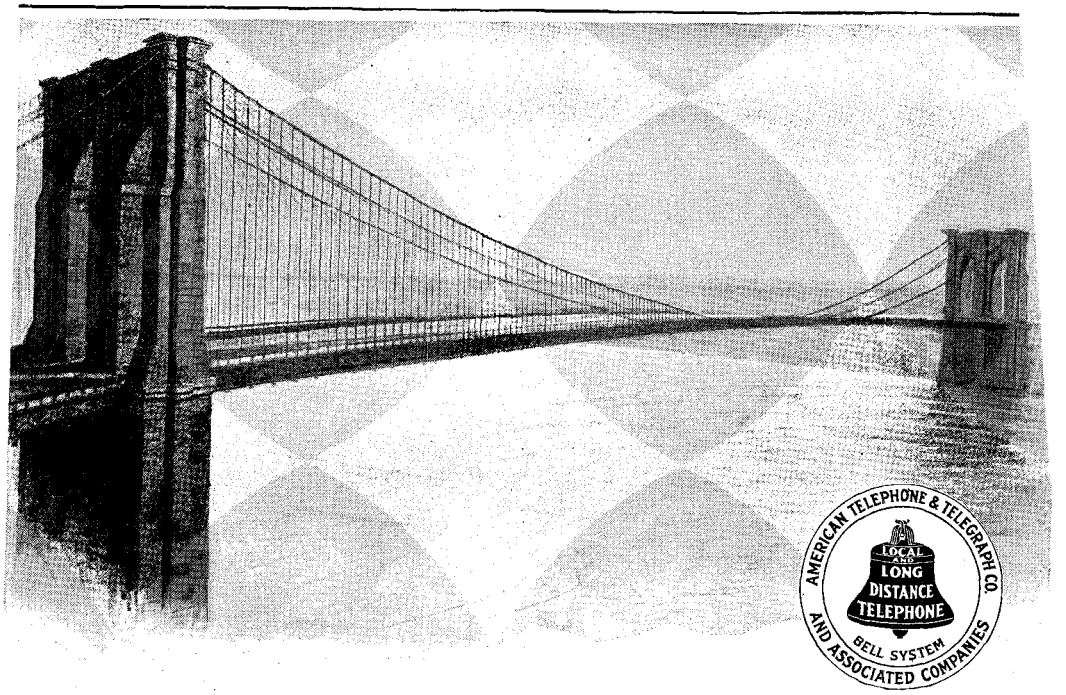

The Neighbor-Maker

SAVAGES built rude bridges so that they might communicate with their neighbors. These have been replaced by triumphs of modern engineering.

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EDISON: HIS LIFE AND INVENTIONS

BY FRANK LEWIS DYER

General Counsel for the Edison Laboratory and Allied Interests

AND

THOMAS COMMERFORD MARTIN

Ex-President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Secretary of the National Electric Light Association

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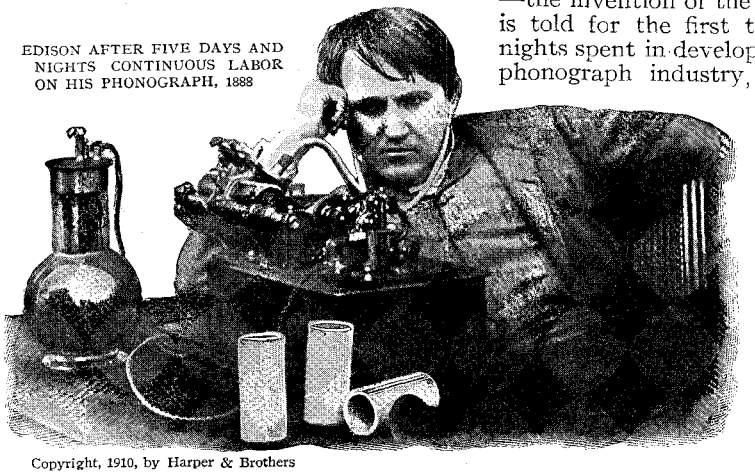
EDISON WHEN BETWEEN 14 AND 15 YEARS OLD

HERE is, indeed, the real Edison book. No single figure of our time has influenced more intimately our daily lives. Yet the full and authoritative story of Edison's own life has never been written until now. In this book one may hear and see Edison. One of the authors is his counsel—both practically share Edison's daily life. The entire manuscript has been read and revised by Edison himself. This is the personal story of Edison—his birth in Ohio, his boyhood in Michigan, his experience as a newsboy, and his work as telegraph operator, winning his way upward. Edison's establishment in Newark, the invention of the phonograph, and his removal to Menlo Park in 1876 lead to one of the most absorbing stories in the history of discovery—the invention of the incandescent lamp. This is told for the first time. We see days and nights spent in developing storage batteries, the phonograph industry, application of Portland cement, moving pictures, etc. Not as an abstract genius, but as a man, Edison is made known and his personal, human side is set before us.

EDISON AFTER FIVE DAYS AND NIGHTS CONTINUOUS LABOR ON HIS PHONOGRAPH, 1888



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